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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

All-America Football Team

Dana Burnet · Arthur Somers Roche · Zane Grey

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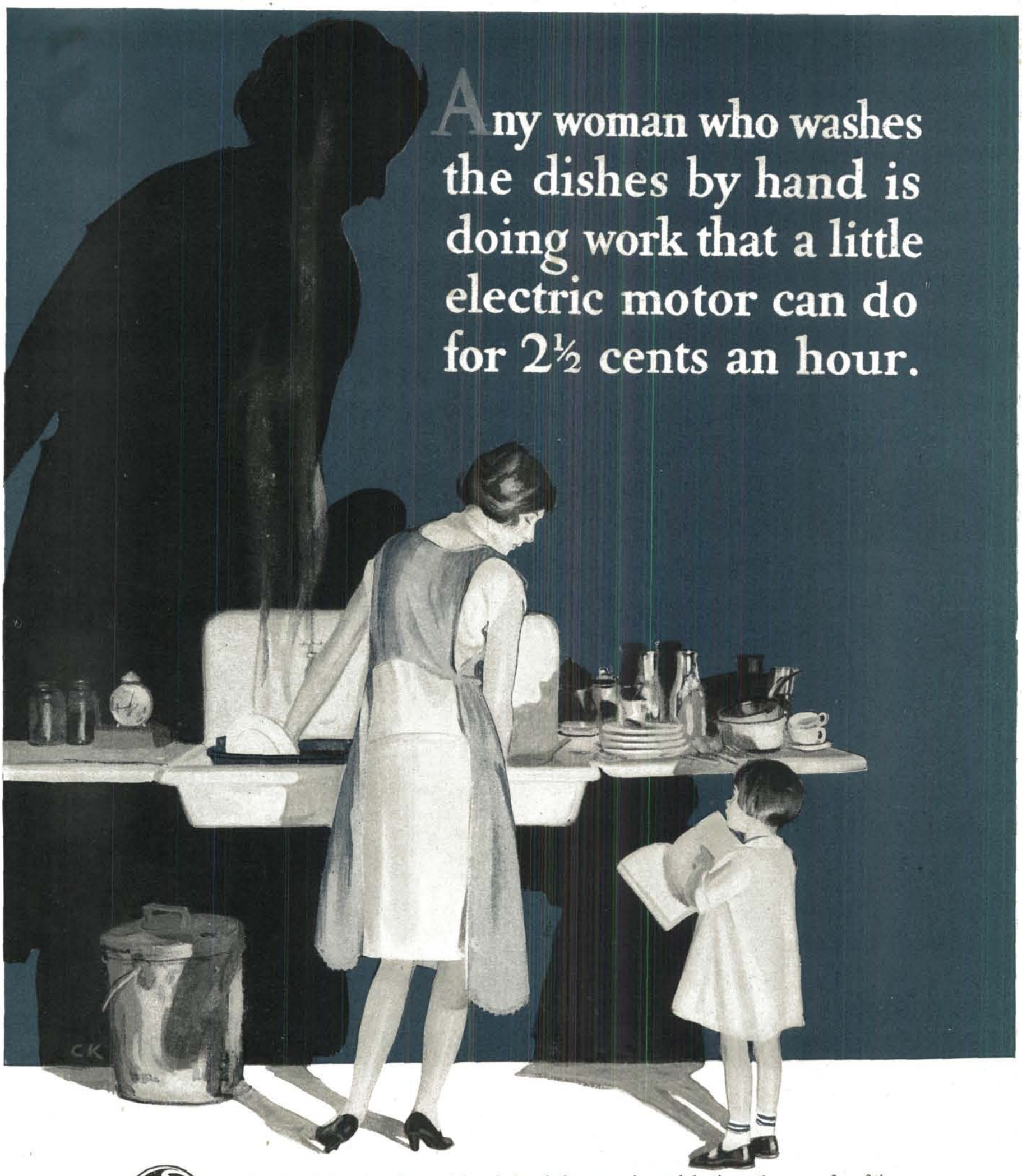

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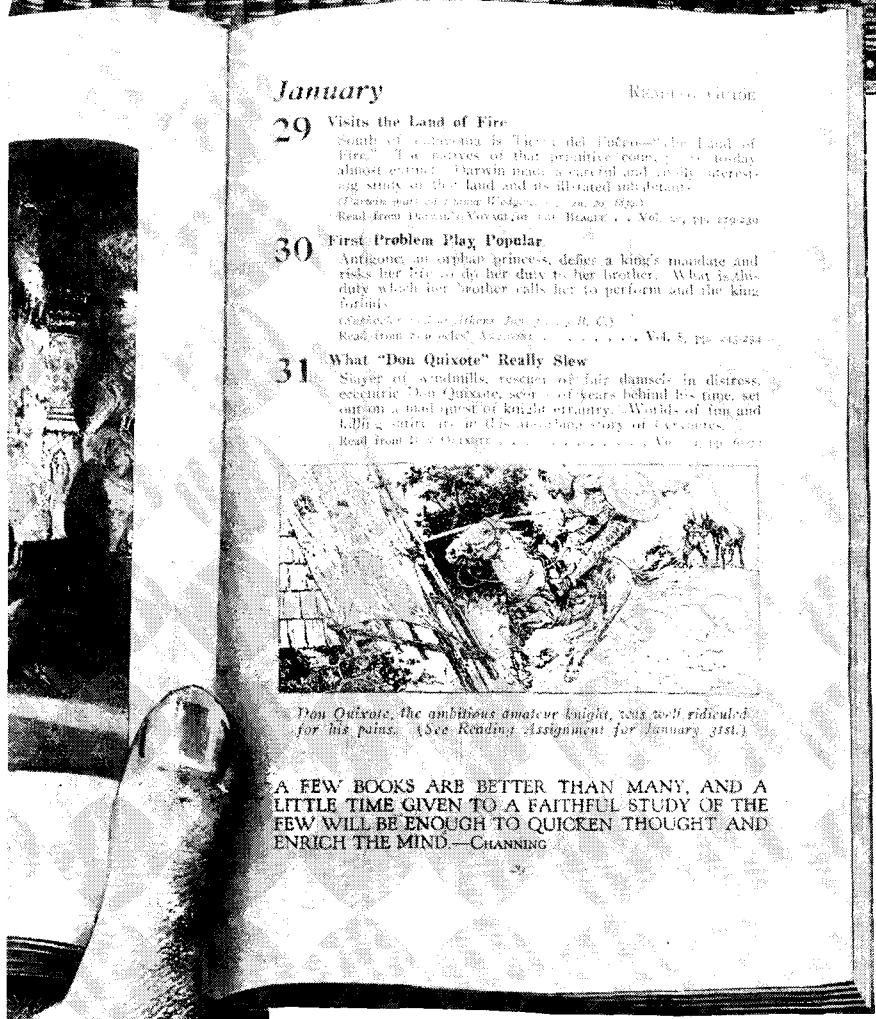
January
29 Visits the Land of Fire
30 First Problem Play Popular
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING

(A Glimpse of the Daily Reading Guide)

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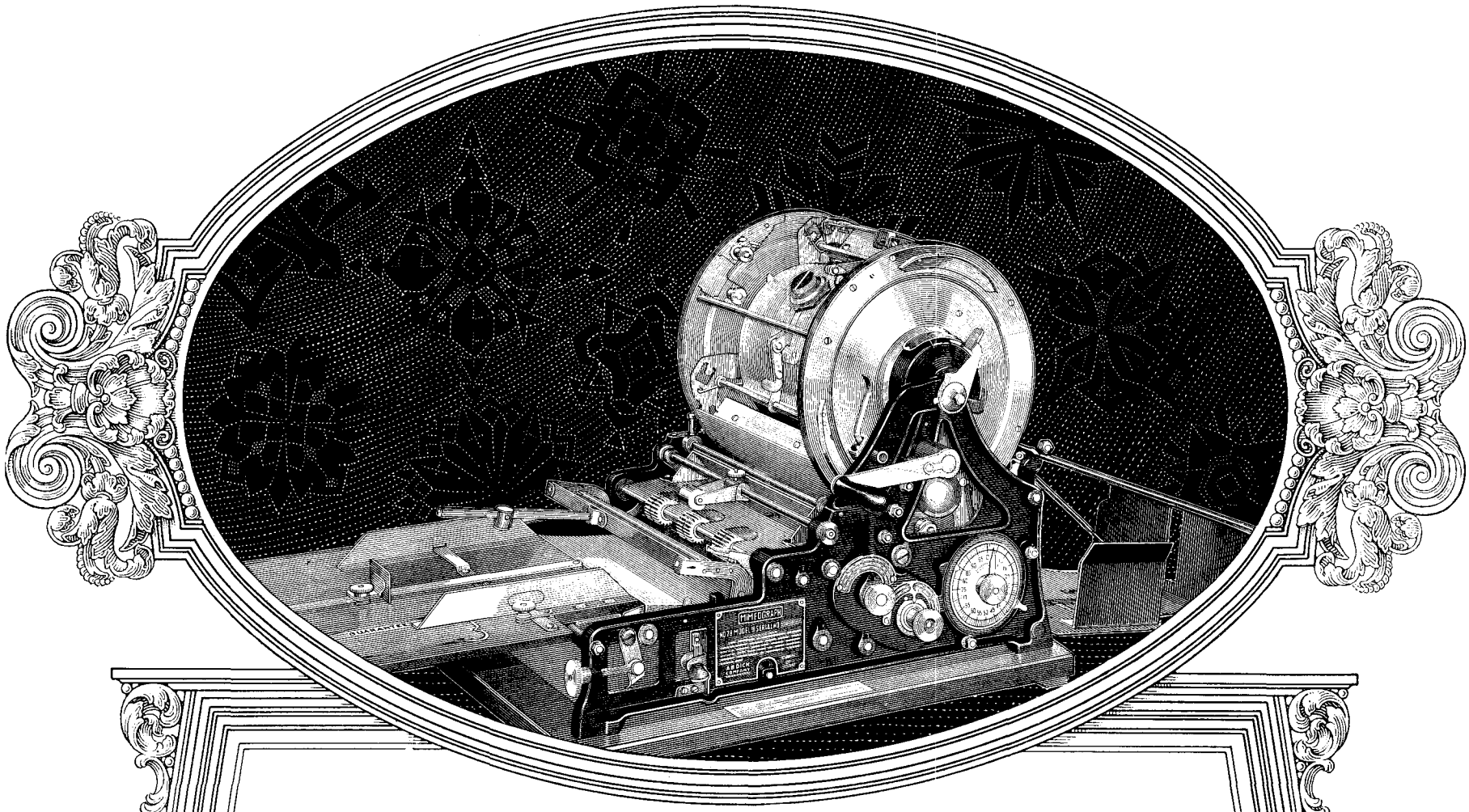

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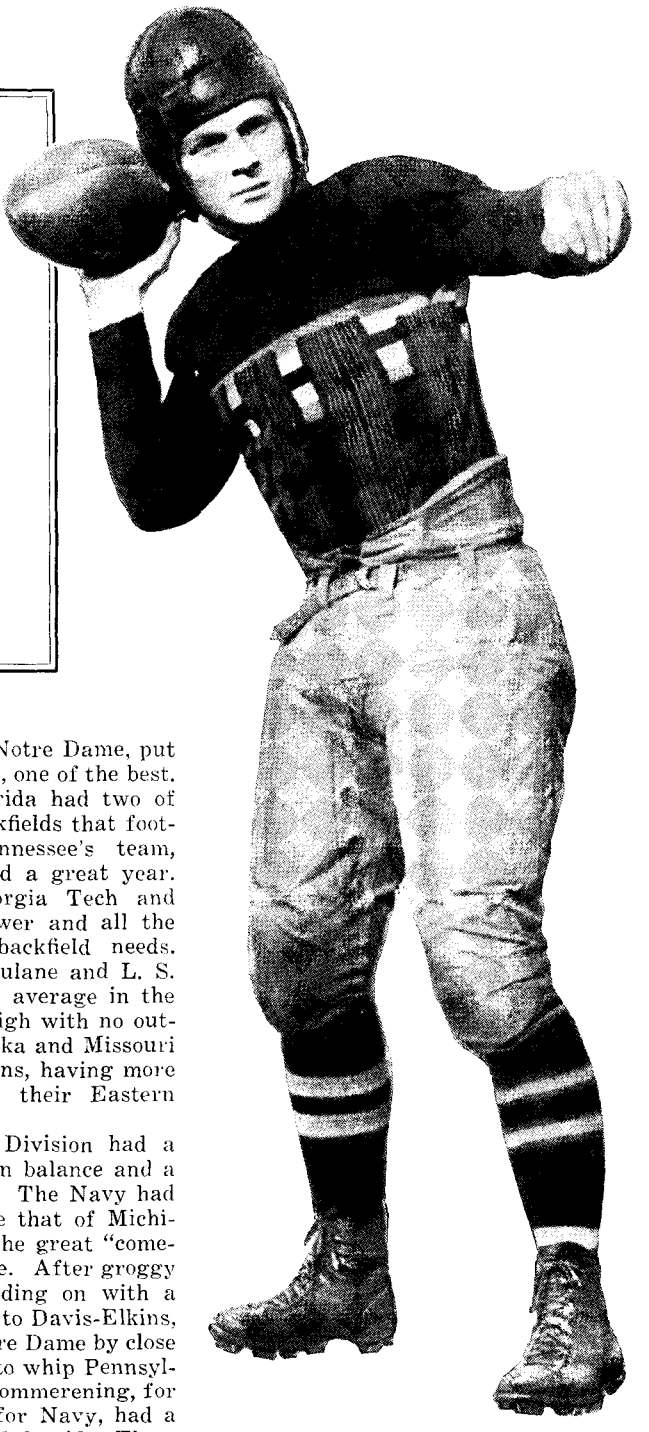
The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

End	FESLER	*Ohio State*
Tackle	GETTO	*Pittsburgh*
Guard	POST	*Stanford*
Center	PUND	*Ga. Tech.*
Guard	BURKE	*Navy*
Tackle	POMMERENING	*Michigan*
End	HAYCRAFT	*Minnesota*
Quarter	HARPSTER	*Car. Tech.*
Halfback	CAGLE	*Army*
Halfback	SCULL	*Penn*
Fullback	STRONG	*N. Y. Univ.*
	—	
Utility Back	BRAZIL	*Detroit*
Util. Lineman	DOUDS	*W. and J.*
Util. End	VANSICKEL	*Florida*



C. K. Cagle, halfback, Army. Ht. 5 ft. 9 in., wt. 167. Home: Merryville, La.

AS THE big parade of football passes by again the job of tossing the laurel wreath correctly upon the proper brow in each position becomes more complicated than ever. The reason is simple: Today there are ten good football players where there used to be one. And there are any number of fine football players who are "born to buck unseen."

More than three million square miles of territory are not so easily covered and on this account main consideration for Collier's 1928 All-America nominations was given to the majority vote of more than a hundred of the nation's leading coaches, officials and football writers from coast to coast, who have shown remarkable kindness in returning their verdicts upon the men they have seen in action.

It might be interesting to know upon what basis this All-America selection has been made. In the first place there has been no attempt to name the strongest team that might go into action, since no All-America teams ever go into action. This, rather, is an attempt to name the outstanding stars who have returned the highest average against the strongest opposition. Here are the leading factors that figured in these selections:

1. All-around ability at the job; for a back, this includes running, kicking, passing, handling passes, blocking and tackling.

2. The quality of the schedule: the number of hard, testing games each leading star had to face.

3. The luck in escaping injuries, permitting full service. (Such stars as Nagurski, Minnesota; Marsters, Dartmouth; Hume, Southern Methodist; and Randolph, Indiana, were affected in this way.)

4. The quality of play in the more vital games of the year.

The season was one of the strangest in many years. Yale from a high position last year fell with a crash, while Harvard and Princeton were not so far behind. The Big Three of other days lost seven games and were tied three times. Michigan, losing her first four games, was the only team to beat Illinois. Notre Dame, falling before Wisconsin, Georgia Tech and Carnegie Tech, was the team that stopped the Army's rush. Minnesota lost two games by one point in each defeat. New York University, Carnegie Tech, Boston College and the Army were the leading teams in the East. Illinois ruled the Western Conference. California tied both Southern California and Stanford in her two big Coast games.

The biggest advance was made in the South. As a starter, Southern Methodist, before Hume was injured, almost stood the Army on its head in a 14-13 battle. Virginia came up to tie Princeton, and Maryland came up to beat Yale.

H. R. Pund, center, Georgia Tech. Ht. 6 ft., wt. 200. Home: Augusta, Ga.

Georgia Tech, beating Notre Dame, put a great team in the field, one of the best. Georgia Tech and Florida had two of the best all-around backfields that football knew, while Tennessee's team, largely sophomores, had a great year. The backfields of Georgia Tech and Florida had speed, power and all the versatility a strong backfield needs. Vanderbilt, Clemson, Tulane and L. S. U. were all good. The average in the Southwest was again high with no outstanding team. Nebraska and Missouri slipped from past seasons, having more than usual trouble in their Eastern games.

The South Atlantic Division had a fine season with an even balance and a flock of first-class men. The Navy had a career something like that of Michigan. These two were the great "comeback" teams of the game. After groggy starts they came bounding on with a rush. The Navy, losing to Davis-Elkins, Boston College and Notre Dame by close scores, turned later on to whip Pennsylvania and Princeton. Pommerening, for Michigan, and Burke, for Navy, had a lot to do with the turn of the tide. These two were the rallying points for the uphill swing.

There has never been a season where injuries played such a decisive part. Dartmouth at times was battered out of shape. Yale, Princeton, Ohio State, Minnesota, Chicago and Indiana were some of the others who suffered their full share of misfortune.

It was shown again that no team could face such schedules as those entered upon by Army, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Carnegie Tech, Minnesota and others without going stale at some spot along the march and breaking up badly. At their peak there were no better teams in the country than Carnegie Tech and New York University, yet each had its off day. The three best teams I saw for all-around strength were New York University, Carnegie Tech and Georgia Tech. It was something of a shame that Boston College with a fine team, including two outstanding stars in McGuirk and Weston, was unable to collect a harder schedule.

The Centers

The best centers this season must include the following: Pund, Georgia Tech; Howe, Princeton; Westgate, Pennsylvania; Moynihan, Notre Dame; Hall, Army; Randolph, Indiana; Brown, Iowa; Pressley, Clemson; Barragar, Southern California; Stadleman, Oregon.

Pund, captain of Georgia Tech, was

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Paul Scull, halfback, University of Pennsylvania. Ht. 5 ft. 8 in., wt. 187. Home: Bala, Pa.

Mike Getto, tackle, University of Pittsburgh. Ht. 6 ft. 2 in., wt. 198. Home: Jeannette, Pa.

a great football player all year. Over six feet in height, weighing 200 pounds, he had rare ability in breaking up all line plays from tackle to tackle, protecting the end zones and knocking down passes. In addition to this he was a consistently accurate passer to his backs and a hard aggressive charger. Pund was one of the best centers of many years. He had the intuitive football sense that an outstanding player needs, the knack of being at the right spot at the right moment—and getting there in a hurry.

Howe of Princeton, Randolph of Indiana, Pressley of Clemson, Moynihan of Notre Dame and Westgate of Pennsylvania were top-notchers. But none of these combined the all-around value of the Georgia Tech captain who has been a star now for three years.

The Guards

The average of outstanding guards this last season was a bit thin, no matter where you looked. Among the best were Post and Robesky of Stanford; McMullen, Nebraska; Burke, Navy; Thompson, Lafayette; Gibson, Minnesota; Poe, Michigan; Greene, Yale; Beloin, Fordham; Brown, Vanderbilt; Dreshar, Carnegie Tech; Dumont, Colgate; Drennon, Georgia Tech; Westra, Iowa; Hammack, Army; Steele, Florida; Dimeolo, Pittsburgh; Ellor, Bucknell.

The guard is a greatly overlooked individual with fewer press agents than any man in football. This may help to account for the scarcity of All-America guard material. Stanford had a strong pair in Post and Robesky. Post especially was a big factor in leading Warner's interference. He was big, strong, quick to start. Thompson of Lafayette was a fine guard.

One of the big factors in the Navy's remarkable uprising after a slow start was Captain Burke, a fast, aggressive lineman who was a big factor in holding his team together after a slow start.

Wesley Fesler, end, Ohio State University. Ht. 5 ft. 11½ in., wt. 173. Home: Youngstown, Ohio

Burke played a whale of a game in stopping the offensive moves of Pennsylvania and Princeton with a double flock of fast, hard-running backs.

Against Princeton he was all over the lot. He starred against Notre Dame. He was one of the features of the Michigan draw. Burke had a terrific schedule to face but in place of weakening he got better as the campaign moved along. Davis-Elkins, Duke, Notre Dame, Boston College, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Princeton—about all the test a high-grade guard can need. Burke was fast, aggressive and smart.

Post and Burke are all any team can ask for.

The Tackles

There was a consistent average of sound tackle play with few brilliant performers. Among the best there were Getto, Pittsburgh; Lassman and Grant, New York University; Smith and Utz, Pennsylvania; Douds, W. and J.; Mooney and Liston, Georgetown; Pommerening, Michigan; Hibbs, Southern California; McGuirk, Boston College; Nowack, Illinois; Schleusner, Iowa; Barrett, Harvard; Wilson, Navy; Barfield, Princeton; Miller, Notre Dame; Nagurski, Minnesota; Speer, Georgia Tech; Wagner, Wisconsin; Brown, Texas U.; Wakeman and Anderson, Cornell; Perry, Army.

Every rival coach that saw Getto of Pittsburgh in action named him as one of the best tackles of the year. Unless there is a mistake in the statistics there wasn't a first down made through his position all year. He spent most of the afternoon in the middle of Nebraska's backfield where Nebraska's net total through his side of the line was minus seven yards. Six feet two inches tall, weighing 198 pounds, Getto hit a high average at the start of the season and never slipped back.

Pommerening of Michigan played 60 minutes of each game through an eight-game schedule and he was the main rallying factor in Michigan's remarkable comeback. He starred in every game on the Michigan schedule, and most of the eight were tough afternoons. Like Getto, Pommerening had no off days.

Douds of W. and J., playing both tackle and guard at various times, was probably the greatest lineman of the year in spite of early injuries and no great amount of help. He was on the order of Henry, a W. and J. star still rated among the greatest of all time.

Lassman of New York University and Hibbs of Southern California each drew slow starts, but they came with a rush at the finish. Both were great tackles, but neither had the high-class consistency of Getto, Pommerening and Douds.

The Ends

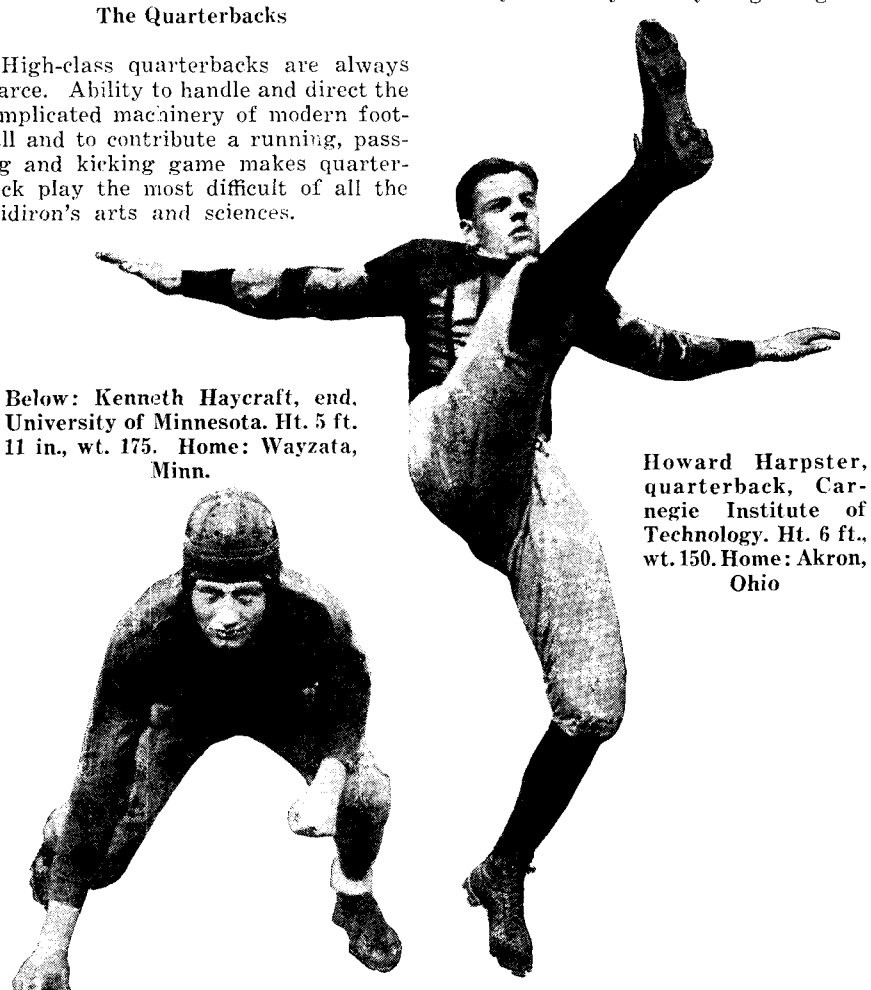
There was also a scarcity of brilliant or extra good ends quite through the campaign. Among the best of the season were Fesler, Ohio State; Rosenzweig, Carnegie Tech; Haycraft and Tanner, Minnesota; Donchess, Pittsburgh; Provincial, Georgetown; Vansickel, Florida; Lawler, Princeton; Frankian, St. Mary's; Phillips, California.

Fesler of Ohio State was a dashing, smart, courageous end who showed more outstanding class than any other end of the year. He knew where to be and he arrived there on time with a lot of stuff. Minnesota had two fine ends in Haycraft and Tanner with little to choose although a bare majority of the Western balloting went to Haycraft, who was one of the best ends a year ago also.

Vansickel of Florida was rated on a par with Nash and Shiver of Georgia a year ago, a fine pass receiver and one of the stars of a strong team. Donchess of Pittsburgh was one of the best from any section. Frankian of St. Mary's was another rated well up.

The Quarterbacks

High-class quarterbacks are always scarce. Ability to handle and direct the complicated machinery of modern football and to contribute a running, passing and kicking game makes quarterback play the most difficult of all the gridiron's arts and sciences.



Howard Harpster, quarterback, Carnegie Institute of Technology. Ht. 6 ft., wt. 150. Home: Akron, Ohio

Below: Kenneth Haycraft, end, University of Minnesota. Ht. 5 ft. 11 in., wt. 175. Home: Wayzata, Minn.

The leaders included Harpster, Carnegie Tech; Weston, Boston College; Hovde, Minnesota; Williams, Southern California; Norman, Princeton; Cuisinier, Wisconsin; Holman, Ohio State; Armistead, Vanderbilt; Crabtree, Florida; Hume, Southern Methodist; Ellis, Tufts; Shober, Penn; Fleishhacker, Stanford; Barnes, V. M. I.; Gulick, Hobart.

Harpster of Carnegie Tech has been a star for three years. He and Weston of Boston College were neck and neck, but Harpster had much the harder schedule to face. He was another Benny Friedman at passing. In the New York University game alone he completed sixteen successful passes against a fast pass defense.

As Chick Meehan of N. Y. U. expressed it, "When you are playing Carnegie Tech you are playing against ten men—and a coach at quarter. Harpster is as football smart as almost any coach you'll see."

Harpster all the way through showed the indefinable quality of class. He may have been a trifle daring at times but that is what coach Steffen wanted and this was the plan that got results against W. and J., Pittsburgh, Georgetown, Notre Dame—and later two touchdowns against N. Y. U.

Weston was brilliant and so was Crabtree of Florida. Neither had to face quite the opposition that Harpster was called on to handle. He was an able kicker, a strong runner, a marvel at pass defense and a high-grade entry at handling the kicking game.

Harpster, Weston and Crabtree lead the quarterbacks of the year.

The Halfbacks

As usual the crop of star halfbacks was the largest of the lot, numerically. The star halfback gets a greater number of favorable breaks than any other man on the team. He is put in a position where it is easier to star. He is given the help of good blocking backs and interfering linemen who help clear the way.

Under certain conditions a halfback of only ordinary ability might figure

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Otto Pommerening, tackle, University of Michigan. Ht. 5 ft. 11½ in., wt. 178. Home: Ann Arbor, Mich.

as a star with the right line and the right blockers to help him along. Outside of this the halfback talent was of an unusually high order.

Among the best were Cagle, Army; Scull, Pennsylvania; Strong, New York University; Brazil, Detroit; Mizell, Georgia Tech; McEver, Tennessee; Bennett, Indiana; Welch, Purdue; Eby, Ohio State; Carroll, Washington; Glasgow, Iowa; Wittmer, Princeton; Loud, Yale; French, Harvard; Marsters, Dartmouth; Thomason, Georgia Tech; Lom, California; Niemiec and Chevigny, Notre Dame; Bethea, Florida; Gillespie, Villanova; Banker, Tulane; Gebert, Marquette; Lusby, Wisconsin; Thomas, Southern California.

Scull of Pennsylvania and Cagle of the Army will do well enough for any All-America backfield. Scull could do more things ably than any man in football. He was a good runner, a fine punter, a good drop kicker, a good passer, an excellent pass receiver, a fine blocker and one of the greatest defensive stars of many years. His tackling was deadly. Weighing 185 pounds and with the speed he had to call on, there was no part of a back's job that he couldn't handle like a master workman.

Cagle was even more dangerous in the running and passing game. He was the vital spot in the Army attack, a dangerous combination at running and passing and with all this a star upon defense.

Mizell of Georgia Tech was almost as good. Carroll of Washington was up with the best.

But Scull and Cagle stand with the most brilliant backs of many seasons.

Close in line with Scull and Cagle was Brazil of Detroit. Here also was a great back who could run, pass, kick and take able care of any assignment given him. Brazil was rated by almost every man who saw him as the finest all-around back in the West.

Glasgow of Iowa was a magnificent ball carrier but Brazil could do more things in a more finished fashion.

It is difficult to leave off such stars as Mizell of Georgia Tech and Glasgow of Iowa. But there are only so many places open and it takes a magician to turn two and two into six or seven.

Two of the best blocking and defensive backs of the year were Miles of Princeton and Thomas of Southern California. They were given little chance to carry the ball and crash into the headlines as scorers but they both did a fine season's work. Guarnaccia of Harvard finished with his best effort against Yale. Guarnaccia and French gave Harvard a fast, hard-running pair all season, a pair who had no passing game to help break up the defense against a running game.

The general verdict was that Carroll of Washington was the best back on the Pacific Coast with Glasgow of Iowa and Brazil of Detroit the two best in the Middle West. Sloan of Nebraska was another fine back.

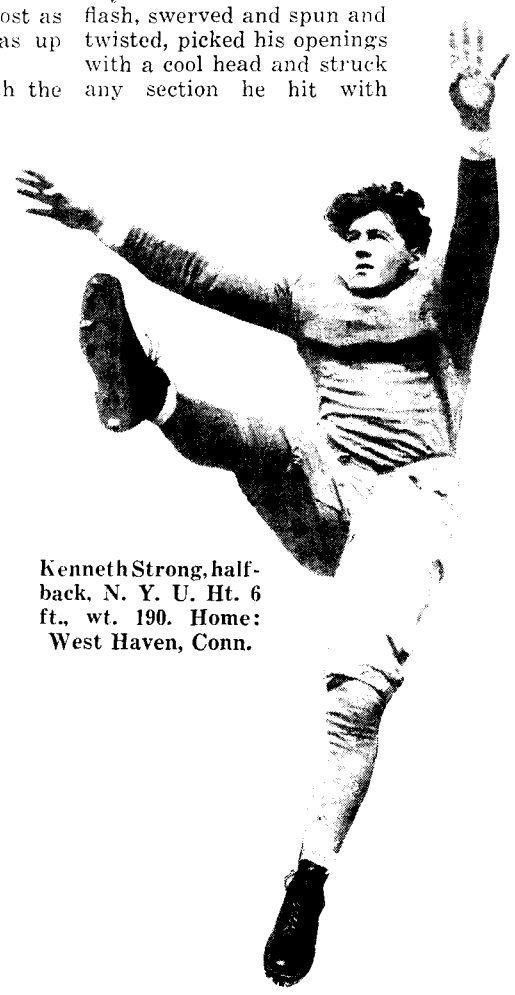
The Fullbacks

The season opened with a promising lot of fullbacks but before the end came some of them flopped, others were cracked up, and not so many of them survived among the leaders.

The leading list must include Howell, Nebraska; Karcis, Carnegie Tech; Strong, N. Y. U.; Holmer, Northwestern; Miles, Princeton; Lumpkin, Georgia Tech; Snyder, Maryland; Hoffman, Stanford; Cornsweet, Brown; Murrell, Army; Clifton, Navy; Parkinson, Pittsburgh.

Ken Strong of New York University, a fullback and a halfback combined, stood out as the star back of the year for sheer brilliancy. Weighing 190 pounds, Strong was usually the fastest man on any field. He started like a flash, swerved and spun and twisted, picked his openings with a cool head and struck any section he hit with terrific force. He was the hardest man of the year to stop, his combined weight, speed, running ruggedness and open field agility placing him out in front of them all. Strong was a fine punter and a high-class passer, and his defensive value made him the most valuable football player of the year, one of the best of all time.

S. F. Post, guard, Stanford University. Ht. 6 ft., wt. 190. Home: Berkeley, Cal.



Kenneth Strong, halfback, N. Y. U. Ht. 6 ft., wt. 190. Home: West Haven, Conn.

His one off day was in the rain and mud against Georgetown, where starting speed had no chance to function. And yet even after this game Lou Little, the Georgetown coach, remarked that on a dry field Strong would beat any football team in the country.

As good as Cagle, Scull, Brazil and Mizell were, Strong finished as the feature back of the season. He earned his right to be classed with the best of any year, going back as far as you might care to go.

The forward wall of this All-America selection is not among the best that football has produced. But every man named turned in a fine job through a hard schedule. And it is through hard schedules that the pressure increases and the work becomes harder and harder to face.

The backfield named can take its place as one of the greatest ever gathered. Every man named can look after any part of a backfield order: running, passing, kicking, blocking and tackling. It is every bit as fine a backfield as the one named a few years ago that carried Friedman, Grange, Oberlander and Nevers. No back on the latter list combines the all-around danger of Strong in striking through any type of defense.

In this 1928 backfield you have unusual running and driving power, all you need for every variety of the open game, blocking and interfering ability, and, as a final touch, defensive skill of the highest rank.

There was at times a wide difference of opinion among leading coaches who had sent their teams against certain stars. One coach would write or wire that So-and-So "is the best tackle I have seen." Another would send in word that the same So-and-So was mediocre or ordinary. There were few upon whom all agreed.

It is to be understood again that no attempt was made in this selection to name a team that could be called the strongest in the country. The idea was to award credit to those stars who had the highest averages through a hard schedule. And the schedule played an important part in making this selection.

There is a vast difference between playing two or three hard games and playing five or six or seven hard games. More than a few finally found the burden too great and fell away near the finish.

Dale Vansickel, end, University of Florida. Ht. 6 ft., wt. 180. Home: Gainesville, Fla.

Lloyd Brazil, halfback, University of Detroit. Ht. 5 ft. 11½ in., wt. 175. Home: Flint, Mich.

For example, Karcis and Rosenzweig of Carnegie Tech found the job of facing five hard games in a row more than they could quite meet when New York University arrived for the last stand. These two were stars against Pittsburgh, Georgetown and especially against Notre Dame, where they featured Carnegie's leading achievement. They were physically and mentally off edge a week later.

Star-Killers

Many football players have been stars against lighter or weaker opposition, only to find it is something else again when they come up against one of the stronger teams near the peak. Due to the space given it in the newspapers all over the country, the increased size of the crowds, the color and action, football has added to its emotional drain.

A few years ago a coach and a team had only two or three hard games to face. Today most coaches and most teams playing standard schedules must be ready early in October. And those that are ready early in October are due for a certain slump at some stage through November.

Navy and Michigan, for example, started slowly and raggedly. But they were booming along through November. There are many times when defeat can make a team and victory can break one up for the next Saturday beyond.

There are bound to be complaints that certain sections were overlooked. But in nearly every case what may appear to be an oversight was due to reports from coaches and officials that, while the average of play was first-class, there were no outstanding stars. And as these reports came from those close to the scene—keen observers who really know football—their word was taken as it came.

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The Infant Turrible

By Guy Gilpatric

Desperate adventure before the camera had become a habit with Buddy. Quite logically he extended the habit to real life.

A PALE-GREEN limousine drew up before the pale-pink mansion, and into it stepped Mr. Joe La Farge and his tow-headed, nationally advertised eleven-year-old son.

"To the studio, Chauncey," said La Farge père, in the manner of one who commands great riches. Then, carefully arranging his beautifully creased legs, he settled back to admire the tongues of flame which leaped from the *three-carat diamond on his finger.*

Noticing that the hands of his platinum wrist watch stood at a quarter to nine: "Step on it," he admonished the chauffeur. "We're twenty minutes late already."

"Huh!" snorted his son. *"We're* late! What do ya mean, *we?* Who's on their way to work, anyway—me or you?"

"Now, Buddy, don't give me none of your sass," replied Mr. La Farge, with paternal dignity. "I know who's running this family, and it ain't you."

"Well, I know who's feeding it, and it isn't you. And, Pop—how many times have I got to tell you not to say 'ain't'?"

Mr. La Farge looked full into his son's face and registered grief. "Ingrate," he sighed, "whom your mother and I have nurtured all these years, only to be intimidated, trammeled, spurned—"

" . . . And supported—don't forget that, Pop! *If I wasn't in the pictures,* you and Ma would still be honky-tonking in vodvill."

"Why, Buddy!"—sternly. "Your mother and I sacrificed our careers for you. We—"

" . . . You was the worst hams on the circuit. I heard Mr. MacNulty telling somebody that La Farge and La Farge could only get bookings when the trained seals was sick."

MR. LA FARGE considered him uncertainly and in silence. This son of his was beyond all understanding. In less than three years Buddy had been transformed from a normal vaudeville child, if there is such a thing, into a strange spirit in a child's body who was worshiped by millions and was disdainfully conscious of the fact.

"All right," said La Farge as though terminating the argument. "You just keep on putting your stuff across like a good sweet boy, and I'll buy you an air gun."

"Air gun! I don't want an air gun! I want a .45 with pearl handles, and I'm going to get it too."

"No, you ain't—*aren't!* I won't have you bangin' away with no .45 around my house. . . ."

" . . . *My* house—yes, go on, Father."

"Oh, ye gods!" And Mr. La Farge plunged desperately into the sporting pages of the morning paper.

Five minutes later they halted at the gates of the Excello Studio. Buddy got out, and his father and the limousine headed for the beach.

Walking between huge buildings of concrete and corrugated iron, Buddy La Farge cut through a frontier mining village and turned down the main street of ancient Babylon, at that moment in course of construction. Everywhere were people—some in prosaic overalls, some in fantastic costumes, and some with faces painted the tinge of a corpse long under water.

Nearly all these people smiled at Buddy, but he only scowled and stalked majestically on. They were hams; he was a star, and besides he was feeling sore. Air gun! . . .

A large flabby blonde attempted to kiss him, and he said, "Go chase yourself, madame, and keep the hell away from my set too. I bet I told Mr. Meissner a trillion-billion times I can't *stand fat women.*"

Arrived at his own shed, he found twenty or thirty people sitting around on camp chairs. A white bull terrier, made up to look like a half-starved cur, came bounding out to meet him. This was Snifty, Buddy's co-star and bosom friend.

"Thank the Lord!" said Mr. MacNulty. "Get into your costume, Buddy; we're half an hour late. You're getting as bad as Lotta Milburn."

"Even *I* can't act good enough to be quite as bad as her," rejoined Buddy, strolling deliberately toward his private dressing-room, followed by Snifty and his staff of dressers. "Anyway, whadda I care about keeping this crowd of Smithfields waiting! Me and Snifty are the only actors in this whole company."

"Gosh, but that kid's getting impossible!" groaned Mr. MacNulty. But later, when Buddy was before the camera in the rôle of a crippled Italian beggar, the director turned to Old Man Nolan and said: "Ah—there you see an actor—an *actor!* Why, that kid is so far ahead of anyone else on the screen that—"

"Yes, yes, I know—I know," agreed Old Man Nolan, the aged and alcoholic trainer of Snifty. "And I who say it trod the boards with Mr. Booth for two hundred and seven conseckertive nights. And, Mac, do you know that lately Snifty will do more for Buddy than he'll do for me?"

"Maybe he doesn't recognize you when you're sober," said MacNulty.

THERE came a surging emotional moment when the Italian cripple and his dog were mourning their only friend, a common sparrow, and even the cameramen were weeping. The action reached a superb crescendo—and the waif suddenly dropped the stuffed bird and became Buddy La Farge again.

"Gosh, I'm hungry!" he declared. "Pop rushed me over here on nothing but oatmeal and fried eggs and waffles! Not even a mushmelon. I won't work when I'm starving, I'm here to tell the world!"

MacNulty dashed his megaphone to the ground, jumped on it, and tore the script into two pieces. But he knew the signs and saw there was nothing to do but adjourn. "Be back at 1:30, everybody," he shouted; and then he invited Buddy to lunch.

"Nope," said Buddy. "Not today. I got a date with Doug. I'm taking Snifty along too."

"O. K.," said Old Man Nolan. "Only

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

Slim put his hand to his throat, and swallowed experimentally. "Gosh," he said, "you hadn't oughter sicked him onto me, Buddy. And go easy with that gun—say, hey, don't try to cock it!"

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A large flabby blonde attempted to kiss him and he said, "Go chase yourself, madame. I bet I told Mr. Meissner a trillion-billion times I can't stand fat women"

don't give him no ice cream or chicken bones."

Entering his dressing-room, Buddy was waited upon by his make-up woman. "Beat it, Mrs. Jeffers," he said. "Go 'way and let me alone, can't you? I guess I'm old enough to wipe off grease paint and change my clothes without you always nosing around." He slammed and locked the door after her. Then, with an air of great stealth, he tiptoed across to the metal clothes locker, thrust his hand beneath it, and produced seven one-dollar bills and a can of beans.

"Looka this!" he said proudly, holding his treasures for Snifty's inspection. "Guess all this'll take us somewhere, hey?"

Snifty admitted that it would.

"Now," said Buddy, peeling off his beggar's rags, "I guess I'll put on my corduroy suit and the Alaskan boots I wore in Son of the North. And I'll just keep this black Eyetalian wig in my pocket till we get outside and down the street a ways. I'll take along some mascara to put black spots on you, and maybe even your snoot. We gotta make this get-away in disguise."

AND so it came about that late that day a little black-haired boy, presumably a Mexican, and his sturdy black and white dog, undoubtedly a mutt, sat down beside a pile of railroad ties and dined sumptuously on cold canned beans.

The repast finished, Buddy noticed that a freight train was being made up in the yards. "Snifty," he said, "it'll be dark in a few minutes, and then we'll sneak into one of those cars. But first we'll go over to that lunch wagon and buy a bunch of sandwiches to take along."

Buddy knew all about jumping freights, because he'd done it in the pictures. Also he knew that the most discriminating hoboes seldom ride the freights, but travel instead on the "blind" between the tender and the express car of passenger trains. But on a blind the space is narrow, and Buddy feared that Snifty couldn't manage it. Therefore he found a broken pick handle, pried open the door of an empty box car, hoisted up Snifty, and clambered in himself. Then he slid the door to a crack and sprawled comfortably on the floor.

The locomotive puffed up and down the tracks, butting into cars, sending them rolling along by themselves to bump into others, hauling still more over the switches from the sidings, and thus gradually making up a train. Buddy's car was coupled on with a crash which caused Snifty to bristle and snarl. The brakeman walked past, looking under the cars with his lantern, and slamming down the journal covers. A moment later there was a hissing as they tried the air. Then slowly the train took headway.

Suddenly, in the darkness, two shots rang out and a police whistle shrilled in a thread of sound. Running footsteps crunched in the gravel beside the track, and a hand clutched the edge of the car door and frantically strove to push it open.

"Wait a minute, pard," said Buddy. "I'll help you."

"Make it snappy!" gasped a voice. "She's picking up speed."

BUDDY shoved back the door; a man swung himself aboard, and lay panting on the floor.

"Whew!" he said. "Shut 'er up again, kid! They didn't see me git aboard, but it's always carefuller to be careful. And, say—I'm much obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Buddy. "Us outlaws always stick together. What was they shooting at you for?"

"For being on railroad property, that's all. I ain't no outlaw. They was railroad bulls."

"You shouldn't say 'ain't.' What was they shooting at you with?"

"Why, guns, I reckon. They didn't sound like bow and arrers, did they?"

"No, I mean what caliber was they?"

"Oh, I don't know. They seemed like cannons to me, but I guess most policemen carries .38's."

"They oughter have .45's," said Buddy.

The stranger produced a candle and lighted it. Buddy surveyed him carefully and rather liked his looks. He was tall, keen-eyed, and perhaps twenty-two years old. He wore a cap and khaki-colored one-piece overalls of the kind so fashionable among the attendants of filling stations. But when he unbuttoned the overalls Buddy saw that they covered a neat blue suit.

"What's your name?" asked Buddy.

"Slim. What's yours?"

"William F. Cody, and this here's my dog, Snifty." The name of the famous Snifty hopped out before Buddy could catch himself, and to make things worse, Snifty acknowledged the introduction with a formal bow and politely extended his paw. "Yeh," said Buddy hastily—"Snifty. Same's the dog in the movies. I named him after him."

"Smart dog, all right. What are you doing—running away from school, or something?"

"No," said Buddy scornfully. "Me, I'm an outlaw. I'm wanted for highway robbery, and there's a price on my head. I been in lots of shooting scrapes too. I'm pretty quick with my .45."

"Yeh? Got it with you?"

"Yes—well, no. You see, when I was making my get-away tonight, five railroad bulls opened fire from ambush with .38's and shot it right out of my hand. But I plugged three of them first!"

"Gee, that must have been some battle!" said Slim admiringly. "Where you headed for now?"

"Oh, nowhere special. How about you?"

"I'm going to Niagara Falls."

"Is that so? Say, I've always wanted to see Niagara Falls. Guess I'll come along with you."

Slim was silent for a moment, as though pondering something. "All right," he said, a little doubtfully. "Only, if anybody asks you, remember you're my kid brother, your name is William F. Robinson, we come from Santa Ana, and we're going to our uncle's ranch outside Tonapah. Can you remember all that?"

"Sure," said Buddy. "I got a wonderful memory. I know Hamlet's immortal soliloquy from beginning to end."

"You're quite a guy, all right," said Slim, taking off his shoes and tying them together to make a pillow. "Here's a bottle of water if you get thirsty."

"I got a lot of sandwiches—help yourself. Here's a ham-an'-cheese, Snifty."

Far ahead the locomotive was coughing up a grade; the coughing grew fainter and fainter, and Buddy dropped off to sleep. Slim looked down at him, took off his overalls, and very gently tucked them in around him. Then, smiling, he blew out the candle.

ONE day somebody struck silver fifteen miles from Niagara Falls, Nevada, and soon the place became a metropolis. The population increased by leaps and bounds to 312, and the city itself grew to be a quarter of a mile long. When Buddy and Slim and Snifty strolled up the principal causeway they beheld a scene of characteristic activity. In fact, a car was parked outside the speakeasy, and a cloud of dust spiraled briskly along the street. The city's din, when their ears became accustomed to it, they recognized as the distant clicking of a telegraph key and the tinkling of a piano.

Buddy surveyed things doubtfully and was none too pleased to observe several large pictures of himself outside the movie house. "Where's the Falls?" he inquired. "I don't see no water around here."

"The Falls," repeated Slim, with the air of one recalled from deep thought. "Oh, why, the Falls is out of town a ways."

"Well, s'pos'n we hire a car and go out?"

Slim stopped (*Continued on page 38*)

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In One Ear

Clarence Darrow fixed his lowering glare and won a debate with a single remark

A few amusing bits of chit-chat picked up by Collier's writers on their travels. You'd miss them completely if they weren't printed here and that would be a pity

One for the Wets

Clarence Darrow with one single remark won a public debate over ex-Congressman "Willie" Upshaw of Georgia, in Atlanta, recently—that is if loudest and longest applause and laughter counts for anything. By agreement there were no judges and no official decision. Upshaw, ardent Dry, told his audience how he had worked his way through school and studied on the farm.

"I was so determined, as a boy," he said, "to be a public speaker that I used to practice oratory on the poor mules while I was plowing."

Then he spent the best part of an hour telling his audience that prohibition was working and that America was drinking less than ever before.

When Darrow's turn came, he rose and fixed his famous lowering glare on the perspiring and panting Upshaw.

"If you expect us to believe all that you've said, sir," Darrow said firmly, "you must think you're still talking to a lot of mules."

Unearned Praise

W. O. McGeehan overlooked an item in his fine accounts of the Gans-Nelson days in Goldfield, Nev.

McGeehan and Rube Goldberg received a wire from their editor instructing them to meet a lady reporter at the train. They looked anxiously for her all night. Between waits they bathed their patience at Tex Rickard's bar.

The lady writer arrived at 7 A. M. and got a very incoherent welcome from two wobbly young men.

Bill and Rube sat down to write their stories for the paper. Rube's hands floundered over the typewriter keys, his eyes became glassy, and darkness closed in around him. He fell forward, dead to the world, using the exclamation point for a pillow.

McGeehan deposited him in a convenient waste basket, rewrote Rube's entire story and sent it to the paper signing Rube's name. When Rube woke up, he was handed the following telegram: "Best story you ever wrote. Send us more of the same stuff. Fremont Older, Editor."

Geologists found the original typewritten story in the ruins of Goldfield and a controversy still rages as to whether it is Sanskrit or pre-Ptolemy.

Swan Song

Song isn't supposed to have anything at all to do with the success or failure of a baseballer's career, yet a single ditty wrote "finish" on the pitching lifetime of Harry Covaleskie, who was almost as famous in his day as is his brother Stanley, now with the Yankees.

Back in the far-flung years of callow youth, Harry decided that he wanted to be a song bird. He practiced long and earnestly; fought desperately for a chance and finally got it in an amateur show. He chose "Silver Threads Among the Gold" as the vehicle that was to whizz him to such vocal heights that Caruso would look up to him in awe.

Harry sang the verse. Then he took a whirl at the chorus. The audience; long before then, had given definite signs of its ideas concerning Harry Covaleskie as a warbler. So there was nothing for the head man of the show to do but poke out his hook and fish Harry right off the stage.

As time flitted Harry took up pitching. He finally slung baseballs so expertly that he was summoned to perform in the big leagues. One season while Harry was with the Phillies, he pitched against the New York Giants three times in five days, whipped them each time and those defeats knocked the Giants right out of the pennant.

The next season the hatred of the Giants for Covaleskie increased as he continued to throw horsehides beyond the reach of their bludgeons. He was an entire cactus family in their side and continued to be until one day there came into the Giant camp a man who had known Harry when Harry was a youth —and who had heard him sing.

The next time Covaleskie was assigned to oppose the Giants the Giant players made it their business to group near him and then they hummed "Silver Threads." Covaleskie looked at them, his eyes wide with astonishment. He started to walk away. They followed him. Finally he went out to pitch. His control was erratic and he was batted out of the box.

When Harry started against the Giants later they gave him another potent dose of "Silver Threads." And once again they reduced him to a morale-shattered youth. After which other clubs, learning about Harry and the song, and the success the Giants were enjoying by warbling to Harry, always sang or whistled "Silver Threads" for him.

Within six weeks this once great pitcher was reduced to a doleful performer. He could not overcome the mental hazard that came with that "Silver Threads." And soon afterward his work slumped so much that he was released from the majors, couldn't endure hearing that song even in the minors and his baseball days came to an abrupt finale.

Mischievous Archie

Archie Hoxie is the name of a young man who missed being the Lindbergh of his day, back in 1912, just because he was a naughty boy in the air.

Hoxie was one of several youths trained by the Wright brothers to be a member of their "stable" of flyers at a time when no state fair was complete without an airplane exhibition. Glenn Curtiss also had a stable of flying boys and several state fair managers, desirous of giving their grand-stand audiences a good show, employed flyers from both the Wright and the Curtiss camps.

"We don't want any dead flyers or any smashed machines. Don't do any dangerous stunts," were the orders invariably given by the Wrights.

In their shop in Dayton the Wrights finally completed what was perhaps the first cross-country plane ever made. They planned an inter-city flight; from Kansas City to St. Louis. They knew that the flyer who made this flight would become internationally famous. They selected Hoxie for the honor and Wilbur Wright went to Kansas City, where Hoxie was to make exhibition flights at a fair, to break the good news.

Wilbur Wright arrived at the fair grounds while the exhibition flights were on. He seated himself in the grand stand, without making his presence known to his young protégé.

A Curtiss flyer—Charles Hamilton—daredevil of them all in those days, went up first. He cut several didoes, involving sharp curves. The audience roared its approval as he alighted. Then Wilbur Wright saw one of his own planes, with Hoxie holding the levers, take the air. No sooner had it reached a good altitude than it began to describe the most nerve-racking curves and banks. The audience held its breath, but Wilbur Wright managed to scramble out of the grand stand down to the infield. He seized a signal flag and waved it. Hoxie, looking down, was shocked to see his boss calling him out of the sky. The audience saw the plane straighten out and come to earth. A mighty roar went up from the stands. But that was the last of Hoxie's stunt flying for that day.

And just as a punishment Hoxie was not permitted to make the flight from Kansas City to St. Louis.

The flight, moreover, was never made, the Daredevil Hamilton shortly gaining world fame in another manner. He had the honor of making the first inter-city flight, between New York and Philadelphia.

A Chance for the Camera

A photograph of William Jennings Bryan snoozing on a pillow under which was a bottle of wine would, as the girls say, have been priceless at any time, especially during the non-stop Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924. That picture could have been made had a cameraman been present and alert.

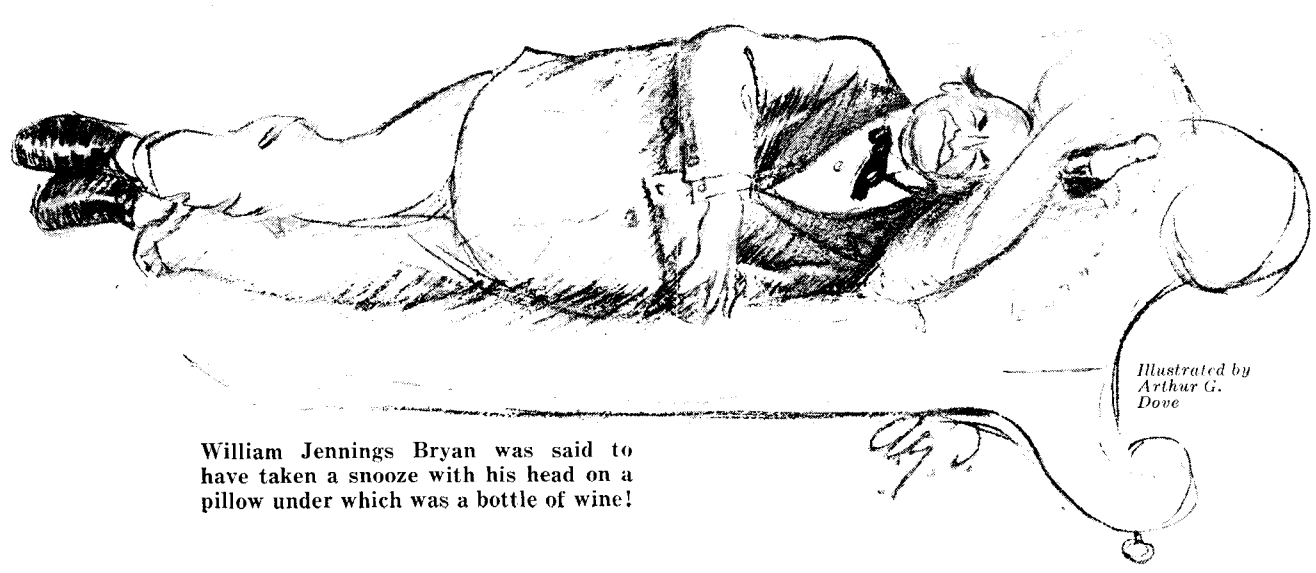
Some of the boys were cracking corks in a parlor on the fourth floor of a palatial hotel near the Garden. Suddenly Bryan's booming voice was heard down a corridor. An outer guard bobbed his head in a doorway and warned:

"He's coming to this suite. Beat it with the booze!"

Bryan jogged into the room just as heels vanished through one doorway, heads through another, and a spare bottle of wine was pushed hurriedly beneath a couch pillow.

"If you gentlemen don't mind," said the Great Commoner, "I'll take forty winks between sessions."

He stretched on the couch and slept peacefully. The naughtier of the boys were tempted to pull a raid. They didn't. It was just as well. Nobody would believe that Bryan was sleeping one off. Nobody may believe that unconsciously the great foe of alcohol used a full bottle of champagne as part of a pillow for his weary head. But it happened.



Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

William Jennings Bryan was said to have taken a snooze with his head on a pillow under which was a bottle of wine!

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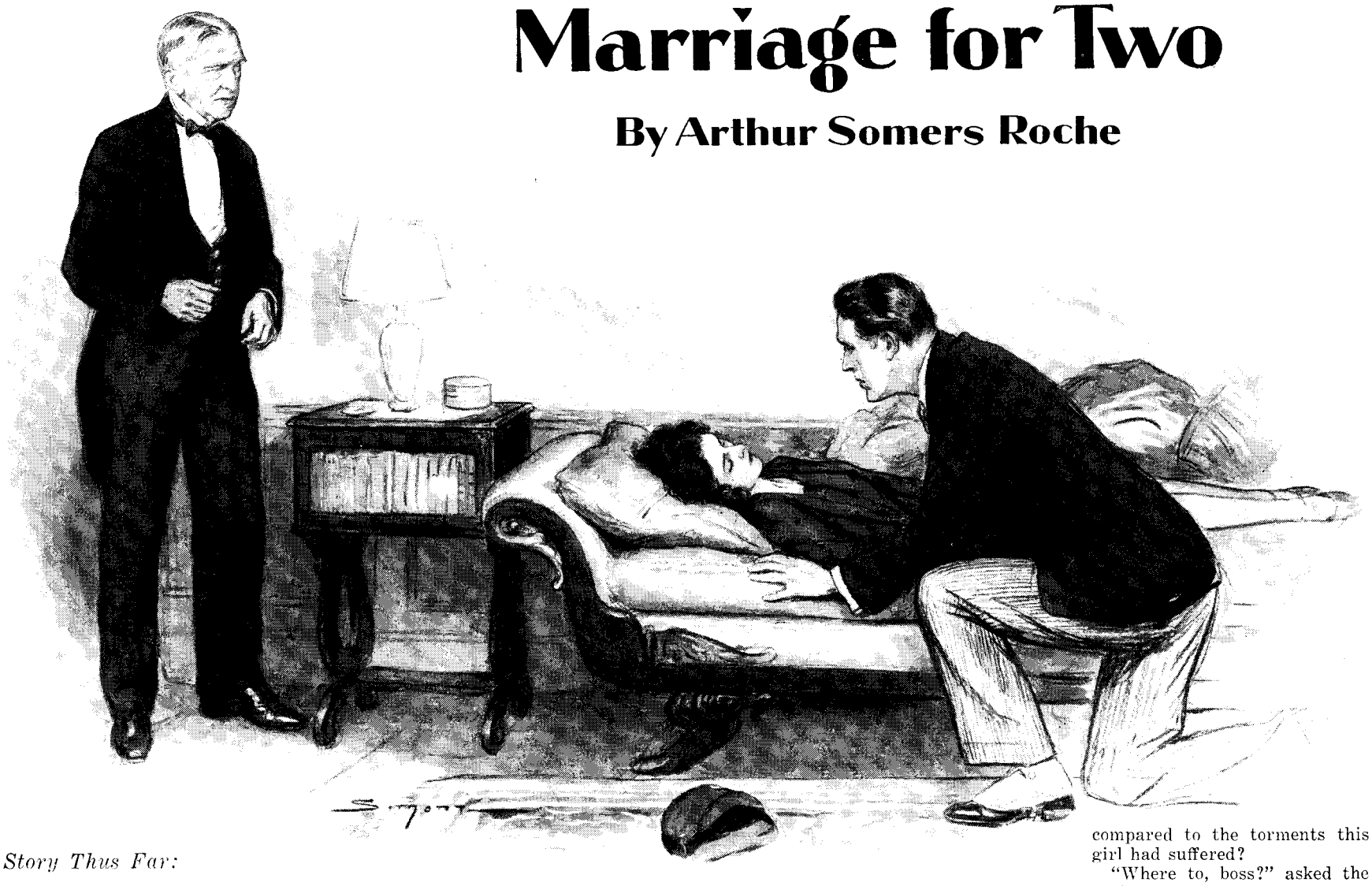
Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche



He carried his unconscious burden into the library and deposited it on the broad couch

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN WILSON breaks her engagement with Larry Tracy in order to marry a very rich, middle-aged man, named Burton. Larry in his wounded vanity vows to marry the first woman who will have him, and the first woman he meets after this interview turns out to be a starved, poverty-stricken though beautiful young person whom he sees on a park bench.

He takes her to a restaurant, where he feeds her. At first she refuses to eat, protesting that she has no money and probably never will have and therefore cannot pay him back that way and will never pay him back in the only way he, being a man, would demand. He finally convinces her that such payment is completely absent from his thoughts.

She then eats luncheon and, as she feels better, her seemingly natural dignity and charm return to her. Luncheon ended, after some argument Larry gives her $500. She holds out her hand to say good-by, turns from him—and he is just in time to catch her as she faints.

II

DISMAY fought with pity in Tracy's heart. The unconscious girl, whose starvation he had just allayed by the purchase of a meal, whose immediate future he had rendered fairly secure by the gift of five hundred dollars, aroused his pity, but the fact that he held her in his arms aroused dismay.

Thank Heaven, this little restaurant, while smart enough at luncheon and dinner, had no tea patronage. Save for an idle waiter or so, it was deserted. But still, to have it told all over town. . . For all he knew he had been recognized. . . . Then he cursed himself for a snob.

How light she was! For a girl of her more than average height she weighed almost nothing. All traces of the snobbery-inspired dismay were gone now. She couldn't weigh much over a hundred pounds, and she ought to weigh twenty-five pounds more. Somehow or other this fact made her starvation more dreadful.

A waiter was by his side now, consternation visible on his expressive Gallic countenance. Mademoiselle had died? But no—it was a faint. Oh, well, women were like that. The waiter's wife, for example, had been known to faint at the so-unimportant bite of a mosquito. Mademoiselle, perhaps—

"For God's sake do something," said Tracy. "Get me some brandy—quick."

There was a cushioned bench along one wall, where, when the restaurant was crowded, patrons sat in discomfort assuaged by the fact that they were dining in a haunt of fashion. Upon this narrow couch Tracy laid the girl. He felt a queer regret as he relinquished his burden. Although she was in his arms through no volition of her own, her helplessness aroused something that was more than protective. He stared down at her.

The waiter arrived with brandy, and also with a maid from the coat-room, who knelt beside the girl, chafed her hands, touched her temples with the cognac. Beneath her ministrations the girl sighed, opened her eyes. Her lips rejected the liquor, and Tracy wiped her chin with his handkerchief. She did not acknowledge the service even by a flicker of her lashes. Her eyes closed again.

"THE lady is ill," said the maid as he looked questioningly at her.

"I know that myself," retorted Tracy savagely. "But can't you do something?"

"She should be home—in bed—with her doctor," said the maid.

Blankly Tracy stared at her.

"Of course," he said, "immediately—"

His voice died away as he looked at his guest. Home? She had no home. Why, the poor thing owned the clothes she stood in—rather, lay in—and nothing else besides.

"Shall I get a taxi?" asked the maid.

"Why—yes," he replied uncertainly.

He clutched at the maid's shoulder as the woman turned away.

"She—she isn't going to—die, is she?" he asked.

"I don't know—I wouldn't think so—looks to me as though she's just played out. The poor thing," she added impulsively.

The impulse made her richer by exactly ten dollars.

"Thanks," she said. "I'll get that taxi. If you'll carry her—"

"Do—do you think we'd better get a doctor first?" he asked.

The girl on the bench answered him, not by words, but by actions. She stirred, moaned faintly, and opened her eyes.

She sat up and as she looked at Tracy recognition stirred in her eyes. Also, bravery was there.

"All right—now," she whispered.

Then, in instant negation of her boast, her head fell loosely back, and she would have rolled to the floor but that Tracy caught her.

"Sorry," she managed to gasp.

She had not fainted this time, and by an effort she reassured him.

"Won't faint—again," she murmured.

But he did not release her, and her complete relaxation was sufficient indication of her utter weakness.

The maid called to him from the restaurant entrance:

"The taxi's here."

In various doors, that probably led to pantries and kitchens, appeared faces. A buzz of speculation reacned Tracy's ears as he carried the girl out, and his face burned. He hated to be conspicuous, and he felt a momentary anger toward the girl who had made him so.

Then he felt contempt for himself. What right had he to feel embarrassment because he played a part in tragedy? What was his wounded vanity as compared to the torments this girl had suffered?

"Where to, boss?" asked the taximan.

Tracy hadn't thought of that. Vaguely he had decided that some hospital. . . . What explanation could he make to the hospital attachés? Not, he told himself, that he would be embarrassed at his inability to tell anytning about the girl, but she—she'd die if a whole hospital staff knew that she was suffering from the effects of insufficient nourishment.

Her blazing pride had assured him that. The fact that she had accepted money from him made no difference. Her humiliation. . . . She wasn't dying. She was stirring in his arms now, nestling like a child, almost seeking a greater comfort in another position.

HE HAD saved her, when he took her from the Avenue bench, from death, perhaps. Gifts bestowed bring greater obligations to the donor than to the recipient. What had he said to her? That one couldn't half save a drowning person. He had saved her life, perhaps, but she had sacrificed—nearly—that life to her pride. She could have begged and avoided starvation, but she had chosen not to. Could he, having saved her life, refuse to save her pride?

He gave the taximan the address of his own home. Then, ever so gently, he deposited his burden in the taxi and sat beside her. She was still too weak to sit erect. His arm went around her, and with a sigh she leaned against him, surrendering herself to his embrace as completely as when he had carried her from the restaurant.

He thanked Heaven that no sufficiently attractive offer had been made for his old-fashioned house on West Thirty-eighth Street, just off Park Avenue. It had been in the market for a year, because he had decided that a bachelor didn't need a whole house. But now he was glad that there was no apartment house lobby, with its uniformed gossiping attendants, its other tenants, to wonder at his extraordinary procedure. For

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it was extraordinary to bring to one's home a strange girl, especially a girl in the condition of this one.

But—where else could he take her? The hospital, out of consideration for her pride, was out of the question. She had no home of her own. He had no woman friend who, moved by his appeal or her own charity, would take the girl into her house. Once—and his lips curled sardonically—he would have been fool enough to have thought that Helen would have received his pitiful guest, but even if, by some miracle, they were reconciled, he would know better than to approach Helen.

It took, in this late afternoon heavy traffic, nearly a quarter of an hour to make the trip downtown, and during the journey the girl never spoke. And when the machine drew up before the door of his house, he saw that she was asleep.

The chauffeur eyed him as doubtfully as had that other taximan who had conveyed them from the Avenue bench to the restaurant.

"Lady sick?" he asked.

"Obviously," Tracy replied.

THE man looked at the girl as Tracy lifted her gently through the door of the machine, and then eyed Tracy closely. The shrug of his shoulders that followed his scrutiny of the young man was as high a compliment as had ever been paid Tracy. It meant that while it was funny business, still it was none of the taximan's, and further, the young lad looked O. K. So the taximan, later that evening, said to his wife.

Across the sidewalk, up the four steps to the door, Tracy carried the sleeping girl. He dared not put her down while he fished in his pocket for the key, so he twisted until his thumb was against the bell-button. Almost instantly, Hogan, Tracy's butler, answered the ring.

On the sidewalk, attracted by the unusual sight of a young man carrying an apparently unconscious girl up a flight of steps, stood half a dozen people, sating their curiosity by stares. Hogan was amazed—much more so than the street spectators, but his dignity enabled him to overcome surprise. Further, it annoyed Hogan that the rabble—his usual description of people who did not know his master—should stare at a Tracy, no matter what a Tracy did. He had worked for Tracy's father, and forty years of service in one family is apt to result in an estimation of that family's importance which exaggerates fact.

"Get Dr. Blanchard on the phone, Hogan," said Tracy. "Then bring—damn it, I don't know what to give her."

"Brandy," suggested Hogan.

"She's had that," said Tracy. "Oh, bring water—"

"But she's not fainted; she's asleep, isn't she?" asked Hogan.

"Yes—at least I guess so—get the doctor," snapped his employer.

Hogan disappeared into a closet beneath the stairs that led from the surprisingly wide front hall to the upper floors, while Tracy carried his burden into a large room that once had been a parlor, later did duty as a drawing-room, and that finally was a comfortable library. There remained in it, even through its drawing-room period, an extremely broad and comfortable couch, and upon this Tracy deposited the girl.

He sighed with unconscious relief. Fifteen minutes of cramped position made his muscles ache. He revised his earlier estimate of her weight: she was heavier than he had thought, although he still conceded that she must be fearfully underweight.

Her lashes were black, black as her eyes, he noted. Her hat had fallen off as he carried her to the couch, and her black hair was pushed back from a low, broad forehead. An intelligent face, as well as one that might be lovely, he silently commented. The straight nose and the rounded chin whose delicacy indicated no weakness, bore out the impression of mentality. A damned shame, he told himself.

The girl was still too weak to sit erect. She leaned against him, surrendering herself as completely as she had in the restaurant

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

HOGAN appeared at the door. He was on tiptoe and he whispered.

"Dr. Blanchard's on the phone," he said.

Tracy, unconsciously imitating the butler's caution, also tiptoed. He picked up the receiver.

"That you, Jimmy?" he asked.

"What's this tale of Hogan's?" demanded the doctor's voice. "Has Manhattan's only servant with a record of more than four months in any one house finally taken to drink? He says that there's a girl—"

"Come right over, Jimmy, will you, please?" pleaded Tracy.

"Accident?" asked the physician.

"Starvation," said Tracy.

The doctor whistled. "Be over in a jiffy," he promised.

He kept his word; in less than five minutes he had rung the front bell, and in another moment he was bending over the girl.

The touch of his fingers on her pulse awakened her. Her eyes fastened, with an odd disinterest, upon the kindly features of the physician.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I'm just Larry Tracy's doctor."

"Larry Tracy?"

"You're in his house," said the doctor.

"Oh," she said. She made an attempt to rise.

Gently the physician pushed her back. "You're in my hands, young woman," he said, with mock severity. "And when I give orders I intend them to be obeyed. Now let's look at your tongue. . . ."

Tracy withdrew from the room. It was fully fifteen minutes before Dr. Blanchard joined him in the hall.

"Why in hell," demanded the doctor, "did you feed a starving girl chops?"

"How do I know what to feed a starving girl?" countered Tracy. "Anyway, she ate very little—showed remarkable restraint, and—"

"Stubborn brat," said the physician. "Won't go to a hospital—"

"She isn't stubborn." Tracy rallied to the defense of his guest. "Has a decent pride, that's all."

"Well, proud or stubborn doesn't matter," said Blanchard. "I gave her a little something, and she'll be asleep in a moment, and we'll send for an ambulance—"

"We will not," said Tracy.

"Why won't we?" asked the doctor surprisedly.

Tracy floundered: "I knew—just from talking to her—that she'd not go to a hospital—and she—trusted herself to me—I won't—double-cross her."

"Well, where's her home?"

"I don't know—she hasn't any," replied Tracy.

"Hasn't any? Hell's bells, she must have a place to sleep," cried Blanchard.

"She didn't have a place to eat," commented Tracy dryly.

Blanchard pursed his lips.

"Well, what on earth are we to do with her, then?"

"Is she very ill?" asked Tracy.

Blanchard shook his head. "Needs a careful diet, that's all. But she's been through some dreadful experiences—I don't mean just starvation, though God knows that's bad enough. But—some sort of shock. May come out of it in a couple of days and—may not. That all depends on how she looks at life when she wakes up."

"All the more reason she shouldn't go to a hospital," declared Tracy.

"You may be right. Well, the young woman's evidently flat broke. She can't very well take a suite at the Ritz with a private nurse."

"She can," said Tracy. "I mean she could—I'd pay—but she wouldn't take it."

"She evidently, from what I gathered from her, took a meal from you," said the doctor.

"And five hundred in cash," said Tracy. "But still, I don't think she'd take more—"

BLANCHARD grinned with the disillusionment of the physician.

"Once start 'em taking and there's no finish. Well, heli's bells, something's got to be done about her. The poor child ought to be in bed now. Let me send for an ambulance—"

"Couldn't she go in an ordinary car?" asked Tracy.

The physician shrugged. "When people collapse—after a period of starvation, and have also experienced some shock or other—the girl's *suffered*, I tell you—an ambulance is best."

"If she's that ill, she stays here," declared Tracy. He hadn't intended to say anything like that at all. But once it was said, he knew he'd stick to it. Damn it, a sensitive girl, one that had skirted the edge of death rather than apply to some charitable organization, deserved a break, and he'd see that she got it.

"Here?" Blanchard stared at Tracy. He knew his friend intimately, would have sworn that in the years of his bachelorhood Tracy had brought no other woman to his house, save with the most correct of chaperonage.

"You can't do a thing like that," he stated.

"Why can't I?" parried Tracy.

"Well, people—why, old man, for the girl's sake. Her friends—she's not—doesn't *seem* to be a chippy. Her reputation—"

"Oh, my God, don't make me laugh," exclaimed (*Continued on page 40*)

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Beautiful and Dumb

By Rob Wagner

The owners of those animals you see in the movies lead a not too difficult life. More than two hundred individuals in Hollywood, and their families, are handsomely supported by their pets. This is the way it's done

THE Great Executive—weighing all of 122 pounds—was addressing his scenario staff:

"Now again I esk it: I want you story fellers to write into our pitchers more animals yet, speshully pets: c'nary birds, dogs an' cats! What does a baskit of puppies get us? 'Ah-h-h-ha's' all over the theayter! Well, write in pups! The fans love these here human touches."

The scenario hounds smiled, but they knew that the Little Boss was—as usual—right. The fans do like animals. Many a sour sequence has been saved by a basket of kittens, and many a dour drama delivered by a dog. A good animal actor will steal the scene from the biggest human actor alive. In fact, many stars refuse to work with animals for fear of "losing sympathy" to their dumber rivals.

Nor has the production office the slightest "out" in failing to secure any animal we decide to write into our stories, for Movieland, like that other Garden of Eden, has finally accumulated within its borders every living creature that can add tears or laughter to our flickering masterpieces. When Warner Brothers recently announced the proposed filming of Noah's Ark, they were surprised to learn that within an hour's ride from the studio they could obtain a pair of each and every animal that survived the Deluge.

The question is often asked why motion pictures cannot be made in places other than Hollywood. They can, but not so cheaply. This is because of the great number of collateral industries that have grown up to meet the extraordinary demands of the studios.

Suppose, for instance, you were attempting to shoot a picture in Cedar Rapids or Chicago, and the production office was handed a script with these demands in it: a little New England church, surrounded by a white fence; two howling wolfhounds; an automobile license plate of the state of Maine for the year 1920; a full-rigged clipper ship ready to sail; two hundred one-legged men; a Russian railroad time-table; a tame pelican; a Peruvian ox cart, and 1,500 Cossacks fully equipped and mounted. What would you do about it? Send for 'em, with overhead going on at the rate of $10,000 a day? Among our casting office, property department and location hunters *we* could have any and all these things within a few hours.

In Hollywood today there are more than two hundred individuals and their families who are handsomely supported by their pets, which they rent to us. The large companies supply our wholesale needs.

I was visiting one of the animal-rental farms one day when the phone rang.

"This is the DeMille Studio speaking," came a voice loud enough for me to hear. "We want twelve hundred pigeons and two vultures to work in The King of Kings. How about it?"

"O. K. on the pigeons, but we're fresh out of vultures," replied the modern Noah. "How will turkey buzzards do? The fans will never know the difference."

(Following the release of the film, leave it to the one fan who knew both his biology and his Bible to write in and insult the "boneheads of the pictures" for not knowing there were neither turkeys nor turkey buzzards in the Holy Land!)

Later another studio called and was told it could have grasshoppers—out of season—for $2 a dozen. Shooting a Kansas prairie story, no doubt.

It's safe to guess that Rin Tin Tin isn't half so proud of his histrionic ability as of his family

Caste Among the Animals

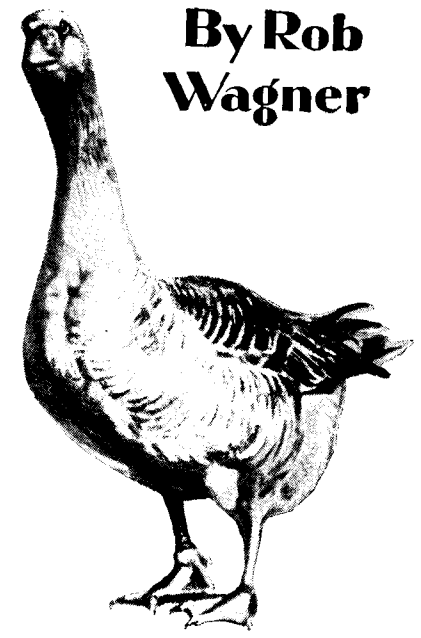
The same rigid caste system that obtains among the more sniffy and garrulous mummers of Movieland is maintained for the dumb actors. There are extras, featured players and stars. And oh, the gulfs that divide them! The extras are the herd and flock animals, such as ducks, chickens, mutt dogs, alley cats, horses, etc., used only for mass action and atmosphere. Their rentals run from $10 a week to $2.50 a day per head.

Next come the featured players or trained animals who can do individual bits of business and take direction. Of course the salary of the trainer must be figured in, and this instantly jumps rentals 'way up. One well-trained goose draws a $35-a-day ticket, and she is worth it. With this price goes the usual "artistic temperature" of her keeper. On one occasion I heard a director casually ask that the goose be gently tossed into the set as though she had flown through the window.

"What, Marianna?" exclaimed the indignant owner. "No, no, no! She must be doubled!" So an understudy was bought outright for $2 which did the "dangerous and undignified" stunt without uttering a hiss.

The sequence in the end was very amusing, but not nearly so amusing as the sight of a director proudly arriving at the studio in his liveried limousine and then spending the morning directing a goose!

Finally there are the stars. These pampered pets, with doubles to make their more strenuous scenes, live lives of glorious ease, watched and cared for by innumerable servitors. Arriving at the studios in their own automobiles, their names shamelessly emblazoned on the sides, they stand for a moment at the entrance while their personal publicity departments shoot a few stills, and then pass through, to the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the pop-eyed peasantry, who are always gathered at the Gates of Heaven to catch glimpses of their gods and goddesses.



The pampered Marianna is supplied with a double for dangerous bits

But how about the poor directors who have to deliver "these here human touches"?

The other day at First National I heard a terrific quacking on Stage 4, and so I wandered over to commiserate the director who had to work with a flock of ducks. To my surprise I found but one bird, while the perspiring director—who was on his knees in front of it—and seven assistants were all quacking in a vain endeavor to make the edible actor respond. A moment later a smart prop boy came along and, placing an elastic band around the duck's neck, caused it to pantomime a movement that was at least photographically a quack.

A Cock Refuses to Crow

On another occasion I saw seven men rendered speechless in a futile attempt to make a rooster respond to their crowings. Finally one of them tried the experiment of covering the fowl with a box, and sure enough, half an hour later, when it was removed, the darned fool thought it was morning and "cracked the dawn" most gloriously. They had never heard of the stunt of placing a piece of chewing gum on the lower beak. That will produce an inaudible but satisfactory pantomimic crow.

Incidentally, chickens are the stupidest animals in the whole celluloid zoo. They simply can't do anything.

The artistry of one director I know was so challenged by the stupidity of the chickens that he finally undertook the training of two young hens. After six months' patient effort they ultimately reached the supreme dramatic heights of standing perfectly still when he yelled at them.

Thrilled with his triumph he decided to surprise the studio one Monday morning by working his feathered artists. His assistant director, who was sent to fetch them, returned from the barnyard with horror in his eyes and two familiar chickens' heads in his hands. The old caretaker had craved chicken for his Sunday dinner and had eaten the cast!

Monkeys are at the opposite end of the dramatic scale. They can be taught almost anything. But, curiously enough,

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they are popular only with kids. Grown-ups apparently feel that they are too like themselves, and as monkeys exhibit none of the higher attributes of man their performances impart a sense of shame and horror to their cousins in the audience.

Besides acting, animals have a secondary use in pictures. Snakes and tarantulas are played for menace; lions and tigers for scares and thrills; geese, goats, jackasses and monkeys for laughs. The skunk, though beautiful, is associated with a bad smell, which always goes big in comedy. White wolfhounds, Pomeranians, Pekingese dogs, Persian and Angora cats, atmosphere aristocracy, while mutt dogs and alley cats perform the same service for slum stuff.

Yes, we even cast cockroaches! In fact, I recall one story in which this charming scavenger became a leading character. A prisoner, wishing to communicate a plan of jailbreaking to his neighbor, caught a cockroach, wrote his message on a cigarette paper, fastened it to the back of the roach and then sent him on his way—right across the back of the guard who stood outside the prison cell. I walked on the set just in time to see Tully Marshall standing with his back within six inches of the camera while the scene was being made. The director must have noted my wonderment, for he grinned and exclaimed:

"Behold the once great stage star supporting a cockroach in motion pictures!"

"Yes," replied Marshall, without looking up, "I'd support a rattlesnake for $200 a day."

Next to chickens, cats are the hardest animals to handle. They can sometimes be shot doing "cute little things," but they absolutely refuse to take direction.

The truth is cats like places better than people, and the one ambition of every cat brought to us is to get home just as quickly as possible. So our only chance to work cats successfully—that is, tricking them into small bits of business—is to raise them on the lot so that they feel at home.

By far the most ubiquitous animal in motion pictures is the horse. There are immediately available in Movieland more horses than in any similar district in the world. Besides numberless livery stables, riding academies, and stock horses of the independent Western companies, there are the private stables of the great cowboy stars, such as Tom Mix, Fred Thomson and Ken Maynard. Add to these the great rental and studio ranches with their hundreds of horses, and it is obvious that "horse operas" are the easiest thing we cast.

Horses Play a Big Part

Jack Holt is the only straight star whose horses are always included in his salary contracts. As for Will Rogers, horses are his greatest weakness and his patient wife's literal nightmare, for sentimental old Will is hell-bent on buying horses, but he never wants to sell one. His Beverly Hills home was simply alive with horses until he bought a 200-acre ranch five miles away to take the overflow.

But horses are no good without equipment, and because of this the studio and rental ranches have become great historical museums, containing complete equestrian props dating from the dawn of history down to the present day.

The Paramount Rancho of 2,000 beautiful wooded acres, 25 miles away in the Santa Monica Mountains, contains, besides a complete Western town wherein its most rip-roarin' dramas are shot, huge warehouses stocked to equip an army of any nation and any period with everything from saddles and sidearms to equipages. Anything that has ever run on wheels, from Assyrian chariots to Brewster carriages, can be brought forth on a moment's notice.

Another thing: These big ranches must be instantly prepared to ship all their horses, feed, equipment and caretakers at any time. In the filming of Beau Geste, Curley Eagles and the Paramount Rancho shipped over 500 head of horses from Hollywood to Arizona, while the country surrounding that distant location furnished 1,000 more, besides 300 mules. The cost of that picture for horses alone was over $60,000!

Nor was Beau Geste the greatest horse picture ever made. In Wild Horse Mesa, shot on the Navaho Reservation up north of Flagstaff, more than 5,000 animals were used, the Indians bringing them there from 1,000 miles away.

The Star Horse Has a Double

Our horses are shipped to these distant locations in especially designed cars; but in Movieland, where the distances are rarely over 50 or 100 miles, we use motor busses. The big star horses have their private chariots, upholstered and padded and gaudily labeled with their names.

The success of Strongheart, a finely trained police dog who distinguished himself with the Red Cross during the war, is one of Movieland's romances

A dramatic moment. Here we have the Dippy-Doo-Dads, who, cleverly enough, rehearse a scene at the Hal Roach Studios

Here again, even among the horses, we find a very rigid caste system. The ordinary extras, or crowd horses, can be rented for $2.50 a day per head; "foreground" horses bring $5, and the best-looking saddle horses supplied to the leads cost from $10 to $20 a day. For the horses Doug Fairbanks rode in The Gaucho the studio paid $75 a week, on a twenty-week contract.

All animals above the extras develop definite screen personalities that become well-known at the studios. So when a horse has an established price—of, say, $10 a day—it will never be cut, howsoever dull the market, for, as with the actor, a lowered salary will hurt his standing.

Hitching one's wagon to a star is not so foolish when that star happens to be a horse. So popular is this beautiful animal that many fans think less of an actor than they do of his horse. It would be interesting to know how much of his popularity Tom Mix owes to Tony, Fred Thomson to Silver King or Ken Maynard to Tarzan. In fact, the personalities of these horses, rather than their great dramatic ability, have carried them to the heights.

As animals go, horses are very limited in their acting technique and usually excel at only a few things.

For instance, jumping horses, living their stuff, become too excitedly "crazy" for the quieter stunts. Bucking horses don't do tricks, and trick horses don't buck. Even trick horses work by a rigid and limited routine that it is almost fatal to break. Consequently when you see a featured horse doing all these things you may be pretty sure you are applauding a syndicate.

In other words, every great star horse has a whole company of doubles. Tony, Silver King and Tarzan each have five or six, these "ghosts" contributing their particular stunts to the reputation of the principal. The star will be in all the stills and close shots, but when the hero fares forth on the big thrill of jumping the chasm, the actual jump will be made by one of the star's alter egos.

The Most Dangerous Scene

There are also other reasons for doubling famous horses in certain scenes besides their inability to enact them. In fact there are many stunts performed by the doubles that the stars can do perhaps even better, but it would be bad business to permit it. A man star may break every bone in his body, as most of the cowboy stars have done, and mend perfectly, but not a horse! If he breaks his leg, he is through. Consequently, if for no other reason than the financial loss involved, the studio will not permit the featured horse to be subjected to serious risks.

Probably the greatest and most dangerous scene ever enacted by high-priced horses was the chariot race in Ben Hur. Notwithstanding the excessive risks in that classic event, the race was run by seven four-horse teams of thoroughbreds. And to make sure it was a REAL race a prize of $250 was offered to the driver of the winning team.

Betting among the extras working in that great Coliseum set would have made the original Roman populace look like pikers. The dramatic spill at the turn, where five teams piled up in a tangled heap of plunging and kicking horses, was not in the script and fortunately resulted in no human loss and the fatal injury of only two horses.

Because of the difference in color, size, shape and markings of horses, they are very difficult to double. Within any one breed dogs are pretty much alike but not horses. It is almost impossible to find a perfect double for any of the stars. Enter Art! A fellow turns up with a horse that can do a new trick and sells it to one of the big Western companies. The trick horse is black, with white markings on his legs, while the star's horse is a dapple gray with a white face. Then out with the make-up kit.

The black horse is trimmed and groomed and then painted from his forehead to his hocks in exact counterfeit of the high-salaried model that stands before him. His size and character may not exactly cheat the original, but in the fast movement of the action

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the fans will never know the difference.

One of the greatest trick horses in motion pictures is Ghost, who worked all through the Zane Grey pictures made by Paramount under the name of Flash. That remarkable animal is accredited with perhaps the greatest individual bit of horse business the screen has ever shown. In one of the Zane Grey pictures Jack Holt is surrounded by his enemies, when suddenly from behind a rock a man is about to fire upon him. Flash, seeing his master in danger, deliberately dashes between his master and his enemy, takes the shot and drops dead at Jack's feet!

It took months to train Ghost to drop *kerplunk!* at the crack of a rifle—and STAY dead! No wonder his services bring $300 a week.

So much for the featured horses that add so much luster to the stars they serve. There has been but one horse in the history of the screen that has starred in his own right, Rex! This black Morgan stallion was living in disgrace at the State Reform School in Colorado when discovered by the Hal Roach Studio. Being an outlaw from birth, he was purchased outright for $150. In Black Cyclone alone he grossed $350,000 for his producer!

That star's success is entirely due to his cameraman-director, Fred Jackman, who, curiously enough, seems to have more real horse sense than many professional trainers. He frankly says that Rex has no particular intelligence; that he is mean and undependable, but, like all animals, he responds to certain objectives with definite impulses. Jackman merely furnishes the objectives and then photographs Rex responding to them, the trick being to make him appear to be doing something that is not at all in his mind. If Jackman wishes the horse to register sudden purpose and leave hurriedly in a certain direction, he will merely unmask another stallion at the objective point, and Rex will instantly start for his enemy to bite his head off. On the screen he will probably be seen arriving at the hero's side in time to rescue him from the Indians.

But of all the animals in real or reel life the dog is far and away the most popular. Why? Probably because he is the only animal in the world who obsequiously loves man better than he does his own kind, and we instinctively feel flattered by and love the thing that loves us. Then, too, only the dog has that spiritual devotion that expresses itself in self-sacrifice even unto death.

Chaplin's Famous Mutt

One of the greatest pictures ever made grew out of this mutual devotion of man and dog. One day a little white mutt appeared at the studio of Charlie Chaplin, and the youth-starved heart of the famous comedian was touched. The former outcast and his new friend became intimate companions, the outcome being the wistful dramatization of that screen classic, A Dog's Life.

Everything went fine during the first month or so of filming, and then Charlie ran off, as usual, in the midst of work. When he finally got around to shooting again he sent for the leading character, and to his horror he was greeted by a full-sized "meat hound"!

What to do? As nobody could tell what breeds had produced the mongrel, the chances of finding a double for this illegitimate actor were hopeless. The result was that Charlie had to finish the picture with the same animal, using oversized props and faked perspectives.

Incidentally, one of the biggest laughs of the picture was the "domestic happiness" ending. The scene showed Charlie and Edna married and in a rose cottage and contemplating what the audience was led to believe was the cooing evidence of their marital happiness. As the camera panned down to the object of their adoring looks, there, lying in the bassinette, was the mutt nursing a litter of puppies! Nor did the audience notice that all through the picture the canine parent was obviously of the gender incapable of such maternal service.

From the earliest days in pictures dogs have held prominent if not leading parts in our dramas and comedies, but it was not until the arrival of Strongheart that a dog ever starred. Nor was this glorious creature's stardom premeditated on the part of the producers; it was due to a public demand. His success in pictures is one of the romances of Movieland.

Jane Murfin, a successful young playwright and actress, drifting out to Hollywood to see what it was all about, met a chap named Larry Trimble, who had an extraordinary flair for handling animals, and was looking for a dog to act in a dramatic story, The Silent Call.

Jane read the story and formed a partnership with Trimble. The partners then offered to buy any dog that would fill the leading rôle. After much correspondence with the dog fanciers of the country, they learned of a famous police dog in Berlin named Etzel Von Oeringen, that had won the highest honors of his breed in Germany and was considered the best-trained Red Cross dog in the war-racked country. He was sent for and immediately put into training in a new language, which he mastered very quickly.

Due to his Red Cross training, Strongheart, as he was renamed, was not a one-man dog, and it was only a few months before Trimble had his charge performing the most incredible stunts and taking direction in a manner that would shame many a human actor. Furthermore, so conscious was the beautiful creature that he was merely playacting, even in the most violent scenes, that never once did he draw blood from his "enemy."

Strongheart's first picture was released under the name of The Silent Call, but so sensational was his personal success that the exhibitors instantly changed the billing to "STRONGHEART—in The Silent Call."

It was the first time a dog-star had appeared in the cinema heavens. Furthermore, the first run of the film lasted fourteen weeks—a record at that time. By the end of the year it had grossed the astonishing sum of $400,000! At the première of his second picture Strongheart was the host of all the greatest stars in Movieland.

Strongheart's sensational success made him almost overnight the most famous dog in the world, with a fan mail that required two secretaries to answer. He is now living in well-earned retirement up in the San Fernando Valley, the object of many a pilgrimage of dog lovers who wish to see him face to face.

Intelligence Almost Human

As might have been expected, Strongheart's success brought down upon Hollywood a perfect deluge of dogs. But the producers were shy; there was only one Strongheart. There was one dog, however, of the multitude barking at the gates of Movieland, that had something to offer if only he could attract the attention of the producers. Going from studio to studio for months on end, like the lowliest extra girl looking for work, Lee Duncan, the dog's owner, finally got the reluctant attention of Jack Warner.

"I have no doubt your dog can do wonderful tricks; they all can," said the producer. "But these dog pictures take from six to eight months to make and are horribly expensive."

"But Rin Tin Tin isn't a trick dog," replied Duncan; "he is an educated dog. He understands and takes direction as well and as fast as any actor."

He was given a test—and immediately signed up for five years.

The other day I watched him work in a Mounted Police story. The scene was an exterior of the Hudson's Bay Company's store. When everything was set Duncan called the dog.

"Rin, go up there and sit beside the door. That's it, but back up a little; you are too close to the camera angle. The heavy is coming out of that door, so while you are waiting, scratch yourself. No; not with your left leg. That's it.

"Now the door is opening; turn your head very slowly. You see, it's the heavy, so jump to your feet and give him a nasty look. That's it! Now, as he reaches for his hat on that chair *go* for him! That's it! That's it! Drive him inside! Now go over to the chair and *watch that hat!*"

Amazing as it may seem Rin Tin Tin went through that scene in every particular exactly as he was directed. His action in this scene—with no necessity of a retake—was the result of intellectual understanding.

Do you wonder that such an actor should draw $1,000 a week and a percentage of the profits?

"Yes," says Duncan. "Rin is supporting me very handsomely. But he is just paying me back, for I found him a little scared pup in Flanders, and he shared my blanket for the rest of the war."

Rin is essentially a one-man dog, nobody daring to touch him except when he is working in a picture. Neither is he allowed to come in contact with other dogs, lest he get in a fight and have his beauty marred. Having his own gymnasium, he gets his exercise in jumping and running in a huge squirrel cage. Nor is he ever doubled except in scenes where the physical risk is too great.

Naturally there is a great demand for the offspring of such animals, but the studio discourages the traffic for fear it will lessen the value of the principal.

Just a word to the million or more hopeful animal trainers, scattered all over the United States, who are putting in years of hard work educating cats, dogs, horses, geese, goats, fleas and pogsnoggles in the firm belief that as soon as they land in Hollywood we will rush out and greet them with $1,000-a-week contracts. Don't come. There are already a million rivals here ahead of you.

You Haven't a Chance

One has a chow that can stand on its head; another a trained seal able to sing God Save the King; another a monkey that blows smoke rings; and still another has a cat that can throw the farthest fits in the world. One day I actually met a cowherd who claimed that his mild-eyed charge could do the 108, that being nothing less than turning a front flip in the air and landing on the back! When I saw the wires with which he would assist the cow in this acrobatic marvel, I told him he'd never even get a chance to show bossie's prowess.

You "foreign" animal impresarios have about as much chance in pictures as Bull Montana has to be cast as the Sistine Madonna. Not that we don't crave animal artistry, but we know how your particular artists will flop before the camera. The mere fact that the creature learned to perform in the old home town doesn't mean that he can repeat in Hollywood.

And here's the reason: Your animals have all been trained by you standing within three feet of them, but that technique is all out in motion pictures. We are not photographing trainers.

Screen animals must work from a distance, the trainer standing on the side lines, back of the camera, or so far away that he often becomes just one of the puzzling crowd. Many an animal will do marvelous tricks when he can look into his master's eyes, but he flops miserably when left to himself. Then there are the lights. These terrifying glares are hard enough for human actors to look into, but they are fatal to animals that have not been trained before them.

So if you expect little Fido, the sensation of Cedar Rapids, to drive Rin Tin Tin off the screen, it would be a good idea to teach him his stuff down at the rolling mill, where the steam riveters will drown your voice and the electric welders will obliterate your pantomimic promptings.

Besides, as I said before, we already have at least two of every animal that survived the Deluge.

Rex, an outlaw stallion purchased for $150, earned $350,000 in a single picture

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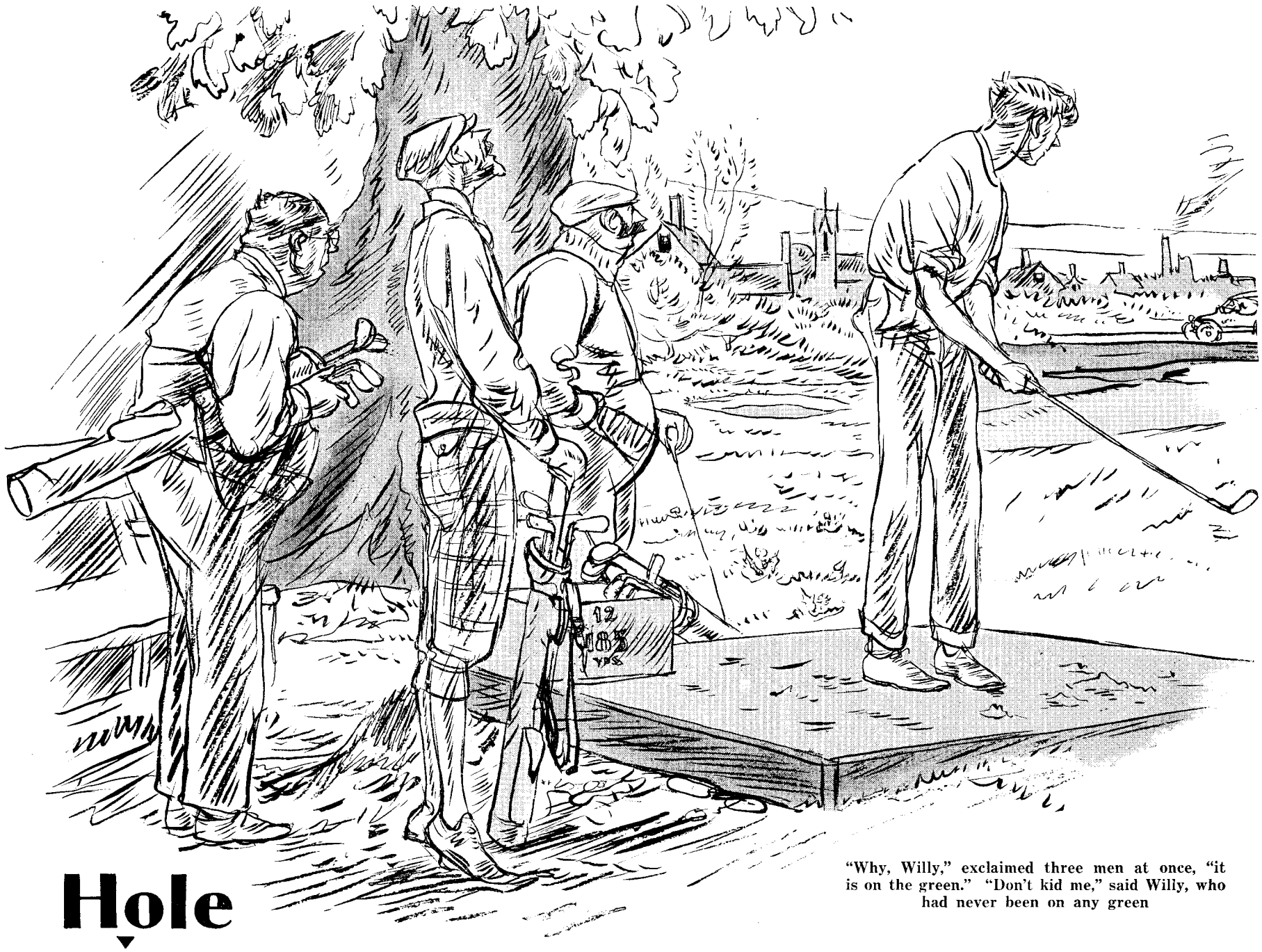
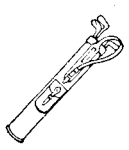


"Why, Willy," exclaimed three men at once, "it is on the green." "Don't kid me," said Willy, who had never been on any green

Hole in One!

By Frank Condon

Proving definitely that the path to glory is not solely for those who know what it's all about.



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

YOU could tell it was the office of a United States senator in the national capitol because there was a gold-framed portrait of George Washington above the fireplace and a silver corkscrew on the desk. The statesman occupying the office at the moment was none other than United States Senator Wilberforce Gander, and sitting before him in a small wooden chair was a pale, thin, eager-faced young man in whose eyes blazed the true fires of zealotry.

The senator leaned back comfortably in his magnificent leather chair and stroked his mustache, for he had a mustache, after the manner of a man who cogitates. The pale young man gazed at him fixedly, and his excitement appeared to intensify. He had traveled far, coming to the senatorial office in Washington to extract from the statesman before him the true and fascinating secret of his success. He was a young man who went about the world asking successful men to tell him how they got that way.

"Senator," cried the pale young man, whose name was Archibald Smythe, "what is the true secret of your success?"

"Ah," murmured Senator Gander, patting himself gently upon his stomach, which was beginning to look like a real stomach.

"Yes," responded Smythe. "Tell me how you reached the top."

"I shall be glad to do so, my boy."

"You are a rich man, Senator?"

"I am, indeed," admitted the statesman in pride, "a rich man."

"You are a powerful man?"

"Thrusting aside false modesty, I may say I am a powerful man; few are more powerful."

"Senator," demanded young Mr. Smythe, sharpening his lead pencil nervously, "what are the essentials of success? How did you happen to rise to your present lofty place in life?"

"My boy," replied the great man in a friendly tone, "the road to success is clearly defined, and the markers are plain to see. Success is within the reach of any man of determination and character, and no height is too lofty of attainment, for what man can imagine in his inspired moments, man can do. . . . My rules of conduct are few and simple. . . . The homely virtues are the best, and these are, naturally, industry, honesty, integrity, singleness of purpose and clean living. Now, take clean living for example. . . . Personally I have always made it an iron-bound rule—am I talking too rapidly for you, Mr. Smythe?"

"No, sir," said Smythe, scratching with gusto. "Pray continue, Senator." . . .

TWENTY years have passed, as they say in those dear old movies. I don't mean that literally. What I mean is that twenty years are just finished, as the senator sits chatting, and, as a result, the statesman is forty-five years old instead of the twenty-five which he would have been if the twenty years had not passed.

Clear as mud, isn't it?

Now, the senator is bulbous and gray, and he wheezes when he climbs a stair. Then, twenty years ago, he was thin and pallid and nervous and what people term "delicate," or at least what they were wont to term delicate, in the long-gone days when divorce was a neighborhood disgrace and women's knees were observed only by their mothers and the family physician. In those sweet times Senator Wilberforce Gander was called Willy and lived in the obscure town of Cinzano, in the precise center of a hustling Western state, famous for its everything over one inch high. You would recognize this state instantly. It has no modesty. It is a boastful, loud-mouthed state and goes about roaring over its virtues in a truly vulgar manner.

THE town of Cinzano, in this blatant western commonwealth, was no great shakes as a town. It was a small town, unattractive, stupid, flat, dusty, uninteresting and avoided by the intelligent. Its population was the same way. . . .

Being in the hub of a farming community, the farmers drove into town with their fruits; and these fruits, some of them, the farmers took to the packing plant in Cinzano, which was little more than a wooden shed with a tin roof; and there certain workers in overalls seized the fruit and packed it into pine boxes; and among the packers in their overalls and aprons was Willy Gander, the town's dumbest lad, whose health was none too good.

He was paid eleven dollars per week for hammering nails into pine boxes. He was worth ten. . . . On a certain day Dr. Sweeney, Cinzano's leading medical

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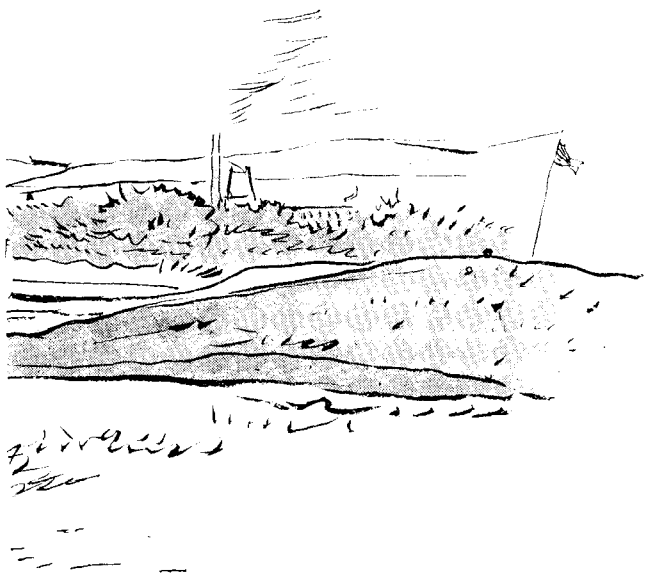

light, having come to the packing shed to collect an old bill, laid his eyes upon Willy.

"Hello, Willy," said he.

"Hello, Doctor," said Willy.

"How do you feel?"

"Fine," responded Willy, nailing home a cover.

"You look peaked to me."

"I may look peaked to you, Doctor," said Willy, "but I feel all right."

THAT evening, about the time the horseshoe game ended on account of darkness, Dr. Sweeney met Mrs. Gander as she emerged from Spayd's drug store, corner of Main and Third.

"I have been looking at your boy, Willy," said the medical alarmist. "He needs a lot of fresh air, for he certainly looks peaked. You make Willy go and play golf, Mrs. Gander."

"Golf?" repeated Mrs. Gander, who was a widow, trying to remember what golf was.

"Yes, golf. Make him go up there and play. It doesn't cost anything, and it's healthful. I play myself."

Now, as nearly everybody knows, golf today is a universal disease, pastime, contest, sport, relaxation, luxury or whatever you wish to call it, and is as common as halitosis or soft collars, but you must remember that it was not always so, and that twenty years ago things were different, and a golfer, faring afield with his bag upon his shoulder, was pointed out by the boys as an effeminate fellow, fittingly garbed in long stockings.

Some generous soul, having a real-estate subdivision in mind, presented to the town of Cinzano a large plot of ground, the condition being that Cinzano would evolve therefrom a municipal golf course. Cinzano accepted. Cinzano became, therefore, one of the first of the Western hamlets to own its own links, and upon these links the good Dr. Sweeney played and advised the "delicate" ones to play. . . . The Widow Gander reflected.

"You must go out and get yourself a stick," she said to her son, "and play golf."

"All right," returned Willy, who had never done any thinking for himself and saw no reason to begin.

Thus in Cinzano, twenty years ago, or about the time our smartest people were refusing to lend Henry Ford $200 to waste on his fool contrivance, Willy Gander, the packer of fruit, might have been discerned betimes trudging from his humble home on Railroad Lane to the Cinzano Free Municipal Golf Course, carrying a homemade bag, a bag made by his doting mother, containing four or five second-hand clubs and a battered ball or two. . . . He found golf a distressing and tiresome occupation, for it was impossible for him to hit the ball. He became rapidly the world's worst golfer and could dig two divots with one swing.

Young Willy Gander stuck it out bravely, and his physical state improved. Nervousness left him, and his packing-house pallor fled, the pallor that had alarmed Dr. Sweeney. From being quite thin, and even gaunt, Willy began to look actually plumpish, and there came a brighter sparkle in his eyes. But his game of golf did not advance or improve or alter in any way. It remained what it had been from the first sad hour of his opening attack—a most horrible and unskillful thing to see.

The poor little dumb fellow never learned anything about the game, because he was stupid and inept and not designed to be a golfer. There are thousands like him today, working in other packing plants, pounding nails into the pine boxes and drawing the equivalent of ten dollars per week.

Willy walked home one evening, low in his mentality and sweating from vain effort in the lovely afternoon sunshine.

"Mother," he said in a firm voice, "I'm never going to play this damned game again in my life. I am now all over being delicate."

"You do look much stronger, Willy," admitted the Widow Gander.

"And," he continued, still firm, "I am going to smash up these gosh-danged clubs. I am going to bust them into little flinders."

"Do so," advised the loving parent, "if it will make you happy, Willy, which I can see you are not."

"MY ADVICE to young men," continued Senator Gander, pulling away gently on a $1 cigar with a gold band, "is to avoid smoking cigarettes, or, in fact, tobacco in any form, for it is an expensive and pernicious habit and undermines a man's health. And the habitual drinking of alcoholic beverages is probably the most certain pathway to failure, oblivion and disgrace. Many a young man with a brilliant future before him has destroyed his prospects by indulging in either light beer or wine. If a man truly wishes to be successful, there is a road that leads up and onward to success, but it is by no means easy to climb."

"Easy to climb," repeated Archibald Smythe, his thin face glowing with enthusiasm and his pencil racing fervidly across virgin sheets of paper.

"I CAN see that you are not actually enjoying this game of golf," Mrs. Gander went on, looking at her son.

"Certainly not," he replied crossly, and, in pursuance of his announced plan, he strode briskly out to the woodshed, took up the family ax and chopped his golfing clubs into small pieces.

"There," he said in a vicious voice, smashing his brassie, which someone had given him. Remained only his midiron, the single lone club in his bag with which he occasionally hit the ball a fair whack. His face softened for an instant, and there was a fond look in his eyes as he glanced down at the iron. "I hate to smash you," he said, addressing the midiron in a more kindly tone.

He reëntered his home, bearing the iron, and when he retired that night the club was still living. It escaped the ax. The following afternoon he obtained leave from the packing shed and proceeded for the last time to the Cinzano Golf Course, having in his mind to play a few holes with the single club he had left and quit the game forever.

Previously he had always staggered up and down the eighteen holes by himself, having no desire for the company of mankind, but it happened that on this particular Saturday afternoon three men of Cinzano stood on the first tee waiting for an elderly dame to hit her ball and get out of their way. They nodded to Willy and casually asked if he would care to join them.

Willy agreed, and the game began. The names of the three men are here given officially, having been copied off the records of Cinzano County. They are as follows: Michael Burke, grocery keeper; Samuel Sobol, laundryman; Clarence W. Cook, owner of the Cinzano Garage.

"You can be my partner, Willy," announced Sam Sobol, the laundryman, little knowing the deed he was doing for himself that pleasant summer day.

"All right," replied Willy, taking no interest at all in the others, who were socially far above him, and knew it.

Willy Gander smote a ball down the No. 1 fairway with his trusty midiron, and it rolled a feeble distance, hopping and bumping, perhaps as far as an ailing man could throw a squash.

"That's too bad, Willy," commented Sobol, but Willy made no answer, for he was not the kind who can think up bright answers to say. He padded down the course after his miserable ball and bashed it another killing blow, cutting a dent in the cover. He holed out in twelve strokes on No. 1, which was about his regular standard game, even when he had all his clubs with him. His three associates floundered along in the offing, bursting wide holes in the innocent earth and cursing as men will. It was not much of a game to look at with the naked eye. The three merchants of Cinzano paused ever and anon amid the odors of their own disgrace to say, "Too bad, Willy!" and eventually the four duffers played out the eleventh hole and strode to the twelfth tee. Willy was shooting last of all, which was where he belonged.

The twelfth hole on the old Cinzano Free Golf Course—they have a new one now which sets you back $1 to play—was and still is a three-par hole, meaning that it is a one-shot hole: meaning, in turn, that you are expected to stand upon the twelfth tee and hit the ball with such skill and élan that it will fly straight through the air for 185 yards and come to a rest somewhere upon the twelfth green; whereupon a real golfer would run it up to the can in one putt and down in another, giving a grand total of three hits for the hole.

Willy had always taken from nine to sixteen strokes on this short hole, at least four to get into the bunkers on this side of the green and six to get out and into the bunkers on the other side of the green, and so on. He now stood swaying unsteadily upon the twelfth tee, holding his midiron to his bosom and staring down at the battered ball.

"Hit a nice one, Willy," suggested Mr. Sam Sobol.

"AS I was saying," continued Senator Gander, lighting another $1 cigar, but not offering its brother to Archibald Smythe, "success goes hand in hand with ability and judgment. The young man who would court success must read not trashy novels but the world's best biog-

"And this," she cried, spearing an olive with perfect Vassar elegance, "is the famous Wilberforce Gander!"

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raphies and books of travel. They have helped me in my rise to eminence, and they will help every ambitious young man desirous of following in my footsteps."

"Footsteps," said Mr. Smythe, writing with great care and speed and wishing the senator would give him a $1 cigar.

"GO AHEAD and hit it, Willy," urged Mr. Sobol, and thus encouraged Willy shut his eyes, took a long breath, closed his mouth and let go with both barrels, and there occurred one of the strange miracles that have made golf what it is today. The little white ball sped directly for the distant green. It fluttered up the gentle slope and bounded upon the green itself.

"Why, Willy," exclaimed three men at once, "it is on the green."

"Don't kid me," said Willy, who had never been on any green.

The foursome departed from the tee, hurrying forward eagerly to look. They climbed the gentle slope, and coming level with the fair face of the green—which was red sand—they saw no ball.

"Mebbe it went into the cup," volunteered Sobol, whereat all present laughed uproariously.

They walked up to the can, the four of them, and there was Willy's ball, resting snugly at ease, reposing in the very bottom of the cup, just touching the pole.

"Willy," whispered Sam Sobol, with a look of awe, "you have made a hole in one."

Willy looked dumber than ever.

"Sweet suffering Christmas Night!" exclaimed Michael Burke, the grocery keeper. "Willy Gander, you done it! As sure as hell's hot, you done it! You made a hole in one!"

"So I did," agreed Willy.

"And what is more," shouted Sam Sobol, "we saw you when you done it."

He shook hands with Willy. Burke and Cook shook hands with him too. The men walked about the green in excited circles, and there was general conversation for several minutes. The game then proceeded, but Willy Gander might just as well have thrown away his midiron and gone home. He could hit nothing. He could scarcely see the ball or the golf course or the United States, for his mind was full of the enormous knowledge that he had actually made a hole in one, something which is ordinarily denied to the best and finest golfers in the world, including even the great professionals from Scotland and England.

Willy walked home in a reverent mood and placed his midiron gently at the head of his bed. The next day there appeared the following news report in the Cinzano Evening Express:

LOCAL BOY MAKES
HOLE IN ONE

On the Cinzano Municipal Golf Course yesterday afternoon, Willy Gander, who works down in the packing house, made a hole in one on the twelfth hole. Playing with him at the time were Michael Burke, Clarence W. Cook and Samuel Sobol, all well-known citizens of Cinzano. This is the first time that a hole in one has been made on the Cinzano Golf Course, and Willy is receiving many felicitations upon his marvelous feat. What made it all the more remarkable was that the young man carried only one club at the time, a midiron.

There followed a bit of detail, an interview with Willy and a statement by Sam Sobol, who said he had never seen a prettier sight.

As far as Willy could look back and remember, this was the first time he had ever crashed into print, and the sensation was pleasing. Many persons spoke to him on the street in the ensuing days, influential persons, who had never spoken to him before, and down in the packing plant the boys joshed him in a friendly manner and asked him did he make the record honestly, or did he drop the ball into the cup with his hand?

A fat man, smoking an old clay pipe and clipping things for a Denver newspaper, happened to notice the little item in the Cinzano Express, cut it out and handed it to his boss with a word of approval. It appeared in Denver the next morning. The Evening Bugle seized upon it for San Francisco, and the Omaha Gazette-Times carried it on page one. The little item then began to make the rounds of the newspaper world, and as it traveled gayly hither and yon, passing through many hands, clipped by this one and that one, it naturally became an altered item in some of its details.

A Seattle newspaper noted that the hole-in-one exploit was more than usually interesting, because the man who made it was, singularly enough, a one-armed golfer, playing with one club, to wit, a midiron. Mr. Gander thereafter was published as a one-armed golfer, which slightly increased his circulation.

PRESENTLY a New Orleans paper, amplifying and stepping up the tidbit, informed its readers that the feat was absolutely unparalleled because the man who did it was a one-eyed and one-armed club swinger and had only been playing the game one week.

The little anecdote of the links now threw out its chest and moved into the big league. It took its place on page ten of a New York Sunday newspaper with a large circulation, and in response to pleading telegrams Willy sent along a brief statement of how it feels when a man does such a thing.

Golf Illustrated, a famous publication in London, printed the item with a word of admiring comment. It peeped over into France and got in Figaro. The Berlin Morgenblätterworst chucked it in among the beer advertisements. In Madrid it was in the Balonio; in Rome the Giornale Benedetta spoke up, and far away in mystic Cairo the Mustapha Effendi told the people that you might play golf a whole century and never equal the deed. In brief, it girdled the globe, for it seems there are people everywhere interested in a hole in one and in the man who makes it.

Postmaster James Jones in Cinzano reported to his Washington superiors that the town was growing rapidly, and he needed an assistant clerk. People all over the world mailed in letters to young Willy Gander, begging him for his autograph, a bit of his shirt, his picture, a lock of his hair and money in small sums. His daily post was astounding. He even received a few telegrams from mildly demented persons. Cinzano, his home town, turned a startled eye and regarded Willy with an expression of concern.

"Who in Hades is he?" inquired George Cravath, president of the Cinzano Fidelity Bank.

"He works over in the packing plant," responded the secretary. "Just a Cinzano boy."

"Take a letter," commanded the president, and Willy was requested to stop hammering a while, drop into the bank and talk things over. Cinzano was on the map. Anyone could see it. Even in New York City people were saying, "Oh, yes, that's where the fellow made that remarkable hole in one."

At the regular weekly meeting of the bank board Mr. Cravath stood up.

"This boy," he stated, "has given Cinzano the best advertising it ever had. He is doing wonders for our fair city, and we owe him a debt of gratitude."

"We certainly do," the board agreed in honest enthusiasm.

"NOW take truthfulness," said the senator. "Truthfulness is absolutely essential in the man who would climb to true success. Do not stoop to petty falsehoods. I have made that a cardinal rule. And, furthermore, young men should not watch the time clock, or complain about their employer. Remember that he has your best interests at heart. . . . Am I too fast?"

"No, sir," said Smythe.

"And save your money in your younger days, as I did. . . . Start a savings account, and add to it at regular intervals, no matter how difficult it seems to be to do it."

"Yes, sir," said Smythe.

"He has made people talk about Cinzano," remarked President George Cravath of the bank, "and in my opinion something substantial should be done at once for this excellent young man."

"Absolutely," said the board.

Willy walked into the bank, wearing his blue serge and a look of surprise, and conferred with President George Cravath. Later he went directly to his humble home.

"I am now working in the bank, Mother," he announced. "I do not have to pack fruit any longer."

"Isn't that lovely!" cried the old lady, who needed a good many things.

"Yes," said Willy. "I am a pretty lucky fellow to get into the bank."

And he was lucky too, for men who work in banks are always near money, and anything can happen to you if you are constantly near money.

Meanwhile the jolly little item bounded about the world from Singapore to Cape Town, and the odd people who persist in writing letters to celebrities continued their work with unfaltering vigor.

The Cinzano Real Estate Company respectfully approached Willy as he sat in his new chair at the bank.

"Mr. Gander," said the head of the realty concern, a stoutish man named Henry Baker, "our business is going ahead fast; Cinzano is booming, and great projects confront us. We need men like you, up and coming young hustlers who are keeping pace with the times. And it is our dearest desire that you join our board of directors before we start the next campaign."

"Sounds all right," responded Willy. "I'll ask Mr. Cravath can I do it."

He therefore sat at table with the other real-estate board members and was given valuable information. Within two weeks the Cinzano Mortgage and Loan Association looked over the situation with a careful eye and decided that what it really needed on its advisory board most of all was Willy Gander. . . . The business world began to move Willy's way *en masse*.

"Well, you certainly are coming along, young man, aren't you?" President Cravath inquired in a benevolent voice, the voice of a discoverer and pioneer.

"Yes," said Willy, "I'm doing pretty good."

"Could you come up to dinner tomorrow night?" (*Continued on page 44*)

Where is Rum Row?
Gone.
Where is the long-distance automobile rum-runner?
Rapidly going.
But this doesn't mean the country is going dry. We are now depending upon our own local natural resources.
Every section has developed its own art of booze making.
There's once-dry Denver, for instance, and the Eastern Rocky Plateau. American ingenuity has hit upon an amazing and simple method of alcohol production. How that section found its liquor right in its own back yard is told in

Sugar Moon

By

William G. Shepherd

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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Nothin' can hold a candle to a man addressin' himself to the loathsome business of havin' a good time

Happiness or Bust

The Pilgrim Fathers may have known cold an' hunger but they didn't have to throw confetti, sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, or search for new ways of bein' prankish. There is no record that an Indian ever made a captive wrap himself in paper streamers an' shake a baby rattle.

Uncle Henry

"IN MY time, 'Lonzo," said Uncle Henry, "I've had the eyeballs scared by many terrible sights, both on land an' sea, but I've come to the conclusion that there's no more heart-rendin' spectacle in all this weary world than that of iron-jawed Americans settin' out with deliberate intent to be gay, no matter what the cost in blood an' tears. It isn't only that we take our pleasures sadly, but that we take 'em grimly, desperately an' relentlessly.

"Dante piled up quite a few horrors while describin' his journey through the Inferno, but nothin' that he saw could hold a candle to the midnight madness of a middle-aged, full-stomached, bald-headed business man with a Pierrot cap perched on his gleamin' dome, a feather tickler in one hand an' a trumpet in the other, addressin' himself with indomitable tenacity to the loathsome task of havin' a good time.

"Don't talk to me about the hardships an' sufferin's of the Pilgrim Fathers. They may have known cold an' hunger, but they didn't have to throw confetti, sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, or search their tormented souls for new ways of bein' prankish. Doubtless a good many of 'em were burned at the stake, but there is no record that the Indians ever made a captive wrap himself in paper streamers an' shake a baby rattle.

"While in New York recently, I went to one of those so-called Carnival Dinners, now comin' to be a familiar feature of modern life along with the boll weevil, hookworm, an' wind-blown bobs. The big hotels give 'em to distract attention from the food an' service an' they figure prominently on every ocean liner, for the purpose, I presume, of showin' the passengers that there's somethin' worse than sea-sickness.

"Every table was piled high with toy balloons, paper caps in all shapes an' colors, false faces, horns, toy saxophones an' various instruments for the production of weird noises.

"I've been in penitentiaries when the wretched inmates filed out of their cells for the day's work, an' I want to tell you it was a study in irrepressible gayety as compared to the manner in which those free-born American men an' women went about the dreary business of puttin' on the caps, throwin' the confetti, bangin' the rattles, tootin' the horns an' emittin' screams of joyous laughter at what they considered to be appropriate intervals.

"Crouched in my chair, I watched the tragic revel as one in the grip of a nightmare. Surely, I thought, the spirit of 1776 cannot be entirely dead. Somewhere, in that vast throng, must be one man with sufficient courage to leap to his feet an' cry, 'Enough of this hellish business. As self-respectin' Nordics we claim the right to the sullen, broodin' quiet that is our heritage.' But I waited in vain for any sign of revolt.

A Vicious Delusion

"There were empire builders in that room—you could tell 'em by the cautious way they handled their forks—an' women brave enough to stand the pain of achin' feet, than which there is no greater agony—but the thing that was lackin' was *moral courage*. Resignedly, hopelessly, the cowards yelled an' banged, every eye on the clock, an' not until the last balloon had been busted, the last paper cap torn to ribbons, did they break down an' give their wretchedness the relief of tears.

"The trouble with the country, 'Lonzo, springs from the fact that we think we're a joyous people. Never was there a more vicious delusion. A dominant race, my dear 'Lonzo, has little time for laughter. It's too busy bitin'. Gettin' on top of the world heap isn't a job that allows much time for Maypole dances, an' stayin' on top calls for an even larger amount of grim determination, for weak peoples are no longer glad to have you sit on 'em.

"Look deep down into the American heart, an' you'll find that our idea of confetti is a handful of rocks, an' that our conception of humor is to see somebody slip up an' break a leg. Mutt an' Jeff are beloved by millions entirely on account of their continual assaults an' batteries, an' the Katzenjammer Kids would lose public favor tomorrow if they failed to put tacks in the chairs or cease playin' tricks that hurt an' maim.

The Ferocious Foreigner

"You might think that our large foreign population would do somethin' to soften an' color the native gloom of the Anglo-Saxon, for returned travelers bring envious reports of the joyous life in France an' Italy an' Spain.

"Well, they may be sons an' daughters of laughter back in their home countries, 'Lonzo, but once in the United States the only way you can tell 'em from the Nordic is that they're jes' a little bit more ferocious in their pursuit of the bacon. Take it from me, a Latin on the make has a concentrated savagery of purpose that causes even Scotchmen to take on a look of reckless improvidence an' harum-scarum irresponsibility.

"Pleasure, with Americans, is an interruption. If you doubt this conclusion, jes' go to any railroad station any September, an' watch people comin' back from their annual vacations in the mountains or at the seashore.

"Note the haggard, careworn faces, scarred with pain, an' listen to the screams of hysterical delight as the ravaged men an' women gradually realize that they're home again, an' won't be called upon to have a good time for another year at least.

"An' have you ever watched the inmates of a golf course? There's a game that is presumed to have no other purpose than the provision of open air, exercise an' happy companionship. Naturally, therefore, the more strokes you take, the longer you're out in the sun with your friends an' the more exercise you get. But do you know of any American who takes that view? Why, instead of bein' glad when they miss a ball, five doctors an' three alienists have to be called.

"The automobile illustrates my point more aptly than anything else. Instead of lookin' on it as a mechanical contrivance to be endured in the interests of swift transportation, we actually call it a pleasure car. An' when a man has completed his payments, located the squeak, found out the trouble with the differential, an' established a *modus vivendi* with the blamed thing, his wife makes him trade it in for one of the new models.

Pleasure as a Business

"It's terrible. Because industry, energy an' bulldog tenacity have brought success in business, we bring the same methods to bear on our pursuit of pleasure. Instead of creepin' up on it, uttering soft, cluckin' sounds calculated to soothe an' gentle, we give a loud yell, an' spring forward with tooth an' nail, feet an' fist, cryin', 'Victory or death.' Usin' no judgment at all with respect to pace, we're out on our feet before the battle gets well under way.

"As a result, we have noise without gayety, laughter without mirth an' movement without purpose. Every night you see millions of people whose real idea of happiness is to sit in the back parlor with their shoes off staggerin' out of front gates, their wan faces wet with tears, eyes sick with dread, facin' the prospect of stayin' out until the small hours, havin' a good time.

"Somethin' ought to be done about it, 'Lonzo. Twenty years ago we were a strong, fit nation, but now we've reached a stage where we have to have our cereal cut up for us. As the pursuit of pleasure gets to be more an' more furious, vacant lots have had to be fenced in as asylums, an' even so, the streets are filled with crazed men an' women spinnin' like tops in a desperate effort to bite the back of their necks."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Stubbs, shaking his head gravely. "But what's to be done?"

"That's easy," Uncle Henry answered. "Instead of all these Greater Movie Weeks, Carnival Weeks, Clean-up Weeks an' Eat-an-Apple Weeks, what we ought to have is a Stay-at-Home Year."

Note the careworn faces of people returning from vacations

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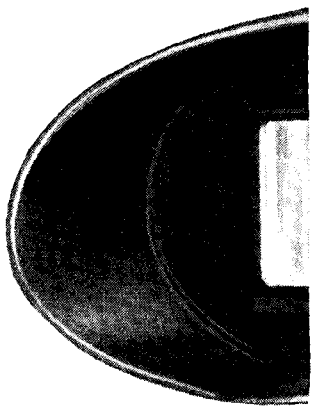
A Large Evening

Brown Bros.

When we used to glimpse it through the double-lensed doo-funny this embarrassing moment bore the innocuous title "Mrs. Brown Arrives Unexpectedly." But wouldn't the jazzed-up modern version be part of a celluloid dainty entitled "The Silver Slave"?

Warner Bros.



There's the old stereopticon, right on the parlor table, with a stack of quaint double-photographs beside it. But there's another stack too of more modern pictures and how they show each other up!

Brown Bros.

Brown Bros.

You know how it is. A skeleton in the closet may be all right—shall we say, for medicinal purposes? It's when he comes r'arin' out, ripping the plaster from the walls, that he's a nuisance. And see how boldly he's poured around nowadays!

The advantage of the stereopticon was that it brought out figures so clearly. Much good *that* did when you consider the material it had to work with. Compare the extraordinary ladies in this little morsel "There is Society Where None Intrudes" with the ladder-climbing bathing beauty

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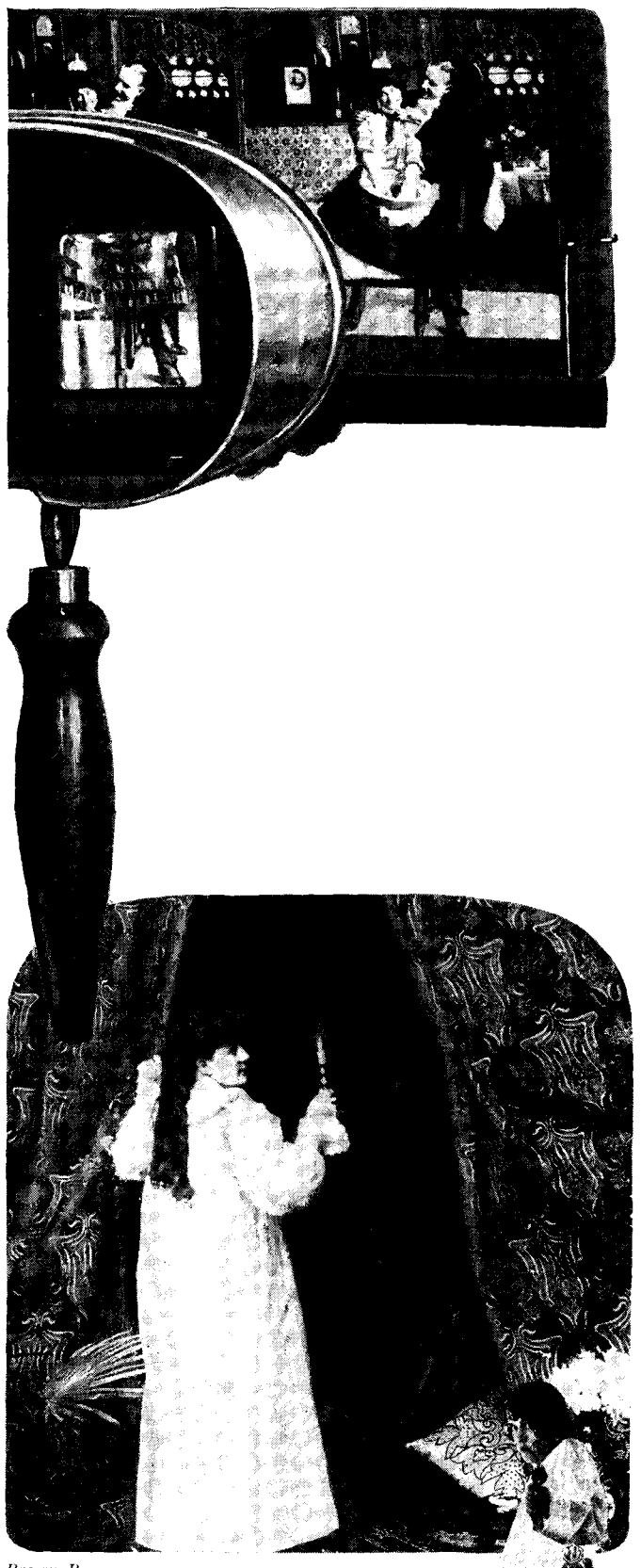

Brown Bros.

"Good Night and Pleasant Dreams" they made the lady in the ample nightgown say. But where is the bold caption-writer who would put likely words into the provocative mouth of the pajama-clad damsel with gun and flashlight?

Paramount-Christie

Brown Bros.

Columbia Pictures

When they called it "spooning" it used to be the thing to turn down the lights for it. Now they'll neck in the center of a brilliantly illuminated prize-ring on the least provocation, and there generally is

Brown Bros.

No greater perils confronted the office girl of the early nineteen-hundreds than face her successor today. But neither of them seems to mind a bit of mild flirting, judging by the pictures. And of course the modern working girl doesn't have to endure those mural decorations —nor those mustaches

First National

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Just what She Wanted

By Dana Burnet

Usually, when a man is knocked out he is beaten but not when the charming Fern Peabody sits in his corner

AT THE age of six Fern Peabody had expressed a desire for the unattainable. She had stood at the window of her nursery and said: "I want that!"

"That" was the evening star. And a fine, large, brilliant star it was. But Nanny, her nurse, had said: "Come away now, darling, and get your toofums brushed. Little girls can't have their playthings out of the sky."

Fern did not want her toofums brushed. She wanted the beautiful red-gold jewel shining above the trees beyond her window. She gave Nanny one rebellious look, sat down on the floor, and shrieked. Ordinarily a sweet-tempered child, with the disposition and general appearance of a small blond angel, her shrieking produced immediate results.

Poor Nanny was stampeded. She rushed to call a maid, who called Huffman, the butler, who called Miss Simms, the governess, who ran to the nursery calling loudly for the child's father, who stopped dressing for dinner and came.

Mr. Peabody was a widower, and therefore sensitive about his parental responsibilities. He came, he snatched up his angel-child and held her close to his starched shirt-bosom.

"There, there!" said Mr. Peabody. "There now, darling!"

But Fern only beat a tattoo on his stiff evening shirt and repeated her sobbing demands for the heavenly bauble.

"Papa loves you," said Mr. Peabody. "He'll give you anything you want. He'll buy his little kitten something just as good as a star."

His little kitten wailed: "No-o-o! I wanna-a-a-ooh—ah-ha!" and once more smote Mr. Peabody's shirt-front with her baby fists.

Her right hand struck Mr. Peabody's single pearl shirt-stud. It was an enormous pearl. Mr. Peabody had bought it to commemorate the acquisition of his first million. But to Fern it was merely an arresting, round, bright object which might be converted into a temporary substitute for the unattainable.

"I want Daddy's marble," said the angel-child, and clutched with moist fingers at the pearl.

Mr. Peabody was greatly relieved. He laughed. Miss Simms, Nanny, Huffman and the maid also laughed, somewhat hysterically. Mr. Peabody removed his fabulous shirt-stud and gave it to his daughter, who at once smiled happily upon them all. Even at that age Fern had a devastating smile. "The little darling!" wept Nanny, and came forward to take her charge from Mr. Peabody's arms.

THERE was a pleasant silence. Everybody felt suddenly at peace, and a trifle exalted. Miss Simms thought of her girlhood, and Huffman, the imperturbable, was seen surreptitiously to wipe his eyes. The maid sniffled, and went downstairs to propose marriage for the twentieth time to the footman, who could not see the advantage of it.

Little Fern went to bed, and slept like all the cherubim, with one baby hand crumpled against her rosy cheek. The next day she lost the pearl down the bathroom drain. For all I know it is now one with its original oyster. But the child was completely satisfied. As she grew older, her memory of this incident was that she had got just what she wanted.

When she was nineteen, Fern Peabody discovered something else she wanted. And because, up to that time, she had never failed to have a wish fulfilled or an inclination indulged, she anticipated no difficulty in obtaining the object of her present desire. Especially as the object in question was human, and of the masculine gender. Since her debut, the previous winter, Fern had learned, with satisfaction, that she possessed certain hypnotic powers over the masculine gender.

So she went to her father, who was still a widower and her adoring slave, and sat on the arm of his chair, and stroked his hair with her hand.

"Papa," said Fern, "there's something I want most awfully."

The great banker did not even glance up from the financial page of the evening paper he was reading.

"How much will it cost?" he asked mechanically.

"It'll cost a good deal, I'm afraid."

"Well, my dear?"

Mr. Peabody's tone was tranquil. There was nothing extraordinary in this conversation; there was nothing extraordinary in the world at large. Lifting his eyes from the paper, Mr. Peabody saw the sun sinking as usual into the waters of Long Island Sound. A refreshing breeze swept the terrace upon which he sat at peace. Across the velvety expanse of lawn one of the undergardeners was pushing a lawnmower, which gave off a familiar drowsy hum. In a few minutes Huffman would announce dinner. Mr. Peabody, wondering if he might venture a cocktail, repeated serenely: "Well, my dear, what is it?"

"It's a man," said Fern.

"A what?"

"A man."

"A man?"

"A young man," said Fern.

Mr. Peabody felt a slight strangeness intruding upon the familiarity of his surroundings.

"What do you mean, Kitten? What sort of young man is it you want, and why do you want him?"

"I want to marry him," said Fern.

"What!" said Mr. Peabody.

"Please, Papa."

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense."

"But—good Lord! Who is this young man? What is he?"

"He's a poet," Fern said.

"A poet?"

"Yes. He's had a book published. And he's quite blond and tall, and his nose crinkles when he laughs. And I do want him most frightfully."

"My sainted grandmother!" exclaimed Mr. Peabody.

"You know I've always intended to marry a poet," said Fern.

"I didn't know any such thing!"

"Well, I have. And—he's beautiful, Papa."

MR. PEABODY looked up almost pathetically at his lovely daughter.

"You're joking, aren't you, Kitten? You're not serious, are you?"

"I'm terribly serious," said Fern. "I'll die if I can't have him." Her hand lightly traversed the bald spot on her father's head. "You *will* let me have him, won't you, darling?"

"Let you—?"

"Yes, because, you see, he hasn't any money, and I imagine poets are rather expensive. I mean, I suppose they ought to travel a good deal, and be made comfortable, and have nice things around them, and—"

"Just a minute, my dear! Just a—"

"And anyway, darling, you promised me a trip to Paris this fall. And as long as I'm going I thought George might as well go with me—"

"George?" queried Mr. Peabody.

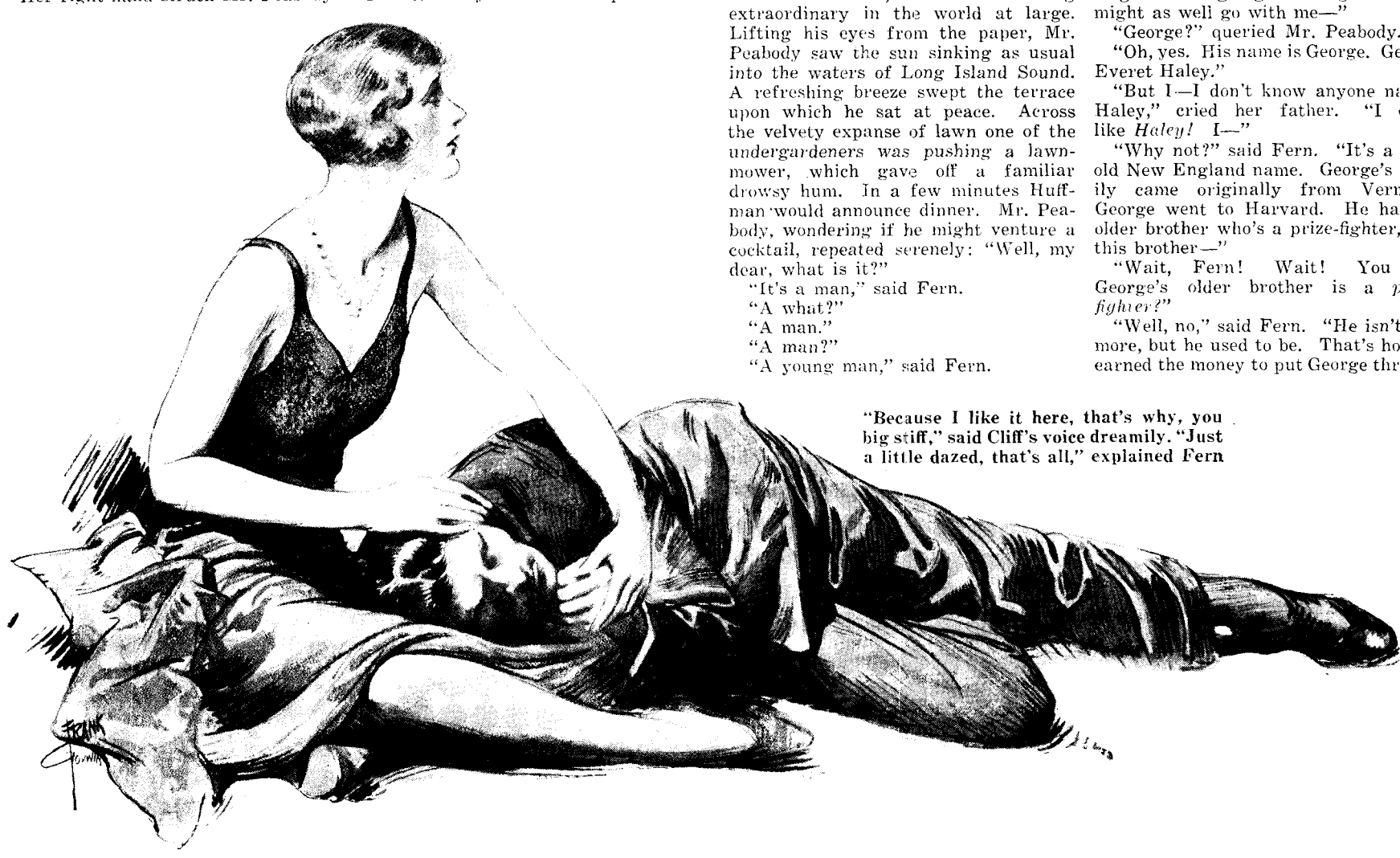
"Oh, yes. His name is George. George Everet Haley."

"But I—I don't know anyone named Haley," cried her father. "I don't like *Haley!* I—"

"Why not?" said Fern. "It's a good old New England name. George's family came originally from Vermont. George went to Harvard. He had an older brother who's a prize-fighter, and this brother—"

"Wait, Fern! Wait! You say George's older brother is a *prize-fighter?*"

"Well, no," said Fern. "He isn't any more, but he used to be. That's how he earned the money to put George through



"Because I like it here, that's why, you big stiff," said Cliff's voice dreamily. "Just a little dazed, that's all," explained Fern

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college. Then Clifford—that's the older brother—went into Wall Street, and he's doing very well. But of course we—George and I—couldn't let Clifford support us. And since you've got such *oceans* of money, darling, why, I just thought—"

"Hold on!" commanded Mr. Peabody. "Hold on! I must get this straight. Where did you meet this young man?"

"At a luncheon of the Literary Society. You know I go into town every Thursday for the Literary Society lectures. And as yesterday was Thursday—"

"You don't mean, Fern, that you met this—this Mr. Haley—only yesterday?"

"Certainly I did."

"My sacred aunt!" said the great banker.

"We went dancing afterward," Fern said. "And then we had dinner together, and after that we danced some more. So you see we had plenty of time to get acquainted with each other."

Mr. Peabody said vaguely and helplessly: "Plenty of time. . . ? Plenty of—!" Then, with a conscious effort, he pulled himself together and spoke in a voice approximately measured and calm. "My dear," he said, "I may be old-fashioned, but it seems to me a little too preposterous to expect me to believe that you can be serious about a young man you've known for a single afternoon."

"And evening," said Fern.

"May I ask," continued Mr. Peabody, ignoring the interruption, "whether this—your friend Mr. Haley actually proposed marriage to you?"

"No. I proposed to him. But he was awfully pleased with the idea. He said he'd been hoping to marry a rich girl, but that he'd never really expected to marry one who was both rich and—well, he said 'beautiful.' And then he kissed me—"

"He kissed you!"

"Well, to be exact, Papa, we kissed each other—"

MR. PEABODY lifted both arms above his head and let them fall again; an obviously futile gesture.

"I must meet this young man!" he exclaimed with fervor. "I must see him and have a talk with him!"

Fern rose smiling from her chair. She gave her father a soothing pat on the shoulder.

"You will see him, darling. He's coming to have dinner with us tonight. I've invited him down for the week-end."

"For the week-end? You mean you've invited him to visit you here?"

"To visit *us*, Papa. And please—for your own sake, darling—do try to have an open mind about him."

Mr. Peabody stared speechless at his charming daughter. What he saw was a grown child, a slender, graceful figure with white-gold hair, a small red childish mouth and blue eyes that looked appealingly but with complete assurance into his. He had a sense of bewilderment, of curious panic. He knew that he could deny her nothing, and the knowledge appalled him. He started to say that his mind was always open; but at that moment Huffman, the butler, emerged from the doorway leading onto the terrace.

"Mr. Haley, Miss Fern."

"Oh, he's come!" said Fern, and went quickly through the door into the house.

Then shortly she reappeared, leading by the hand a tall, tousled-headed young man who smiled, showing a set of perfect white teeth. Mr. Peabody observed, with a sinking heart, that the young man was, as his daughter had described him, beautiful.

"Papa," said Fern. "This is George."

"How do you do. Mr. Peabody?" said the young man. "Gee, I'm awfully glad to meet you!"

"Oh, you are, eh?"

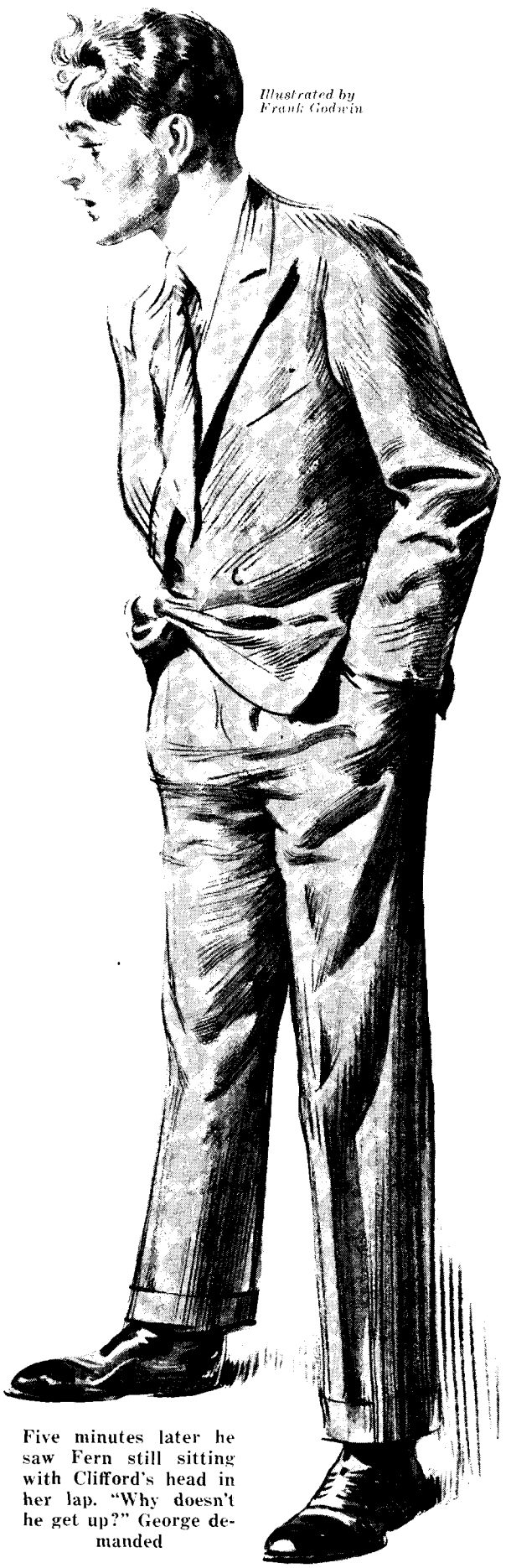
"Yes, I—I've always been interested in Wall Street, and finance, and—I mean, our big American financiers have always seemed to me to be the most romantic figures in the world, and as you're just about the biggest of the lot—well, this certainly is a thrill for me!"

Mr. Peabody turned a bewildered face to his daughter.

"What did he say, Fern?"

"He said," explained Fern gently, "that he thinks you're a romantic figure. But don't let it worry you, darling. It's just his poetic conception of you."

"No, it isn't!" protested young Mr. Haley, with warmth. "It's an absolutely realistic conception. I'd rather be a banker than a poet any day."



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Five minutes later he saw Fern still sitting with Clifford's head in her lap. "Why doesn't he get up?" George demanded

"Would you?" said Mr. Peabody feebly. "Well, well! How are you, George?"

"I'm just fine," said George.

"He's sweet, isn't he, Papa?" said Fern.

Huffman appeared with cocktails.

During dinner, Fern watched, with satisfaction, her father's swift capitulation to George's charm. It was wonderful the way George pretended to be interested in banking, and finance, and in Papa's personal career. Of course, thought Fern, no poet could possibly be interested, really, in the prosaic life of a business man; but anyway, it was smart of George to have taken that tack with her father.

Later, she said to her young man, as they sat alone in a summerhouse at the edge of the lawn, overlooking the moonlit Sound: "You're awfully clever, George, the way you got around Papa."

"Got around him?" said George.

"I mean the way you started him talking about banking and Wall Street and the Stock Exchange—"

"Say!" interrupted George, with his charming impulsiveness, "do you think your father meant what he said about taking me to see the Stock Exchange? I'd certainly like to see it. It must be exciting. I've often asked my brother Cliff to take me, but he says it's a bore."

Fern said rather coldly: "I should think it would be a bore."

"Oh, no, Fern! Why, I bet a stockbroker's life is just about the most exciting thing there is. Gosh, think of being on the floor of the Exchange when the market's jumping up and down, and you've got a couple of millions, maybe, of your customers' money in the pot, and everyone yelling at you and waving their fingers in your face and prices breaking all around you, and— I tell you, Fern, you've got to have a darned cool head—"

"GEORGE!"

"What?"

"Nothing," said Fern. "Except that—well, we've been sitting here for half an hour, at least. And it's a lovely night, and you haven't—"

"I haven't what?"

"Kissed me," said Fern.

"I did too," said George. "When we first came out here."

"Oh, that!" she said, with a shrug.

"Sweetheart!" George said, and put a long arm around her shoulders, and kissed her with purpose and enthusiasm. Fern sighed, and looked up at him, and touched his cheek with her hand. "That's better," she said; and then: "You do love me, don't you, George?"

He kissed her again.

"Crazy about you! Say, Fern, you wouldn't mind, would you, reminding your father that he promised to take me to see the Stock Exchange? I could go to town with him Monday morning—"

"George!" said Fern.

"Yes, darling?"

"Don't you like being a poet?"

The young man ran his fingers through his permanently tousled hair.

"Oh, sure, it's all right. My book sold pretty well. But, gosh, there's no money in poetry. No big money, I mean. And anyway, you're always sitting down. You sit, and think, and make up rhymes, and—what I mean, you're all alone," said George. "It isn't like an office where you've got partners and secretaries and stenographers and messenger boys and—what I mean, you just sit and think."

"Then you really were serious when you said you'd rather be a banker than a poet?" inquired Fern wonderingly.

"Certainly I was serious," said George.

"But George! I don't see why! I mean poetry is so much *nobler* than business! You know it is! I mean a poet can travel, he can go anywhere he likes, and—"

"Stockbrokers can travel, too."

"BUT it isn't the same thing," said Fern. "Why, suppose you had a job in a broker's office! We wouldn't see half as much of each other as we would if you were a poet, and worked at home, in your own study. I'll fix up your study for you, George. It'll be *sweet!* And then if we want to go to Paris, or anywhere, we can just pack up and *go*."

"Provided we have the money," said George.

"Oh, but of course Papa will see to that. He's got loads, you know. And he always gives me everything I want. So we'll never have to worry about money, George," said Fern.

"How much will he give us?" asked George, who seemed to have quite a practical streak in him.

"Well—if it was only twenty-five thousand a year, we could live on that, couldn't we?"

"Gosh," said George. "I should think we could!" After a moment he added quite cheerfully: "I guess you're right, Fern. Poetry *has* got its advantages. And anyway, I won't be dependent on Cliff any more. I'll be glad to be independent of Cliff! He's bossed me since I was a kid, and I'm getting darned good and sick of it."

Fern thought this ungrateful, and said so. But George replied: "Oh, yes, I know he's supported me, and all that. It was pretty tough, too, at times. Especially when he was fighting around at a lot of cheap boxing clubs, and getting socked on the jaw for twenty-five dollars a night, so that I could go through Harvard. But just the same, I'm tired of having him boss me."

"Is he the bossy kind?" asked Fern. She had a mental picture of Clifford Haley as a great hulking brute of a man with a prominent and much-socked jaw, a flattened nose and a heart of gold.

"I'll say he is!" returned George emphatically. "It was Cliff who chose my career for me. He decided I had to be a poet, and he wouldn't hear of my being anything else. You see, I wrote some silly verses while I was in college, and they were published, and Cliff read them and made up his mind I was a genius. I *told* him that every college sophomore wrote verses. But he wouldn't listen to me."

"And he was right!" exclaimed Fern. "You *are* a genius, George. Your book proves that."

"Well, I'll tell you, Fern," said George. "It was terrible writing that book. I bet it was more work than

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building the pyramids. I sweat blood. If I have to go on doing that sort of thing the rest of my life"—here the gloomy note in his voice was painfully audible—"I might as well be dead."

Fern felt suddenly sympathetic and maternal. She said: "Poor baby!" and moved over close to him and put her arms around him and caressed him. "But, George, it won't be so bad when we're married. Because then you won't have to work except when you feel like it, and you'll probably do *beautiful* things, and I'll be so proud of you. I mean, I was thinking this morning it would be sort of nice to be on a ship going to Europe, and have people come up and say: 'Your husband's George Haley, the poet, isn't he? We saw his name on the passenger list.'"

"Yes," said George. "I guess that would be sort of nice."

"And you do love me, don't you, George?"

"Sure! I sure do, Fern."

"You'll always love me, won't you, George?"

"Of course I will! But say, Fern," murmured George, "I'd certainly like to go into town with your father on Monday to see the Stock Exchange. You won't forget to remind him about it, will you?"

"No," said Fern, "I won't forget." She sat up, smoothing her pale hair. "I think we'd better go in now, George. It's funny, but I'm beginning to feel a little cold."

About five o'clock on the following Monday afternoon Fern was sitting on the terrace reading a book. The book was "Poems," by George Everet Haley. But in spite of her earnest attention to the verses of her beloved her mind could not help wandering a little. Her beloved had gone into town that morning with Papa, to see the New York Stock Exchange. He was returning this afternoon, in Papa's car, to Great Cove. For Papa, during the course of George's week-end visit, had succumbed completely to the young man's attractive personality. It was miraculous the way Mr. Peabody had succumbed.

Yesterday, after an excellent Sunday dinner, Papa had said: "Well, it still seems preposterous to me that you two children should want to get married on such short acquaintance. But I'm willing to consent, at least, to your engagement. Let's have some Benedictine with our coffee, my dear."

SO ALL was well, and Fern was now a girl engaged to the young man of her choice. The only flaw in her happiness was that her young man was not, at the moment, sitting beside her. But he would be returning soon, full of excitement and enthusiasm over the day's adventures. After all, she reflected, closing the book on her lap, why shouldn't George be interested in seeing the Stock Exchange? But there was something annoying in the thought, at that. Something anachronistic and subtly disturbing.

Huffman came out on the terrace.

"Mr. Haley, Miss Fern," he said.

"Oh. . . . Tell him I'm out here, Huffman."

"Very good, Miss Fern."

She opened the book of poems and began once more to read. She thought it would be nice to have George discover her absorbed in his works.

"Miss Peabody?" said a voice she did not recognize as George's. It was a baritone voice, with a certain metallic note in it, and it startled her. She glanced up in surprise, and saw a strange man standing before her. He was not much taller than George, but he was broader. He had huge shoulders that sloped down to a small, taut waist. He was trim and taut and husky, and his hair conformed neatly to the contour of his head. It was a shapely head, and there was an auburn sheen to it.

"You're not George," said Fern. It was all that she could think of to say.

"I'm George's brother," said the trim, taut man.

"Oh, you're Clifford?"

"I'm Clifford."

"Oh!" said Fern.

"Is George here?"

"No. He went into town this morning with my father. Papa was taking him to see the Stock Exchange."

"What!" said Clifford, staring down at her. "Then it *was* George I saw in the visitors' gallery this morning. I thought it looked like him. But when I looked again, he was gone. He must have seen me and ducked."

FERN said rather haughtily: "Why should he have ducked? Certainly George isn't afraid of you. . . . Is he?"

Clifford Haley did not answer her at once. He seemed to be studying her. Finally he said: "You don't understand, Miss Peabody. I've been taking care of George since he was a kid. I'm only four years older than he is, but I've been a regular father to him. No, he isn't afraid of me, but he does what I say."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a telegram. "I received this at noon today. It's from George. It says he's engaged to marry you, Miss Peabody."

"Do sit down," said Fern.

Clifford sat down. But even in this relaxed position his figure lost none of its sculptured tautness. Fern saw how his biceps filled the sleeves of his blue serge coat. She had a queer impulse to ask him to let her feel his muscle. . . .

Clifford leaned forward, his arms folded across his massive chest.

"Miss Peabody, there's no use beating about the bush. You can't marry George, and that's all there is to it."

"Why can't I?"

"Because it would be the ruination of him."

"Oh! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said Clifford gently but quite firmly, "that if George marries money it will be the end of his career as a writer."

Fern said: "But he isn't marrying money. He's marrying me."

"You have money," retorted Clifford; then abruptly he asked: "How long have you known George?"

"Since last Thursday at one o'clock," replied Fern.

"Since last Thursday!" exclaimed Clifford. "Yes, I thought it was something like that! My dear Miss Peabody, you look like a sensible young woman—"

"Do I?" said Fern. "How dreadful! I must have forgotten to powder my nose."

The elder Haley sat back in his chair, shoved his hands in his pockets and regarded her with grim admiration.

In spite of Fern's earnest attention to the verses of her beloved, her mind could not help wandering a little

"If George marries you," he said, "he won't work. I know that boy inside out. He's a genius, but he's as lazy as they make 'em. He's always complaining about the literary grind, and how he sweats blood over his writing, but it's just plain laziness. And he's got a strange, perverse hankering after money. Haven't you discovered that money-worshiping streak in him?"

Fern confessed that she had. "I must say it did strike me as a little strange," she acknowledged. "I mean, in a poet like George."

Clifford drew his hands from his pockets and clamped them over his knees. They were big, hard, muscular hands. . . . Fern thought of the blows they had struck in the ring . . . and shuddered deliciously.

"Miss Peabody," said Clifford, looking straight into her eyes. "You don't know what George's career means to me. When I was a boy, working on my father's farm in Vermont, I dreamed of being a writer myself. I wanted to be a poet. Yes, I did. I don't know where the idea came from, but as far back as I can remember the word 'poet' meant something to me that was great and fine and—well, sort of shining—if that isn't too fancy for you?"

"No," said Fern, steadily returning his look, "it isn't too fancy for me. I know what you mean. It's what first attracted me to George."

Clifford nodded and said: "Yes, George has got it, whatever it is. And I haven't."

"Haven't you?" said Fern.

"Gosh, no!" he said. "There's nothing bright and shining about me. I had to go out and grub for a living when I was ten years old. My father and mother were dead, and I had George to look out for. I made up my mind that he was going to have the chance I'd missed. I wanted him to go to college—"

"So you took up prize-fighting to send him through Harvard," said Fern.

"Oh, he's talked to you about that? I wish he wouldn't. You see, I was big and husky, and I thought I might as well be making use of my earnings."

"I see," said Fern.

"You do understand, now, don't you, why I'm so interested in having George go on with his career?"

"I understand perfectly," said Fern.

"And you will give him up, won't you?"

Fern said simply: "No, I won't."

"You won't?"

"I won't!"

CLIFFORD sprang to his feet with the ease and suddenness of an uncoiling steel spring.

"All right. Then I'll pick George up bodily and take him home with me," he said, slowly and decisively.

Huffman appeared in the doorway.

"Beg pardon, Miss Fern. Your father has just telephoned to say that he won't be home for dinner tonight. He's dining in town. Mr. Haley is dining with him. They'll motor down later in the evening."

"Very well," said Fern. "Thank you, Huffman."

Huffman bowed and went back into the house.

"Well!" Clifford exclaimed. "So George is dining in town with your father! But I've got to see him!"

"Then you'll have to wait," said Fern.

Clifford loked at her.

"All right," he said icily. "I'll wait."

There was a silence.

"If you're frightfully bored," said Fern, "we might have dinner at the Yacht Club."

Some four hours later Fern and Clifford Haley were returning from the Yacht Club in one of the Peabody motorboats. A (*Continued on page 48*)

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Smoothing it out he handed it to his secretary. "You can destroy this," he said

Illustrated by W. L. Barnes

Genius Wins

By Ned Tomlinson

A SHORT SHORT STORY

WHEN old man Stallings reached his office that morning he noticed, alongside his mail, a neatly tied and sealed little jeweler's box.

Opening it, he took out a handsome, lustrous black pearl.

He pressed a button, and his secretary appeared. Seeing what he had in his hand, she said, without waiting for him to ask, "A man from Waldon, the jeweler, left that for you a few moments ago. I told him he need not wait; that it would be safe here until you arrived, whatever it was."

"All right," answered Stallings, shortly, and dismissed her with a motion of his hand.

He reached for the telephone. "Get me Mr. Samuel Waldon, the jeweler," he told the operator, and proceeded to open his mail.

A few seconds later the telephone bell tinkled.

"That you, Waldon?" he asked.

"YES, Mr. Stallings; I suppose you are calling with reference to the black pearl?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got it from abroad yesterday afternoon, and knowing you like them and have a number of very beautiful ones, I thought—er, maybe, er—"

"I understand," replied Stallings. "How much do you want for it?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars, Mr. Stallings; it's not very large, but it has an unusual sheen, and—"

"Too much," interrupted the banker. "Ten thousand is an outside figure. I'll give you that for it, however, as it happens to match a black pearl which I already have."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stallings," came back over the wire, "but really I can get fifteen thousand for that pearl any time, and—"

"Never mind," Stallings cut in, a tinge of irritation in his voice, "I am not in the habit of haggling; if that is your price, that ends it." And he hung up the receiver without giving the person at the other end of the line a chance to say anything further.

Ten minutes later he rang for his secretary.

"I want some one," he said, "to go up to Waldon's for me. Any one of our messengers will do."

The door closed, opened again almost immediately, and a clean-cut, well-dressed young gentleman crossed the room and stood silently at attention beside his chief's desk.

Stallings handed him an envelope, unsealed, addressed to Mr. Samuel Waldon, and the little box in which the pearl had been delivered. The box was in its original wrapping, the broken sealing wax at the sides still adhering to the paper, which was held in place with a small rubber band.

"TAKE this box and this envelope up to Mr. Samuel Waldon," said Stallings. "Be sure and deliver them to him personally; no one else will do. In the envelope is a check made payable to his order for ten thousand dollars. Tell him I instructed you to bring back to me whichever he decided not to keep. If he accepts the check, bring the box back to me; if he keeps the box, bring the check back to me. Have I made myself clear?"

The messenger inclined his head. "Yes, sir," he replied. One learned to be economical of words in Stallings' office.

An hour later he returned, and laid the little box on Mr. Stallings' desk.

"He decided to keep the check, sir," said the messenger.

"So I see," answered Stallings, and the clean-cut, well-dressed young gentleman went out, feeling somehow or other that he had been unnecessarily verbose.

Stallings had been dictating to his secretary, who was sitting beside him, neat, silent and efficient. She had been with him a number of years and knew him better probably than anyone else in the world. He looked at that moment, she decided, entirely too much like the cat who had eaten the canary, not to have been up to something.

Reaching across the polished surface of his desk, he picked up the little box, unwrapped it, and took out a tightly folded piece of paper. It was a check to the order of Samuel Waldon for fifteen thousand dollars.

Smoothing it out, he handed it to his secretary. "You can destroy this," he said, "he seems to have accepted the smaller one, after all."

Opening a drawer at his side, he took out the pearl, fitted it in its little plush-lined box, slipped it in his pocket, and went on with his mail.

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The Kid's Clever — A New Stanza

Gus Edwards has composed a thousand songs—a hundred hits. Yet he never wrote a note of music and he can't read a note to this day. Here's how some songs you've been humming for ages started.

III

WHEN the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor in 1898, I wrote a song about it and called it "The Brave Crew of the Maine." It sold up to about 35,000 copies. I sang it with lantern slides depicting the blowing up of a battleship—an idea which was quickly adopted by other singers plugging other songs.

My nights were given over to entertaining again in the cabarets, for I could make more money at that than in "variety" at $27.50 a week. Some of my days were spent in music publishing studios and others were spent at Camp Black, where I entertained the soldiers. When the war ended I put the music to Will Cobb's words, "I Can't Tell Why I Love You but I Do," and that marked my real beginning.

Within the last 30 years I have composed one thousand songs. Perhaps a hundred of them have been definite "hits." Yet I never wrote a note of music in my life, never could read a note, and cannot read one to this day.

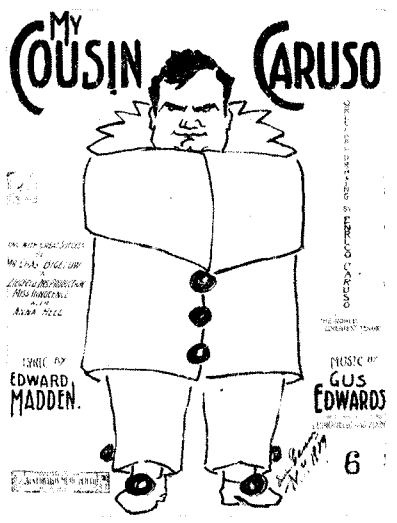
I have never taken a piano lesson, yet I have played the piano hundreds of thousands of times—and often with praise from critics.

Whatever musical ability I have is an inheritance from my mother. Together with her entire family she gained more than a local reputation in her own district in Germany as a singer and as a player of musical instruments. My sister is Dorothy Edwards, the prima donna, and my brother Leo wrote quite a few songs, including "Isle D'Amour."

A Head Full of Melodies

When I was a kid, and hardly knew what music meant, tunes used to bounce around in my head. They persisted, as time went on, but I thought they were only a medley of various melodies I might have heard. As I grew older, I came to realize that those tunes were original within me. And then it was that I began to give them expression by picking out notes on pianos that belonged to somebody else because, when I was a kid, we had none of our own.

The first real chance I got was on a piano in the offices of Howley, Haviland and Dresser, famous music publishers of a generation and more ago. They were located on Broadway in New York, near 32d Street. Ever eager to encourage young composers, that concern installed pianos in its studio and invited young song writers and piano players to use them.



Caruso drew this caricature of himself for Gus Edwards' song hit

Day after day, when the chance afforded, I would go to that office and pound out chords that didn't mean much to anybody and not much to me except that I was getting joy out of hearing my tunes rattle out of that instrument. There was no one to catch the tunes, and I couldn't write notes myself, and so, in my earliest days, a lot of songs just were banged into that piano, came out, escaped into ozone, and passed into forgetfulness.

It was not until later, when I devised my own method of writing musical notes by denoting them with letters of the alphabet, which real song people could translate, that I was able to "cage" the tunes that came into my head. And so began my song-writing career.

Good Songs Are Spontaneous

It is the general idea that most songs that are written—especially those which are hits—are the results of long preparation, hard work and considerable rejiggering of either the lyric or the music—or both. My own experience shatters that idea and my knowledge as to the work of others adds to the conclusion that most song hits are the inspiration of a moment or an hour and that they are conceived, written and completed in a day, an hour, or less.

"School Days" was the biggest hit of my career. It sold beyond 3,000,000 copies in the time of its greatest popularity, and although nearly 20 years have passed since then, the sales even now average close to 10,000 a year.

About a score of years ago Will Cobb and I decided to take a little vacation and hopped off for Greenwood Lake, N. J., where the fish were supposed to be very hungry and easy for even amateur Izaak Waltons to capture.

The constable of the town also was the fishing guide. He took us here, there and everywhere on the lake. No matter where he dropped his lines he hauled up fish. But Cobb and I never got so much as a nibble.

The constable had a daughter, just growing into womanhood; a girl named Nellie, sweet as a peach, with a wonderful smile and manners like a caress; a little girl who wore a sunbonnet and a calico dress. And Cobb became awfully, awfully fond of her.

What was the result?

Two days later Cobb and I went for a walk through the woods. Cobb fumbled around in his pockets and finally fished out a huge piece of brown wrapping paper greasy in spots and well creased and crumpled.

"Here, Gus," he said, "I wrote this a little while ago. See if you can fit music to it."

Cobb remains vivid in my memory as the greatest lyric writer of all time. I've known the best of them through more than thirty years—but never a one like Cobb. There was a swing and a rhythm to his verse unlike that of any man in more than three decades.

Cobb, like George M. Cohan, wrote his lyrics on the spur of the moment; wrote them standing up, wrote them riding in buggies, wrote them while in rowboats—wrote them anywhere he happened to be when the muse hit him.

And, like Cohan, he invariably wrote them on coarse brown wrapping paper. He spurned white paper—wouldn't use it if he possibly could avoid it. The amazing thing was that while he wrote a hundred hits on brown paper he never wrote a hit on white paper that he used in emergency cases.

Lillian Russell encouraged the young writer of songs to venture into the business of publishing them

It mattered not whether the brown paper was a strip torn direct from a roll, or whether it was dirty, greasy or wrinkled. Nor did it matter if it was a wrapping torn from a whisky bottle or a brown paper bag torn and flattened out. So long as it was brown paper, the coarser the better, it suited Cobb.

I looked at the writing of Cobb on that sheet of brown paper.

There was nothing but a chorus, which read as follows:

School days, school days,
Dear old golden-rule days,
Readin' an' 'ritin' an' 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick—
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, "I love you so,"
When we were a couple of kids.

I stuffed the paper into my pocket. We finished our walk. Back at the ramshackle hotel I sat down at the piano—the biggest piano I've ever seen in my life. It was about a hundred years old then, as big as a battleship, and it

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in the Tuneful Career of GUS EDWARDS

Emma Carus, justly famed for her magnificent voice, was one of the young composer's early associates

hadn't been tuned since before the Civil War. But I rambled around on the keys and finally picked out a tune to fit that chorus.

Just as I completed it—the whole job hadn't taken more than fifteen minutes—Cobb walked into the room, passed a long strip of brown paper to me:

"Tune sounds all right. Here's the verses. Put these to music."

Thirty minutes later I had fitted music to the words—a total time for Cobb and myself of less than an hour to compose the words and music for one of the outstanding hits in the musical world.

Along the latter part of 1904 I secured the job of staging the entertainment whenever the Tammany Hall crowd in New York put on one of its famous smokers in the old Democratic National Headquarters on Fifth Avenue, New York.

One night Vincent Bryan, a famous lyric writer of that day, went along with me "just to see the show." We arrived early. To pass the time away I went over to the piano and began to pound out some of the tunes that were popular about that time. Soon some of the Tammany crowd began to drift over and, as was a custom in those days when everybody figured he was a songbird, the gang joined in the choruses.

These groups included Charlie Murphy, Dick Croker, Tom Foley, Judge Otto Rosalsky, Congressman W. S. Cohen, some members of the Van Wyck family, and scores of others who were then, or became later, mighty figures in the political affairs of the state or nation.

The crowd had harmonized for several songs and then, when several distinguished guests arrived, it trooped away to greet them, leaving Bryan and myself alone at the piano, whereupon Bryan looked at the group and said:

"Those fellows certainly like music."

Vincent's remark was only a comment—it really meant nothing. It was merely a repetition of a statement made thousands of times before. It simply stated a known fact. Yet on that night and at that particular moment the sentence created an idea—and I expressed it aloud:

"Why can't we write them a song of their own?"

Vincent never made answer. He just walked away. In less than 10 minutes he was back and handing a sheet of paper to me, "See if you can put that to music," he said.

It was a chorus, which read:

Tammany, Tammany,
Big Chief sits in his tepee,
Cheering braves to victory.
Tammany, Tammany,
Swamp 'em, swamp 'em, get the Wampum.
Tammany.

I studied the words for a while. It was Indian stuff. Indian songs were popular then—"Hiawatha," "Navajo" and songs like that. So I began to rattle the keys with something of a "tom-tom" beat. In 15 minutes I actually had composed the music for the chorus.

Entertaining the Tiger

By that time some of the Tammany crowd had come back to the piano. They heard the music—something new to their ears.

"What's that?" asked one of them, and, unless my memory is faulty, the man who asked was a youngster named Al Smith.

"It's a song for you fellows," I answered.

"Sing it," demanded the crowd.

I played it first, then played it again and sang the chorus. The crowd standing around joined me in the singing of the chorus the second time.

"It's great," insisted Tom Foley. "Where's the verse stuff?"

"It isn't written yet."

"When you going to have it ready?"

Vincent Bryan broke in with the answer:

"We'll have the whole thing ready to sing to you fellows tonight."

Only 30 minutes were left to me for leisure. After that it would be necessary for me to get busy with the acts I had prepared for the night's entertainment. But 30 minutes were plenty for the completion of that song. For, standing alongside the piano, and using the top of it as a desk, Bryan wrote the first verse.

While I was fitting music to it he went back to the office and wrote the second verse. In exactly 27 minutes both verses had been written and I had put them to music.

I played and sang "Tammany" for the crowd that night. It was a riot. I forget the number of encores that song got from the crowd, but I do remember that the entire audience was on its feet for the last three or four and joined in the singing.

That song was published a few days later, sold over 1,000,000 copies, is still selling and whenever there's a Democratic gathering in New York, or whenever a Tammany man appears in the limelight outside the state, the band invariably strikes up "Tammany."

As another illustration of how songs are written I'd like to tell a story that concerns Anna Held.

While the charming French girl was at the height of her brilliant career she telephoned asking me to hurry to her suite in the Savoy Hotel.

Will Cobb was in my office at the time. He went along with me.

I introduced Cobb to Miss Held and immediately afterward she said to me, in her delightful French accent:

"I want you to write me a song—a hurry-up job. I must have it tomorrow and I sent for you because you write good music and you do it fast."

"What do you want it to be about?"

"Oh, about anything," said she.

On the Spur of the Moment

"It'll be about your eyes," cut in Cobb, who all this time hadn't spoken a word, but had been watching the captivating Anna and who seemed to be fascinated by her glorious eyes.

"Ah, yes, yes, of course, my eyes," beamed Anna, "Eet ees a grand idea."

Without another word Cobb walked over to the waste basket in the room. He rummaged through it and finally found what he sought—a piece of brown wrapping paper.

Grabbing a book, and flattening out the paper on it, Cobb started to write. Ten minutes elapsed during which Miss Held and I chatted about theatrical things. Then Cobb interrupted by tearing off part of the brown paper, handing it to me, saying:

"Try this on the piano."

It read:

For I just can't make my eyes behave,
Two bad brown eyes, I am their slave.
My lips may say run away from me,
But my eyes say come and play with me,
And you won't blame poor little me,
I'm sure, cuz I just can't make my eyes behave.

Cobb continued to write. I went to the piano, strummed for a while, and then a tune came to me. In fifteen minutes I asked Miss Held to step over to the piano while I sang the chorus.

"Eet ees wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Here's the first verse," said Cobb.

This copy of the big hit, "School Days," shows Edwards' method of composing

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I put that to music, in perhaps fifteen minutes. Before I had it completed Cobb tossed over the second verse, written on a remnant of the brown wrapping paper.

Within one hour of the time Will Cobb and I had arrived in Anna Held's hotel apartment Cobb had written the lyric and I had composed the music for one of the big "hit" songs of Anna Held's career—"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."

The first song I ever wrote was called "Stella." That was along in 1894 or maybe it was 1895. I was 13 or 14 then. I forget who published it, but I know he regretted it because only five copies ever were sold—and I bought them all myself.

About a year or so later I wrote a song and called it "All I Want is My Black Baby Back." George Cohan was the first real audience for it. I played it for him and he said:

"That's great, kid; a great song. You've 'plugged' some of mine; now it's my turn. I'll plug that song for you."

And he did. Everywhere he went he spoke praise of that song. Every chance he got he utilized in helping the sale of that song—which helped me, and yet it didn't. The more popular it became, the greater became my prestige. But so far as money was concerned—well, I sold that song outright for $25 and, if my information is correct, it grossed around $15,000.

It was shortly before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War that I met Will Cobb for the first time. He was then a bellhop in the Waldorf. But he was fond of music, occasionally dropping in at Howley, Haviland and Dresser's and there it was that our friendship started.

When the war broke out Cobb enlisted. He was sent to Camp Black on Long Island for military training. He never got any farther. Schley, Sampson, Dewey, Roosevelt and the others shot up the Spaniards so fast that the war was over before they could find room at the front for Cobb's regiment.

Occasionally I went out to Camp Black to visit Cobb and while there sang for the fellows. I went to the camp the day it was demobilized and Cobb came into town with me. On the way he handed me a sheet of brown wrapping paper—dirty, greasy, folded and refolded.

"I've written a lyric—or maybe I haven't," he said. "You look it over and if that chorus can be put to music let me know and I'll write the verses."

It was the first lyric Cobb had ever submitted to me because before then we merely used to talk about writing a song together "some day."

Hungry: Total Assets—One Dime!

Cobb and I missed breakfast at the camp. When we arrived in town early in the afternoon, we were hungry as wolves. An inventory disclosed exactly ten cents as our joint assets.

"That's enough for a while anyway," said Cobb.

"Where can we both eat on ten cents?" I asked.

"I'll show you," he said, and he led me to Schultz's saloon, which was then on Broadway, about opposite the Metropolitan Opera House. Cobb bought a beer and I ordered a glass of pop, which entitled us to a large dish of beef stew, gratis.

Greatly refreshed, and not by the pop, I started for Howley, Haviland and Dresser's office to try out the lyric. Cobb stayed in the saloon. Those days at Camp Black had been very beerless and Cobb liked beer, so he decided to hang around in Schultz's for a while in the hope that somebody he knew would come in and treat him.

Arriving at the music shop I sat down and started to put music to the words that Cobb gave me. A half hour passed. And then, in a lull between playing, a voice behind me said:

"A good song, lad."

It was P. J. Howley, senior member of the firm.

"Where's the verse?" he added.

"It isn't written yet," I answered.

"Bring the whole thing to me finished and I'll publish it and I'll give you the usual royalty and $25 in advance."

Out walked Howley, and out ran little Gus Edwards. I ran the whole distance to Schultz's, growing more fearful with each dashing step that Cobb might get away before I arrived. But Cobb was still there, still thirsty, still waiting for someone to come in and buy him a beer.

I told him what Howley said.

"If you can write the verses in a hurry I can hustle back, put them to music and nab Howley for that $25 before he gets away."

Cobb went back of the bar. He picked up two torn and crumpled pieces of brown wrapping paper that had been stripped from whisky or rum bottles. Putting the paper on the end of the bar he started to write. I sat in a chair near by, nervously watching the minutes ticking away.

In about forty minutes Cobb had finished both verses. He handed the paper to me. It was dripping with beer. A man near Cobb had upset his glass and the beer had rolled along the bar and almost engulfed the paper.

With that soggy piece of paper in my hand I ran all the way back to Howley, Haviland and Dresser's. It was a race against time now, or rather a race against P. J. Howley's quitting time, which was 5:30. If I could compose the music before then we'd get the $25. If I failed—well, I was fearful that in the cold gray of another morning Howley might change his mind and not want the song at all.

Fascinating Anna Held sang Edwards' songs into success

I had 33 minutes by the clock to compose the music for the verses. I accomplished the job in 25. Then I hustled into Howley's office.

"Here's that song—complete," I said.

"Thanks," said Howley, who was just then putting on his coat and hat to leave the place. He actually started for the door. I halted him with:

"Pardon me, Mr. Howley, but weren't we to get $25 in advance when I turned that song over to you?"

"Sure," said Howley. "You'll get it. Call around in the morning."

$25 and a Wild Time!

"But couldn't we get it tonight? We certainly would like to have it tonight," I pleaded.

"What's the matter, don't you trust me or my concern?" demanded Howley.

"Sure," I said. "But Will Cobb and I would—ah—well, we'd like to eat—tonight."

"Oh, that's it," grinned Howley, and he sat down and wrote out a check for $25. I broke nine world's records getting back to Schultz's.

"We're rich," I said, displaying the check. But we weren't—not until about three hours later. It took us until nine o'clock that night to find a trusting soul to cash that check. Cobb and I split the money—$12.50 for each—and a wild hilarious time was had by us both.

The name of the song? Oh, yes. It was "I Can't Tell Why I Love You but I Do." It was an instantaneous hit, sold into hundreds of thousands of copies—and had an aftermath.

The song "made" Cobb and it just about "made" me. In music publishing realms we became quite the people. And, after a lapse of six months, Will and I decided that we were really important folks, for Howley called us in and paid us $1,500 in royalties—$750 each.

Howley, Haviland and Dresser's studio lingers in my memory with a greater fondness than any music publishing shop that I ever knew. And there's a reason—a mighty reason. It dates away back to my kid years when an incident transpired that made me forever afterward resolve that when I grew to manhood I'd give a chance to every kid who wanted to get into the amusement business, if it were in my power to do so.

As I've already pointed out, we had no piano in my home during my kid days. So I used to go to Howley, Haviland and Dresser's and do my practicing there. It wasn't long after I started pounding their pianos, but it was a long time before I attempted to write music, that Theodore Morse came into the studio one afternoon.

Morse, rather famous at the time, heard me pounding away at the keys. It annoyed him. I imagine he had reason to be annoyed. I wasn't so good then. While the fit of annoyance was upon him he fairly dashed over to where I was and thundered:

"Stop that damned noise and get out of here before I kick you out."

At that moment—a fortunate one in my life—Paul Dresser, junior member of the concern, came into the room. He heard the outburst. Very quietly he walked over to Morse, tapped him on the shoulder and said with certain gentleness but definite firmness:

"Give the kid a chance, Teddy."

Morse glared at Dresser, grabbed his hat and hurried out of the room. Dresser then walked to where I was sitting, a small and mighty scared kid. Patting me on the shoulder, he said:

"Nobody's going to throw you out of here. A kid has as much right here as a grown-up. Go right ahead: play as long or as often as you want and if anybody bothers you, tell me."

In 1903 a show called "The Medal and the Maid" went into rehearsal in New York, with Emma Carus and her glorious voice in the rôle of soubrette.

About ten days before the show was to open, Emma telephoned me:

"I'm doing a monkey number," she said. "I'd like to have a song written for me to sing. Can you do it?"

"What's the number like?" I asked.

"I go on the stage and am supposed to sing a song, while a chorus of girls, dressed as monkeys, leap around and join in the chorus," replied Emma.

"Sure, I can write you such a song," I told her. And then I telephoned to Will Cobb to meet me. Cobb did. I had the wrapping paper that time—I came prepared for Will to do some work.

I told him what Emma wanted in the way of a song. Then I left him, telling him I'd meet him in an hour at Howley, Haviland and Dresser's. Cobb was there when I arrived.

"Here's the chorus," he said, pushing part of the brown wrapping paper at me. "Try it on the piano. If you can fit it to music I'll write the verses."

While Cobb listened I played. After about ten minutes he muttered:

"You've got the music swung to fit the words. I'll go ahead with the verses now."

Before we left the studio that evening the song was completed and on its way. In the morning it was copied and sent to Emma Carus.

It was sung on opening night. The name of the song was "In Zanzibar." It became a real hit and sold into hundreds of thousands of copies.

Not so long afterward Vincent Bryan, famous as a lyricist, caught up with me and handed me a script. It was entitled: "In My Merry Oldsmobile."

Bryan said to me:

"Say, if you can put that to music and it goes over we both get an automobile."

"How's that?" I asked.

"After I wrote this," explained Vincent, "I showed it to one of those Oldsmobile people and he agreed to give two autos if the song became a hit."

A Partnership Car

I wrote the music—and the song became a "hit." Bryan and I waited and waited for the automobiles that were to gladden our lives. Finally we were notified that two autos had been donated by the Oldsmobile people but that one was a gift to the publishing house and the other was for "the author."

So Bryan and I tried to make the best of it with one car. It was agreed that he was to use it one week and I was to use it the other. But the plan didn't work out. So we sold the car and spent the proceeds.

"We ought to get even with those fellows," declared Bryan.

"If you've got any idea I'm with you," I answered.

Not so many weeks later Bryan came around, handed me a lyric and laughed as he said:

"That'll cure those Oldsmobile people, I guess."

It was another automobile song—but it boosted the Cadillac car and razzed the Oldsmobile. It said something about a man who rode away in an Oldsmobile but had to come back in a Cadillac.

It was rough on the Oldsmobile.

"Before you put them to music," said Vincent, "I'll hunt up the Cadillac man and rivet him to a promise that *each* of us gets a Cadillac for this."

Vincent (*Continued on page 42*)

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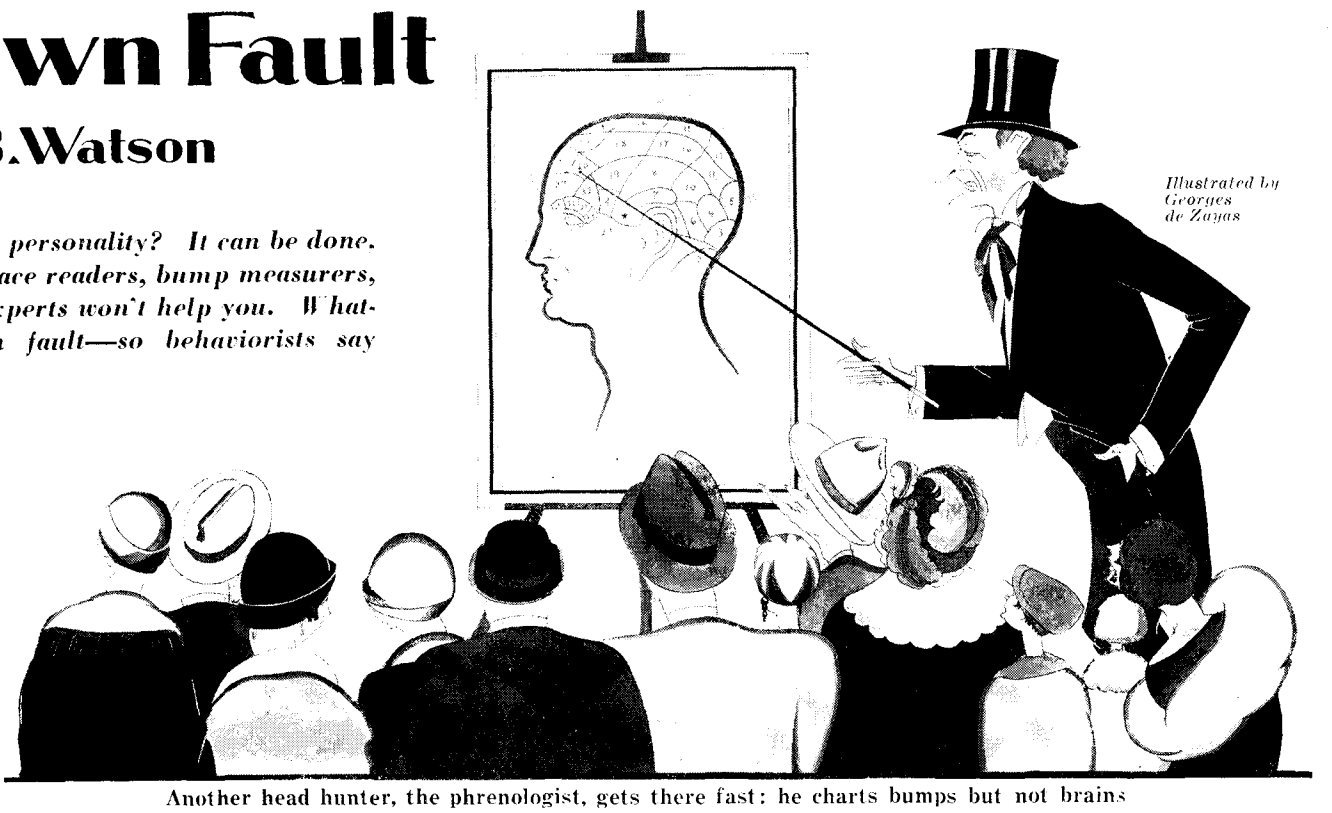
It's Your Own Fault

By John B. Watson

Would you like to change your personality? It can be done, but you must do it yourself—face readers, bump measurers, hair testers and handwriting experts won't help you. Whatever you are, it's your own fault—so behaviorists say



Illustrated by Georges de Zayas

Another head hunter, the phrenologist, gets there fast: he charts bumps but not brains

THERE are no human instincts! What the human does he has to learn to do.

That which we call personality is a product of our environments, our habits. We behaviorists find nothing mysterious in this distinction of character called personality. The layman appears to regard personality as some vague, indefinable human attribute born in the human mechanism.

But the behaviorist's studies of the infant convince him that all normal human beings come into the world with about the same equipment and that this equipment is very simple and very inadequate. We find little in inheritance to make one healthy child start out differently from another healthy child.

As the human young passes from infancy to adulthood it becomes organized in a thousand different ways. Different systems of activity develop. A child at three may exercise himself with tearing the limbs from insects, pulling worms apart (why he starts this may depend upon a thousand factors—children deprived of meat often, even at this early age, actually kill and eat insects and worms).

At 15 he may be assistant to a butcher and learn to cut up meat. At 20 he may enter college and become an excellent student of physiology, becoming adept in vivisectional experiments.

Later he goes into medicine and becomes an expert surgeon. Here we trace an activity trend from three years of age onward. A cross section of this individual's activity at any age beyond three would show the thread of organization later to appear as *surgery*.

Let us take another case—this time in the emotional realm—and it must be remembered that emotional behavior is learned like any other behavior. The only boy of a mother gets petted, loved and kissed to excess. At two the father dies. The mother makes an inseparable companion of the boy. She takes him to sleep in her room and finally into the same bed. The boy is tender and courteous to all women. He is sensitive and shy and retiring. His mother keeps him from associating with girls of his own age and puts obstacles in the way of his marrying—threatening suicide even.

She puts great stress upon manners, dress, formality of behavior. At every moment the mother is doing something which will have influence in shaping this child's personality. What she does will have continuous influence all through his life.

Suppose we look upon the organization that begins at birth and ends with death as an ever-widening stream of behavior.

If we take a cross section of this stream at one year, we will find the beginnings of many patterns of behavior—vocational and emotional.

At four years a cross section will show those same patterns, only grown more complex, and some new patterns; at 14 the same patterns and still additional ones; at 30 the same and still some new ones.

But, alas, beyond this point further elaborations of old patterns rarely take place and still more rarely do new patterns form! There is no reason for this untimely death of variations in personality at this comparatively tender age except for the fact that most people have become too well fed to learn.

We learn about an individual's personality by studying him in action. We make an informal inventory of that person's behavior patterns. We do it for strangers much better and much more accurately than for friends with whom we have grown up.

We do not do it scientifically. We don't need to. Our rough working judgments are sufficient guides to admit a given person to our social group or to deny him admission.

As laymen we rarely judge the personality of others objectively, but always on the basis of our own slants. A man of the world meets a highly estimable business man who is religious. This one bit of organization damns the chap in the eyes of the man of the world.

The early psychoanalysts claimed that, being completely analyzed, they had no beams in their own eyes, hence they alone could make objective, unprejudiced judgments about personality. Many present-day analysts realize they are not made gods by analysis.

Mental Tests Were Oversold

Psychology has made progress in the study of personality during the past 25 years, although not nearly so much progress as certain mental testers would have us believe.

Mental testing for business purposes especially has been oversold. Twenty years ago Münsterberg began overselling. For him psychology was destined to solve all of the personnel problems of the manufacturer. A few years later mental tests were touted as a genuine scientific instrument for measuring the caliber of individuals.

Her roseate future lay in grand opera

Thousands of standardized tests are in existence. School progress is graded by them. Students are admitted into college, salesmen are selected, normal children separated from substandard ones, feeble-minded ones picked out, bright children lifted out of the herd—all by the use of tests.

The behaviorists do not quarrel with tests. They quarrel with the exaggeration of their importance in the hands of certain schools: for example, those of Terman and of Thorndike.

They are good as far as they go. But they are not "mental" tests or "intelligence" tests. Nor are they the whole of psychology or even a large part of it.

In the first place they tell us nothing of the special vocational abilities of the individual tested. They tell us little of his manual equipment—what he can do with his hands, legs, body.

The testers themselves admit this. To offset it they have devised many so-called special-performance tests.

Unfortunately there are many vocations in life in which no form of testing is applicable. Who would attempt to pick out by any form of general intelligence or special-performance tests a good business executive, a good newspaper man, an advertising man, a good department-store buyer, literary material of the first order?

My general point of view on psychological tests is that while they may help us to separate the sheep from the goats, they do not tell us much about the flock of sheep.

It seems to be the general experience of business executives that men and women fail in their jobs not from lack of intelligence but because of faulty emotional organization.

The emotional part of our equipment is just as important as the manual and the verbal. So far no mental test has been devised which will tell whether a man is a liar; whether he has the guts to stick to his job in the face of considerable problems; whether he is a persistent worker or a clock watcher and a washroom loiterer; whether he is able to work in coöperation with others.

I gather something—not a great deal—in my first personal interview with an applicant for employment. I can observe whether his nails are clean; his face washed; whether his linen is both frayed and dirty; whether his clothes are unpressed; whether his shoes are shined; whether he has any command of the English language.

There is an impression going the rounds that an applicant should be able to look you in the eye. Some employment managers try to bore into the applicant with their own eyes to see whether the poor fellow can stand up to it. This is just an old wives' tale. I wouldn't want him to look *me* "squarely in the eye" any longer or any oftener than good manners call for. In brief, what you can learn from one interview is very meager. It is always better to have several interviews.

The College Man Lasts Longer

Executives today are scrutinizing carefully the educational charts of the applicant for worth-while jobs. Did the applicant finish his grade school or did he drop out at 12 or 14 years of age where the great mass of our young Americans drop out? Did he finish his high school and his college work?

Naturally, he doesn't have to be a college graduate in order to be a good man. But if he started college and dropped out at the end of one or two years, I certainly want to discover whether it was absolutely necessary.

In spite of the numerous exceptions to the rule, the college-bred man does seem to last longer in business and to get along in business better than the non-college graduate.

The next thing the behaviorist looks at in this common-sense way is the length of time the applicant stayed in each of his various positions and the yearly increases he received in earnings. The man who has had ten jobs between 20 and 30 is a floater. He will probably go on drifting until he is 60. Then he joins the army of dependents.

On the other hand, if he has remained in an inferior position for too long a stretch of time, I begin to suspect him of being lazy, of being fearful of new responsibilities, of not having thrown off his nest habits.

I like to chart informally the sports and spare-time record of applicants. I believe that a study of this record is quite revealing. We know that outdoor activity leads to physical fitness, to keenness in competition, to steadiness in coördination. We know too that a man who can (*Continued on page 34*)

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The Shepherd of

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having by various crooked methods succeeded in acquiring the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who has control of Mr. Lundeen's property. She refuses. Later she finds that Malpass is responsible for a fire which destroys Cliff's store and its new stock. She also finds that Malpass is determined to marry her or will ruin her father.

She decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff and to save her he readily agrees, and they are secretly married, both being happier about it than they will admit. They separate immediately after the ceremony but their secret comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass and Malpass taunts him with his coming marriage with Virginia. Cliff's father turns him out because of the marriage and Virginia's father turns her out.

On the day on which this fight occurs Virginia and her cowboys inspect the so-called silver mine from which her father and Malpass have made so much money, and they find no trace of silver. What they do find seems to be gold planted there. Virginia swears the cowboys to secrecy until she does some more investigating.

Her father having told her to get out, Virginia goes to visit Ethel, having first sent her cowboys to another range with her horses. While visiting Ethel she engages a mining engineer to investigate the mine.

IX

EARLY in November Virginia returned to Las Vegas and took up her abode at the Castanedo. She had been so engrossed in her project to investigate the Padre Mine that she quite forgot circumstances likely to accrue when she arrived. It was a small town, and in half an hour everybody apparently had heard of her return. When she had answered the telephone a dozen or more times she realized that she had achieved a popularity that was almost notorious.

"Well, this is the limit," she said, resignedly, as she sat down by the window. "I ought to have let Ethel come with me. Where was my head, anyhow?"

When she answered the telephone the next time she heard a familiar gruff voice that made her jump with surprise.

"Hello! Is this you, Virginia?"

"Yes. Who's speaking, please?"

"Lundeen," came the answer.

"Who?"

"Your father. . . . Don't you know my voice?"

"Oh—Father! Excuse me. I didn't credit my ears. How are you?"

"Not any too damn' good," he growled.

"I always knew you weren't. . . . How is Mother? Have you heard from Mother lately?"

"Yes. An' I heah she's some better."

"That's good. I'm very glad. She was always in better health in Atlanta."

"An' how're you, Virginia?"

This was an amazing prelude to something, Virginia reasoned, and it sent a tingle over her.

"Me? Oh, I'm fine. Thank you for inquiring."

"Reckon I'll run down to see you," he replied.

"You needn't. I wouldn't see you if I bumped into you on the street."

"Ahuh! Waal, I sort of had a hunch you wouldn't. So I called you up."

"Pray, why should I?" inquired Virginia, with faint sarcasm.

"Virginia, I'm shore sorry aboot it all."

"Indeed. What a pity! But it's too late."

"Lass, I'm not gettin' any younger. An' Mother's gone. She'll never come back. I've a hunch I'll never see her again. An' I'm sort of lonely."

"But you have your slick Señor Malpass," returned Virginia, cruelly.

She heard him curse under his breath.

"Virginia, I'll take you back if you'll divorce Forrest."

"Divorce Clifton!" she cried, as if amazed. "I couldn't think of that. How can you ask?"

"But you don't care for him!" expostulated Lundeen.

"Why, Daddy darling, I just worship Clifton," rejoined Virginia, tantalizingly.

"My Gawd! An' I've lived to heah a Lundeen say that!"

After a long pause Virginia continued: "Well, is there any more I can tell you? I'm very busy."

"Hold on . . . Virginia, aren't you hard up for money?"

"Indeed I am. But don't let it worry you."

"Waal, it does worry me. You never knew the value of money. You'll be borrowing from the hotel, or the taxi drivers—anybody."

"Oh, so you think anybody would lend me money?"

"Shore. I reckon you'd be good at the bank for what you wanted. But I don't like the idea, Virginia."

"So you want to save your face by sending me some?"

"Waal, if you put it that way."

"Dad, I'd starve before I'd take two bits from you. Presently I'll get a job here. Oh, I can do most anything from stenography to millinery. I might borrow some money and start a millinery store. But, if I'm not so much as I think I am, I could at least be a waitress. Reckon I'd be an attraction at the Harvey lunch-room here. Or—"

"Shut up. I'd buy the place an' close it. Do you think I'd stand for a Lundeen—"

"Listen, Papa," interrupted Virginia, sweetly. "You forget I'm no longer a Lundeen. . . . I'm registered here at the hotel as Mrs. Clifton Forrest."

Crash! He had slammed up the receiver. Virginia fell away from her end of the line breathless, excited and exultant.

"That'll do him for a spell. . . . Poor Dad—ready to crawl! If I can get anything on Malpass—Oh! what can't I hope for?"

VIRGINIA unpacked and then went out walking down to the business section of town where she met Richard Fenton, who happened to be coming out of the bank.

"Howdy, Dick," she said, brightly.

"Virginia!—Well, of all people!" he exclaimed, in delight. "Wherever did you come from?"

"Denver; I got in this morning. Hadn't you heard? I might as well have had a brass band."

"No, I hadn't. But I'm sure glad. Say, Virginia, you just look wonderful."

"Thanks. It's the air. I looked like the devil in Denver."

"Impossible. You've been with Ethel. How is she?"

"Fine. Announced her engagement. Nice little chap."

"You don't say. Ethel! Well, that accounts. She certainly had something up her sleeve. . . . Where are you bound for, may I ask?"

"Back to the hotel."

"Suppose you have lunch with me there?"

"Thanks. It'll be jolly. You can tell me all the news. . . . But, Dick, hold on, I forgot. I'm a respectable married woman."

"By gosh! I forgot, too. Mrs. Clifton Forrest. . . . That lucky son-of-a-gun! But do you know, Virginia, as I couldn't have you myself, I was glad Clifton was the man? None of us could stomach Malpass. And believe me we were all scared stiff. We were afraid if Malpass didn't get you, some one of those Eastern galoots would. Clifton is Western and the real goods."

"Dick, I like you for that speech," returned Virginia, warmly. "Come, I'll take you to lunch."

IT WAS only a step round the corner to the Castanedo, where Virginia presently found herself in the well-filled dining-room, sitting with Richard, and not unaware of the interest she aroused.

"So you didn't go to Reno?" queried Fenton, with good humor, though he was curious.

"Reno! Why there, for goodness' sake? Denver is bad enough."

"It was rumored you went to Reno to divorce Clifton. Pretty generally believed, Virginia."

"Well, there's absolutely no truth in it. I suppose I have Father and Malpass to thank for that gossip. As if there weren't scandal enough!"

"Personally I didn't believe it," went on Fenton, after he had given the waitress an order. "Your friends were ready to gamble that if you married Clifton, even to get rid of Malpass, you'd stick to him."

"Dick, did they roast me for it?"

"I don't think so. Sure, no one ever did to your friends. You've had us guessing though. Spoiled the romance by leaving Clifton behind."

"Did I? . . . Dick, I'm ashamed to ask you. Do you know anything about Clifton? Where he is—how he is?"

"Virginia, don't you know?" queried Fenton in surprise.

"I—I—haven't the least idea," replied Virginia, her voice trembling a little.

"By George! The story went that Clifton got fired out of his home the same day you got yours. He disappeared. Naturally we all thought you had it planned to meet somewhere."

"No. I didn't see Clifton that day."

"Then there was neither an elopement nor a divorce. . . . Virginia, I fear the tongues will begin to wag again."

"Let them wag. I'll give them some more to wag about, presently. . . . Dick, do you think I'll be able to borrow some money?"

"From me? I should smile. How much do you want?"

"Child, not from you. But the bank. You're supposed to work there."

"Well, I imagine you could knock down any reasonable sum."

"I haven't any security. Of course I have my jewelry, Dick. I had to pawn some diamonds in Denver. Ethel was furious. But I couldn't touch her."

"You can touch Father all right, even if he is a hard-headed banker. He always had a soft spot for you. Shall I ask him, Virginia?"

"Yes, if you'll be so good. I don't need any money right now, but I will soon. . . . Dick, I'm afraid I never valued my friends."

"Better late than never," he rejoined lightly; and then, after a more general conversation, they finished lunch and parted.

She entered the lobby and a bell boy accosted her.

"Call for you, madam."

"Telephone?"

"No. There's a man here who says his business is too important to be phoned or told to bell boys."

"Indeed. Where is he?"

"He's waitin' inside. I'll call him."

In a moment he returned escorting an awkward rough-garbed man who bowed to her, embarrassed but earnest, and said: "Are you Mrs. Clifton Forrest?"

"Yes," replied Virginia, annoyed that she blushed.

"My name is Smith. I'm a sheepman. Today I was in San Luis an' I had a talk with Don Lopez. An' jest now I happened to hear you was in the hotel. So I made bold to ask for you. I reckon I've somethin' interestin' to tell you, if you can spare a minute."

Jarvis stared in consternation. Malpass, releasing Virginia, whirled like a wolf at bay, reaching a hand into his hip pocket

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Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

"Certainly. Let us go inside where we can sit down."

She scanned his weatherbeaten face with the scrutiny of an eager and hopeful, yet fearful interrogator. He was middle-aged, and his coarse garments reeked of tobacco and sheep. His boots were muddy. He had great hairy hands, that rimmed his sombrero nervously. His strong chin had not come in contact with a razor for some time. He had keen blue eyes that met her gaze steadily.

"Malpass is dickerin' with Don Lopez to buy his big flock of sheep," said Smith, as if the matter was one of vital interest to her.

"Yes?" returned Virginia, encouragingly, though she had no glimmering as to how this circumstance could affect her.

"I heerd of this a month ago, an' when I got back I went over to see Lopez. He an' me have had lots in common, an' I was shore he'd tell me. Yes, he says, ever since young Forrest went south with the big flock, Malpass had been dickerin' to buy it. An' Lopez wouldn't sell then because the offer was low. Waal, considerin' the market jest now Lopez will sell, but not too low. Now my errand here is a tip to you. I'm advisin' you to forestall Malpass an' buy thet flock from Lopez pronto."

"And why do you advise me to do this?" inquired Virginia, too interested to be aloof.

"Waal, I was the last to see them sheep," resumed Smith. "It was some four weeks an' more ago, when I was goin' out to a ranch. We run across your husband an' a Mexican lad drivin' this flock south. I had a good look at the sheep. An' sheep is my business. I'm tellin' you thet flock will come back mebbe a third more in number. If you buy from Lopez now you'll not only beat Malpass to it but make a big profit. It's a pretty big deal for me to swing, as I'm aboot as deep in as I want to get, but if you don't jump at it I'm goin' to see what I can do."

"You say—you saw my husband?" queried Virginia, trying to appear calm when she was very far from it.

"Yes, an' I talked with him. He looked pretty sick, an' I advised him to give up thet long drive to Guadaloupe Springs. I told him what Malpass was up to."

"What is that?"

"WAAL, I had the idee when I first heerd Malpass was dickerin' for the sheep. An' today I shore nailed it. Malpass never overlooks a deal to make money, but you can bet his prime motive in buyin' them sheep is to send a couple of herders down there an' fire Forrest. Like as not turn him loose without grub or tent! An' as I was sayin', Forrest didn't look so well to me. I reckoned he took this job sheep-herdin' on account of his health, an' it was a blamed good idee. For if he doesn't kill himself on the way he'd shore get cured at Guadaloupe. It's jest the finest medicine in the world. So, findin' you was here, I jest made bold to give you this hunch. It jest shot through me, strange-like, an' I hope you see it my way."

"I do. You are very good and I thank you. How many sheep are there in this flock and what are they worth?"

"I watched them cross the road, an' me an' my partners gambled on the count, as we always do. We didn't agree, natural-like. But there's around three thousand head. An' ten thousand dollars will buy them. They're worth a good deal more right now. In the spring after lambin' there'll be—waal, I won't risk a figger, but I'll say it's a big buy. An' Malpass will grab it pronto."

"We will beat him to it, as you say," declared Virginia, emphatically, and held out her hand. "I shall lose no time. And I'd like you to call on me again—to tell me more about—my husband."

"Waal, I'd be most proud, Mrs. Forrest," he returned. "But I'm leavin' today, an' I don't know no more than I've told you. I'll gamble, though, if you block Malpass' deal Forrest will come home in the spring as husky an' strong as any young feller around. Why, thet's the perfect place in the world. The water an' the air—they'd fetch a dead man back to life, almost."

"Good-by, then, and don't forget you're a friend of the Cliff Forrests," returned Virginia, earnestly.

Ten minutes later she sat facing Richard Fenton's father, president of the Las Vegas Bank.

"I want to borrow ten thousand dollars," she announced, after greetings had been exchanged.

"So Dick was telling me," replied the elder Fenton, smiling.

"But when I mentioned borrowing to him I had no idea I would come so soon or ask for so much."

"He guessed it then. For he sure said ten thousand. May I ask, Virginia, what you want with so much money?"

Virginia told him briefly.

"That's different. You must forgive me, Virginia. I imagined you wanted it for your usual luxuries. This is good sound business, outside of your desire to help Clifton. I'll lend you the money. The sheep will be ample security. I'd like to make that buy for myself."

"Give me something to sign, then, and a certified check. And if you'll be so kind—a little advice about the purchase of these sheep."

"Take Dick with you. He's our attorney, and he'll draw up a bill of sale to protect you."

Next morning Virginia awakened rested, cheerful, eager. At breakfast she found an item in the morning paper, on the front page, anent the return to Las Vegas of Mrs. Clifton Forrest, who, aside from seeing many welcoming friends, had found time to run over to San Luis and buy from Don Lopez one of the largest flocks of sheep on the range.

Not so long after breakfast the hotel clerk rang her room, and said: "Your father calling. Shall I send him up?"

"No. I'll come down," hastily replied Virginia, surprised into that much of an armistice. She had wit enough, even though flustered, to think that her father could not very well bully her in the hotel parlor. As she went downstairs, however, she decided if he did try that, or if he had Malpass with him, she would promptly beat a retreat. And with that in mind, and a freezing dignity, she swept into the parlor.

LUNDEEN was alone and rose at her entrance. Pity had been farthest from Virginia's emotions, but the instant she saw his altered face and manner she felt it. His greeting seemed less stilted than hers. Perhaps he was less aware that others were present.

"I thought I'd better run down an' see you," he said, motioning Virginia to be seated.

"Yes?" answered Virginia, interrogatively. She looked penetratingly to see what purpose hid behind this unfamiliar front. There was none. He seemed strange, but as composed as she forced herself to be.

"I reckon I never seen you look better. Like your mother when I met her. Only handsomer." He sighed, and then tapped the newspaper he held. "I see you're goin' in the sheep business."

"Yes. But I was as surprised as anyone to see that in print."

He scanned the page. "Mrs. Clifton Forrest! Where'd you get the money, Virginia?"

"I borrowed it."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand."

"You're no fool, that's shore. But I reckon you weren't lookin' to make money. Why'd you buy them?"

Virginia told him bluntly. His astonishment was not feigned. Then his expression changed and she could not gauge him so well, but she divined something of resentment, either at her or Malpass. Next his troubled gaze sought the floor, and he twisted the newspaper in vise-like hands.

"Virginia, I can take a beatin'," he said.

"Can you? First I ever knew of it," she returned, with a laugh.

"Waal, I shore can. An' I reckon you've beat me aboot this young Forrest. Will you tell me a few things—honest?"

"Yes, Dad, since you make such an amazing statement as that last," returned Virginia, thawing in spite of herself.

"You didn't marry Forrest only just to fool me an' Malpass?"

"Indeed, no. But I couldn't truthfully say that wasn't included in my motive."

(Continued on page 45)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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The Bathing Beauty

By Elsie Singmaster

"I sent for them boys to hunt for the murderer," answered Milton in a shout. "She told me she knew he'd kill her"

A mountaineer's love for art finds a simple expression which stands him in good stead in an emergency

DRESSED in the suit which he wore for his work of road making, a brown corduroy stained with earth and out at elbows, Allen McIntyre stepped from the bedroom of his cabin into the kitchen. He was twenty-three years old, of dark complexion and slender, wiry figure. When his face was not clouded by unhappiness he was attractive, and even with his present look of anxiety he was handsome. His great-great-grandfather, a Scotchman, had settled in South Mountain, and here the family had remained until the present generation, when roads were opened and messengers from the world showed the way out.

State employees came and went—rangers who guarded the woods from fire; officers of the court who compelled stubborn parents to send their children to school; even nurses who, according to one's point of view, were angels of mercy or prying devils.

Of Allen's family only a sister survived. To Grace the state nurse had been an angel of liberation; with her aid she herself had entered the profession, and now served as a visiting nurse in Harrisburg, fifty miles away.

When she went Allen was courting—or to speak exactly, being courted by—Erma Hough, a neighbor, older than he, taller than he, whose blood was diseased. To Erma he had been married for five years. Love was long dead between them; he felt in its place pity and irritation, Erma jealousy and hatred. She was ill, never to be better, but likely to live many years; she was slatternly and fiercely quarrelsome. In the remnant of the McIntyres there was possibility of attainment; in the numerous Houghs there was none: evil was their heritage and their practice. They were owners of stills; they set the forests on fire; they knew no moral and kept no civil law.

Allen was dressed in his working suit, but he expected to change. The making of the road five miles away, upon which he was employed, had come to a pause for lack of material, and he intended to go to Harrisburg to see Grace—to this no decent wife could object.

The ultimate aim of his journey was not so innocent. He meant to ask Grace to suggest some way by which he might escape his loathsome and degrading existence. He would continue to supply Erma with money if he could earn it, but he would never return to the cabin alive. He had not seen Grace for two years. Then she had talked to him, against his will, of finding work in the city and attending night school. He had been angry because her concerned and affectionate eyes saw his desperation, but now his broken spirit knew no anger.

Erma was in the kitchen. Standing in the garments in which she had slept, she bent over the stove, enveloped in the smoke from frying bacon. Smoke covered the windows and darkened the room. The house was almost hermetically sealed; it was difficult to tell whether the season was winter or summer. Erma had, like many mountain people, a horror of night air; to Allen, who breathed the fresh air all day, the closed atmosphere was asphyxiating.

Erma spoke without turning from the fire. Her malady made her voice hoarse. A physician would have listened, startled, and veiled the expression of his eyes. She would not consult a physician, but consumed bottle after bottle of patent medicine.

"You bring me a new spider or you don't get another meal cooked for you in this house. This one is fried almost through. I won't take no excuses. You have money, you know you have money."

SHE began to scream, though screaming was perilous for degenerating blood vessels. Regardless of danger, she sometimes screamed for a long time, even when she was alone. "You want to go away in your car and take a woman with you!"

Allen made no answer. There was at this moment a sound from without, the measured tread of a horse's feet punctuated by a clear whistle. Ranger Yellis was going to the fire tower to relieve Ranger Hough. Yellis was a student at the Forestry School, studying at the age of thirty after years of hope and effort: a tall, blue-eyed, silent man who seemed to be forever gazing at the distant scene in search of ominous puffs which indicated danger.

Ranger Milton Hough was Erma's brother: tall, low-browed, dull and vicious like Erma herself. He spent long periods at the cabin when Allen was away. Between him and Yellis there was no communication except what their duties made necessary.

Erma's cries grew louder. "I say I know what you want a car for!" she screamed.

"Do you want Yellis to hear you?"

"I say I know what you want a car for!" she screamed again. "You want to get away, that's what you want. You want to get away and take a woman with you!"

"What woman?"

"I know!" screamed Erma vaguely. "I'll get Milt after you! You'll see what he'll do to you!"

Having finished his breakfast, Allen opened the door and looked out—into paradise.

The May sky was blue; the May air fresh as the morning of creation.

ACROSS the narrow grass-grown track white blossoms drifted from a tall shadbush; above its delicate white crown showed the bright red seed vessels of the hard maples; beneath swung its yellow tassels. Still higher on the rising mountain gleamed the delicate gray of young aspen leaves against walls of pine and hemlock.

"Go in or go out!" shrieked Erma. "Do you want to kill me?" Kill was a word beloved to Erma.

Allen turned back into the room and closed the door behind him. "I'm going to Harrisburg to see Grace," he said.

His face grew deadly pale, and so also did Erma's. His remained pale, but hers turned a brilliant red.

To his astonishment and relief, she said nothing. His eyes avoided her; he opened the door again and went round to the side of the house. There in a shed stood his most valuable possession, a small worn car in which he went to and from work.

The car was not alone a necessity for the earning of his living; it had upon it recently acquired decorations which satisfied the demand of his soul for beauty. Pasted on the windshield was the likeness of a young woman, dressed only in a red bathing suit, her hands clasped in the position of a diver. On the rear window was a similar picture, turned upside down, so that while she plunged into the waves in the front of the car, she floated upward toward them in the rear.

These were merely minor ornaments, like tiny landscapes set playfully along the margin of an etching. The real ornament was on the roof, a bathing girl of large proportions, almost as tall as Allen himself. Presented to him by the clerk in the drug store from whom he had bought her small sisters, and pasted on carefully, she had delighted his soul for a week.

The sight of his car cheered his heart. He began to work, tightening the nuts, brushing off carefully the mud accumulated for days, and at last washing the car. He grew anxious once more when he remembered that he must bathe and dress. Fortunately the shed door was in plain view from the bedroom window, and Erma could not approach the car unseen. It was likely that she would refuse to heat water for him. Then he must bathe in cold water: he would engage in no bodily struggle for possession of the stove. He began to mutter, as though he were Erma herself, "I must go! I must go!"

TO HIS astonishment, Erma made no further objection. When he entered she sat rocking back and forth. She turned her head to look out the window; she did not look back when he was in the room. To his further astonishment, he saw a kettle filled with hot water steaming on the stove. He lifted from the floor the wooden pail which was the family bathtub and carried it and the steaming kettle into the bedroom and came back for cold water. Erma still sat rocking. She looked deathly ill, but the vigor of her motions showed abundant vitality.

Refreshed by hot water and rubbing, Allen stepped across the room and lifted a curtain behind which hung what were called "Sunday clothes," though Sunday was regarded in no other way. His body was as yet unaffected by his hard labor; unclad, he looked even younger than twenty-three. Keeping his eye on the door of the shed, his ear alert toward the kitchen, he lifted down the brown suit. Something odd in its appearance startled him and, shaking like a leaf, he carried it to the window. A triangular patch had been cut from the back of the coat, and the trousers had been almost divided in half.

For a moment he stood still. Repair was impossible, even for an expert with ample time in which to work. He had feared a punctured tire, but he had not anticipated this. He heard a sound in the next room; he listened earnestly and heard it again. It was a soft but dreadful sound—the chuckle of hatred become insane.

Stooping, he gathered from the floor his wet, earth-stained, ragged suit and put it on. Like a child in an ogre's cave, he looked up at the ceiling, round

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at the walls, down at the floor. He looked last of all at the door into the kitchen. He was now weak with fear—Erma might wait for him on the other side. He saw himself struggling with her, overpowered, or—what was more hideous—overpowering her, a woman. He felt the impact of her body falling upon him.

He heard again the low chuckle, then a footstep, and instantly he turned and lifted the window sash and scrambled out. He leaped across the intervening space and into his car. It was in order: there was water in the radiator; gas in the tank. He turned the key, pressed the throttle; there sounded the familiar snort and roar. Driving out of the shed, he saw the house door open and heard a scream. Erma stationed herself in the middle of the road: he must run her down or stop.

Instead he turned upward on the track which had as yet been traveled by no car, his act that of the sailor who plunges from a burning deck into the sea. The motion of his car was not unlike that of a boat in the sea. The right wheels rose, the left wheels sank, the left wheels rose, the right wheels sank. He knew little of prayer, but he began to pray: "Oh, God, let me through! Oh, God, let me through!" He caught a glimpse of the fire tower high against the sky. It seemed to typify Deity, and he directed his thoughts toward it, "Oh, help me! help me!"

The car continued to ascend. It careened now against a bush of wild azalea; now it crushed coiled ferns. But it persisted bravely until Allen halted it so that it and he might breathe. He wiped his brow; he heard the song of a bird, smelled the delicious perfume of wild crab. His prayer was answered, he was safe from pursuit. From now on he would descend, coming out in the neighborhood of Shippensburg, and from there he would go to Carlisle and thence to Harrisburg. He was glad Erma had stood in his way and driven him up the hill; if he had descended, he would have passed the house of her brother. His heart leaped. He was free, he would never go back.

HE WAS on the lofty plateau on which not far away, but now hidden from him, the tower lifted its slender height.

He eased the car carefully down the hill, on a road like the dry bed of a creek. He found that he was holding the wheel with a hard grip. He loosened his grasp, and immediately a strange thing happened, yet not strange. His breakfast had been unfit for a human being; he had since been shocked, horrified, enraged, excited. He found that he was violently ill, and he got out of the car and lay for a long time upon a mossy bank. A half hour passed, another and still another. When he climbed back he was muttering again, this time his sister's name. . . .

He saw at last beneath him the roofs of houses, the spires of churches and the large buildings of a school—he was approaching Shippensburg. He was suddenly on a macadam road, oiled and hard as concrete. He saw a sign: "Sandwiches." That was what ailed him—he was hungry! He drank a cup of coffee, ate a sandwich and climbed back into the car. The proprietor of the refreshment stand made admiring and even envious comment upon his mammoth bathing girl, and he smiled wanly.

While he ate and drank a change came over the sky and air. The sky was no longer blue: it was dimmed, and here and there it was gray. The drought was past, the men would come down from the tower, their watch ended until autumn. His thoughts were still the thoughts of home. Henceforth Yellis would not hear Erma scream, and Milt Hough would work on the roads and not idle in the cabin.

The road bisected lengthwise a broad valley, set with limestone barns and houses. The wheat was green; farmers were planting corn. Following his sense of direction alone, disobeying traffic signals which he did not recognize as such, he drove through Carlisle, and again entered another wide valley. He traveled slowly and many times, racked by illness, he stopped and waited until the qualm had passed. Had he looked upward, he might still have descried the tower against the sky.

HE SAW no tower, but drove without thinking conscious thoughts until rain drops began to sprinkle on his windshield. An early twilight was at hand, but he did not think of turning on his lights until a passing driver shouted at him.

He began to bite his lips. By and by a little drop of blood appeared upon his lip, then another. He lifted his hand absently and brushed them down across his chin.

He saw on one side an iron railing, on the other passing cars, and between the two he must make his accurate way. His eyes grew more wild, his look more dreadful. The car before him halted; he halted also. The driver handed a coin into an outstretched hand. He saw on both sides beyond the railings and the cars vast spaces of glittering water. He knew where he was. This was the Susquehanna: when he crossed it he would be in Harrisburg.

"How much?" he asked, speaking loudly in order to speak above his fright.

"Nickel."

He gave the toll keeper the coin and drove on. They were not yet across; not yet, he believed, half across. He followed the rear light of the car in front of him; it was his only guide. It turned to the right; he turned to the right. It turned to the left; he turned to the left. He saw the colored lights of business streets, the flaring head lamps of trolley cars. If the car before him had driven into the river, he too would have driven into the river.

The driver in front of him put out his hand and drew to the side of the street. He also put out his hand and followed suit. The driver got out of the car, and he called to him faintly.

"What did you say?" The driver returned. "Sixteenth Street? Next block. What's the number? That's just around the corner."

Peace came into Allen's heart. He stumbled in the darkness, but found the house without difficulty.

As he climbed the steps he shivered. When approaching his cabin in the evening he had felt the same chill, not knowing what horror of hysteria or rage might greet him. He reminded himself that it was not savage Erma but kind Grace whom he should see. He stepped into the upper hall and walked toward the open door of a room. Within was a bright light.

"Grace!" he called faintly.

There was no answer. He took a faltering step and found himself inside. He saw in the bright light two men dressed in dark gray uniforms with side arms. One of them held his revolver in his hand.

"We want you," he announced. "Better come without making any fuss."

Allen's mouth opened wide. In the bright light, with the stain of blood across his chin, he looked not only forlorn but desperate, even criminal.

"Where?" he faltered.

"Back home," answered a grim voice.

"Where's my sister?" asked Allen stupidly.

"Don't know," said the officer. "Where's your car?"

"Out there."

One of the officers took him by the arm and led him down the steps.

"What's the matter?" asked Allen. "What have I done?" his voice rose hysterically.

"Enough," answered the officer beside him curtly.

The officer on the front seat drove the car at its full speed, down upon the viaduct, through the town, across the bridge which spanned the water, not even stopping to pay toll. He drove toward Gettysburg, the shortest route to the mountain.

A bright yellow car sailed by and vanished.

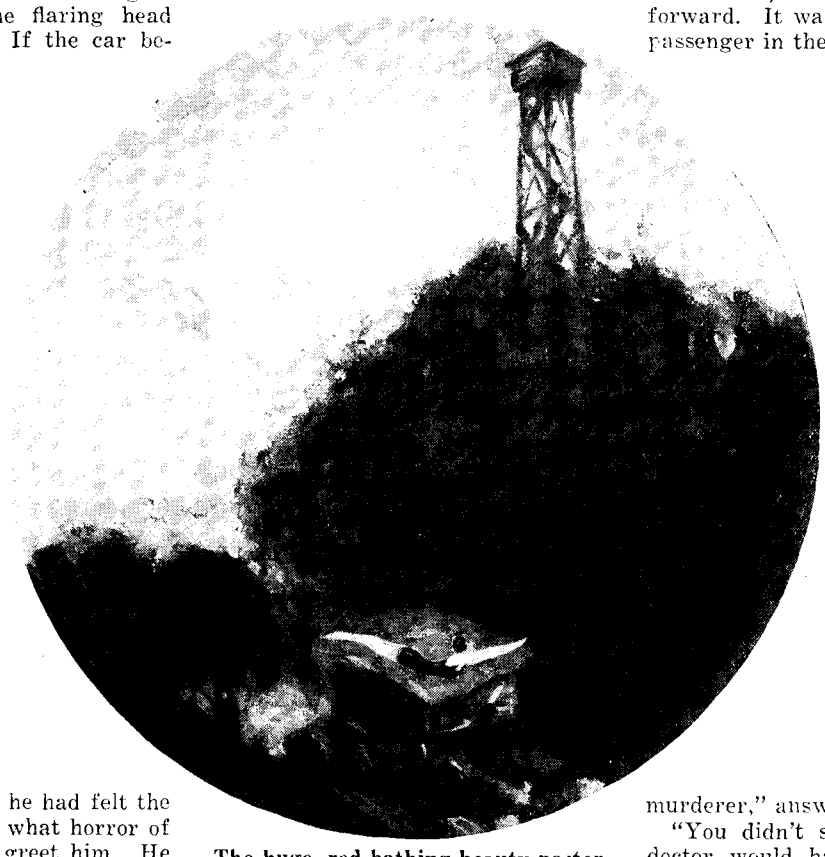
"Queer!" said one of the officers. "A taxi!"

"What have I done?" asked Allen again, his voice now faint as well as hoarse.

"You'll soon find out."

He sat erect; it was not only rain and the voices and lights which wakened him; it was a gnawing pain in his stomach. He clasped his hands across his body and bent forward. He felt the car bump over the tracks at Sevenstars; he felt the road rise at Cashtown. The pain in his body dulled his alarm; he did not know who or what he was, or ask again where he was going.

When the car left the concrete and climbed roaring upward into the black, dripping woods he was aroused by its



The huge, red bathing-beauty poster was the envy of all who owned cars

rough motion and looked out into the darkness. In the house of Milt Hough a dim light burned, but no one appeared, though a car in the road at night would naturally bring Milt and all his family to the door. At the house of Jim Hough, who was a cousin of Erma's, he saw another dim light, but there were apparently no inhabitants. The car climbed on, taking first this side of the road; then that. He smelled the odor of slippery elm impregnating the damp air. The tall trees stood at the last bend of the road: in another instant he would see his cabin.

The car stopped, and both officers stepped down. They pressed him closely, the hand of one at his holster.

"What on earth's that taxi doing here?" he asked.

"Search me," said his companion.

With a show of authority and a pretense of force, they led Allen in the rocky path to the door. He saw, astounded, the bright lights of the yellow car illuminating the front of the house and shining in the open door, adding to the lights of the smoky lamp within. He saw the glowering face of Jim Hough, the vicious face of Milt, the faces of curious children, who were, alas, not greatly shocked! All looked from him to an object far beneath the level of their eyes—Erma, lying prone upon the floor in the shadowed corner beyond the stove.

"What's the matter?" he asked faintly; then, seeing blood, began to shudder.

A snarling voice mocked him. He turned his head. Men had hold of Milt as though to restrain him.

"Look at your work!" he shouted. "There she lies, hit on the head, and you off! Who else would have hit her in the head? Tell me that!"

ALLEN lifted his free hand to his lips. It covered the blood stain on his chin, a fact not unobserved. He was smitten not so much with terror as with a paralyzing horror. They were like wolves, these men and women and children; no, they were worse: they were like Erma. They were Erma. He grasped his throat, his eyes turning from their eyes, from the body on the floor, out into the black shadows of the woods.

From there, to his unspeakable amazement, a strange woman stepped forward. It was she who had been the passenger in the taxicab.

Again Allen pressed his throat, his eyes aflame.

"Grace!" he cried hoarsely. The officer who held his wrist felt him quiver, and grasped his arm more firmly.

Grace looked not at him, but at the officers of the law.

"I'm Grace McIntyre," said she. Her voice was soft, yet deep and firm. The sound increased the tension in Allen's throat; he heard his mother's voice, his grandmother's, other voices of his childhood. "I understand you came to my apartment and lay in wait for my brother. Who sent you?"

"I sent for them boys to hunt for the murderer," answered Milton in a shout.

"You didn't send for a doctor? A doctor would have told you that she fainted and that falling she struck her head."

"She was felled by a blow!" shouted Milt. "I can swear she told me many times she knew he'd kill her. I have folks that heard her screamin' early in the afternoon. Yellis heard her scream in' something fierce. You get Yellis: he'll tell you; he'll—"

Appearing as (*Continued on page 43*)

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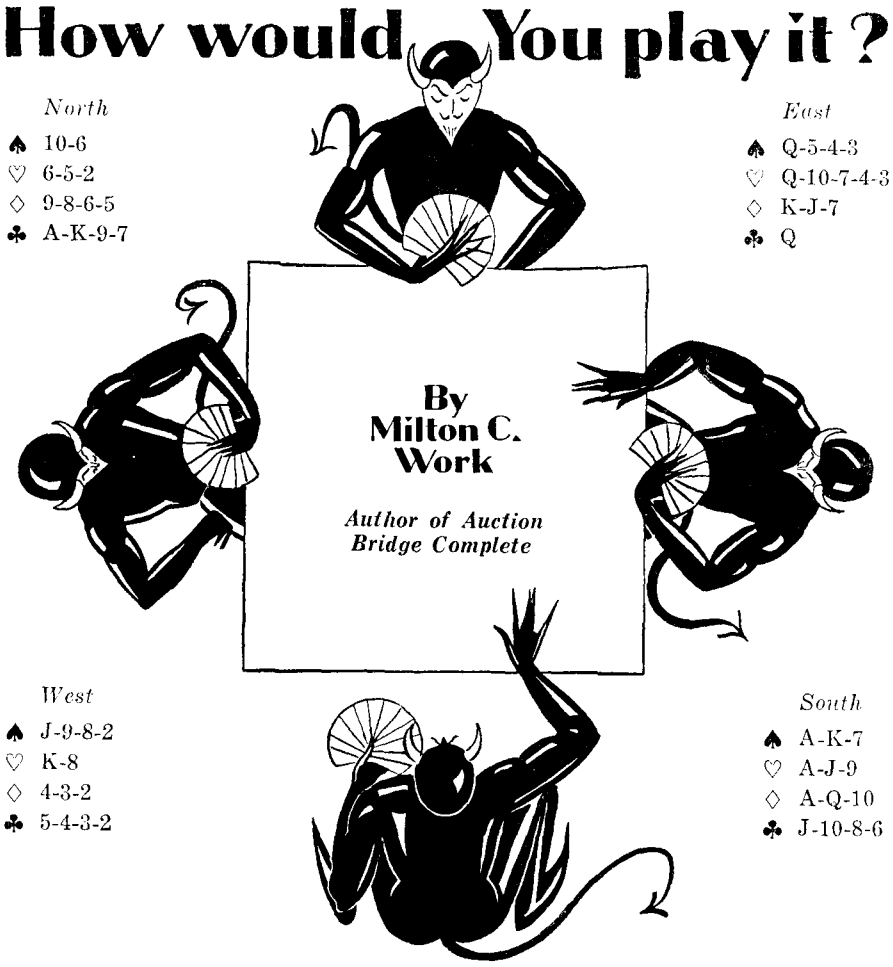
How would You play it?



North
♠ 10-6
♡ 6-5-2
◇ 9-8-6-5
♣ A-K-9-7

East
♠ Q-5-4-3
♡ Q-10-7-4-3
◇ K-J-7
♣ Q

West
♠ J-9-8-2
♡ K-8
◇ 4-3-2
♣ 5-4-3-2

South
♠ A-K-7
♡ A-J-9
◇ A-Q-10
♣ J-10-8-6

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; a play-by-play description follows:

The Auction

South opened with a bid of one No Trump and everyone else passed. At Contract Bridge the bidding would vary to this extent: South, having a count of 19 with four suits stopped, would bid two No Trumps; 17 is the minimum for that bid with four suits stopped, so South is two over the margin.

North, with a count of 7, would jump South's two No Trumps to three.

The Play

West's opening lead was the fourth best of the stronger of his two four-card suits; and when the Deuce of Spades was led, the Declarer with Ten and one small in Dummy and Ace-King and one small in Closed Hand, hoping that the lead had been from Queen-Jack, played the Ten from Dummy. But when East played the Queen, Declarer won the trick in the Closed Hand. He could see that he wished to lead Clubs from Closed Hand, Hearts and Diamonds from Dummy, and of course started by leading his Clubs toward Dummy. In selecting the Club to lead, he picked the Jack because it might induce West to cover with the Queen if he had it; and in that event Dummy would have four Club entries.

West, however, played the Deuce and the Declarer refused the finesse, playing the King from Dummy. When a finesse can be postponed it is always foolish to take it on the first round. Furthermore, by covering, the making up of Dummy's entries could be facilitated. The dropping of East's Queen was of course a piece of rare good luck.

To trick 2, Declarer led a Diamond from Dummy because Dummy had four Diamonds and only three Hearts, and the Closed Hand was stronger in Diamonds than in Hearts. When East played a small Diamond, Closed Hand, having A-Q-10, made the double finesse, playing the Ten. This is the correct way to handle the double tenace whenever the total holding of the combined hands in the suit is eight or less. The Ten of Diamonds won.

The rest of Declarer's play was clearly marked. To trick 4 he led the Ten of Clubs from Closed Hand, overtaking with the Ace in Dummy so as to put Dummy once more in the lead; and then, to trick 5, a second Diamond from Dummy and, the Jack falling, he won with the Queen. Now the equal division of the two remaining adverse Diamonds was clearly marked, and the dropping of them on the Ace was assured; so Declarer led the Ace of Diamonds.

Trick 7, the Declarer's Eight of Clubs was won with the Nine in Dummy.

Trick 8, Dummy cashed his thirteenth Diamond, and Closed Hand discarded his Seven of Spades.

To trick 9 Dummy of course led a Heart; and when East played small, the Declarer had a real problem to solve. He had no way to place the Heart honors, although he could count that West originally had held but two Hearts. This he could figure because West had held four Spades, four Clubs and three Diamonds. What those two Hearts were, however, he had no idea. The best chance for a Small Slam was to play the Nine, hoping East had the Ten. Dame Fortune smiled again and the Nine forced the King.

Trick 10 was a Spade, won by Closed Hand; trick 11 Declarer utilized Dummy's last Club entry. Then came trick 12, and the final Heart finesse (not unattended by risk because West with King-Queen probably would have false-carded). It won and South scored a lucky but well-played Small Slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-Q-4	S. K-10-9-8
H. A-5-3	H. K-9-8-7
D. K-J-2	D. Q-7-5-3
C. 7-6-3-2	C. 10
West	*South*
S. J-7-6	S. 5-3-2
H. 6-4-2	H. Q-J-10
D. 10-9-8	D. A-6-4
C. J-9-8-4	C. A-K-Q-5

It's Your Own Fault

Continued from page 29

compete with other individuals can usually work with other individuals.

To hear the so-called "character analysts" talk, one would think that they were able to "read" personality at a glance. These charlatans are preying on manufacturers and employment managers generally. They maintain "institutes." They advertise—violently, even ridiculously. Chief among them are the so-called "head hunters."

There is at least one big institute in New York that takes annually out of industry a comfortable fortune for selecting men on the basis of head measurements! But put these measures to a test. Ask any of these gentlemen to go with you to the places where immigrants are tested. Ask them to pick out the defectives from the normals from head measurements.

Pictures Show Character!

Dr. Yepsen of the Training School at Vineland, N. J., wrote me not long ago: "We would like to have a little money to take a series of motion-picture photographs to show that it is utterly and absolutely impossible to pick out even the feeble-minded from the normal because we feel it would be a good thing if industry actually knew these facts."

The next type of expert is he who claims to be able to read the personality and character of individuals from photographs. You don't actually have to bring the applicant in front of him; all you need to do is to show him a photograph. Think of that!

Let's challenge these experts to a photographic test to be made under these conditions: Let one of these gentlemen go to the home for the friendless and pick out a half dozen bums who have been bums since they were five years of age, men with known records. Then let him go to Sing Sing and pick out six prisoners, persistent criminals from adolescence. And then let him pick out 12 of the finest men he can get in science or in academic or business life. Let him take them all to the barber shop for a clean shave and a fashionable haircut. Next put them all in evening clothes. Then photograph them.

Then let him pick out the six bums and the six criminals from the 12 very famous men!

I have tried unavailingly to get these men to accept this eminently fair set of conditions and put their skill to the test.

There is another group of fakers who will agree to pick your employees on the basis of hair color, texture of the skin, and color of the skin!

Some of our large experimental laboratories have been trying for years to correlate general intelligence, special abilities and the like with color of the individual's skin, the texture and color of the hair and the like. All the findings show that there is not the slightest scientific evidence supporting any of these claims.

The phrenologist is another rapid personality reader. The bumps on your head, he says, reveal everything to him; a bump means a development of a certain part of the brain in which a certain capacity or vocation resides. By charting the bumps, therefore, he charts the individual's abilities.

Unfortunately, the bumps on the skull have nothing to do with the shape or the size of the brain. Indeed, a bump on the skull may mean a slight constriction of the cranial or brain cavity, because a bump sometimes works both ways—pushes both out and in.

Phrenology passed out of the interest of scientific men many, many decades ago.

Then we have the graphologists, those who would tell us by our handwriting what our potentialities and characters are. Let us not be too hard on them. It is an amusing avocation, this reading of character by signs. Certainly we can get something from the handwriting of an individual—whether he is so extremely careless (or so emotionally disturbed) that he doesn't finish his words, whether or not he writes hurriedly and so on.

The correlations psychologists have found to exist between one's handwriting and one's ability have been very sketchy and very insecurely grounded.

Therefore I think we can lay it down as established that there is not one grain of truth in the claims that the head hunters, skin and hair searchers, bump measurers and handwriting experts can make a proper selection of personnel.

The psychologic fakers disturb the worker himself. I cannot tell you how many times I have had individuals come to me seriously distressed about their vocation. They were doing well in their work, but some characterologist had informed them that their future lay in grand opera, in diplomatic work or in some field other than the one in which they were working, and they felt that they ought to give up their present jobs to seek this unknown, untried and therefore roseate future.

Industry has no ready-made tool the exclusive use of which will enable it to select and promote its personnel with any degree of surety. Unquestionably, where psychologists have come into organizations which have to select yearly a large number of individuals, their intelligence and performance tests have been helpful, but the conclusions of most manufacturers have been verified. Their own experience has taught them that THERE IS NOTHING LIKE DAILY OBSERVATION OVER A PERIOD OF SOME MONTHS FOR MEASURING THE CAPABILITIES, THE ABILITY TO LEARN AND THE EMOTIONAL MAKE-UP OF THE APPLICANTS. Many great industries run training schools. I don't believe the psychologists have anything better to offer than these schools.

The Limits are Narrow

There is no scientific reason why personality cannot be changed, but the practical limits of change are usually narrow indeed. Think of the millions of habits that become set and fixed during the first 30 years of life. Then remember that personality is a cross section of all these habits. Can you change all this in a few short days or weeks?

Theoretically you can change a personality as long as the individual can LEARN. But, as a rule, we do not have sufficient control over the life of the individual, even if he were to put himself in our hands, to set up reconditioning processes. Possibly if we had absolute control over FOOD, SEX, SHELTER—if we had some great reconditioning laboratory where the individual could be brought for a year for rigorous study and experimentation—we might be able to undo for him in a year what home nurture had done for him in 30 years.

But, with humans as lazy as they are about themselves and lacking this experimental set-up, the zebra can as easily change his stripes as the adult his personality.

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More *Fish* than *Boat*—

Model 16 trotting off silkily with two at better than 25 m. p. h.

THIS paragraph turned up in the Tahiti Tourist Gazette, and South Sea Island news items being an odd commodity, we pass it along merely to spread the growing conviction that Sea Sleds make good, no matter where they go.

> *Last week George Jennings and Tuterai, two of the boatmen of the Tahiti Yacht Club, caught an eight-foot sword fish with a hand line in* a thirteen-foot Sea Sled. *The fish was so heavy it was impossible to get him on board and he had to be towed to shore from a distance of two miles outside the reef. We believe this is the largest fish ever landed in so small a boat.*

About eight years ago Commodore Greening, then at the top of the international racing game, shocked boating circles by stating that "Albert Hickman's Sea Sled with its inverted 'Vee' bottom and surface propulsion had turned the whole motor-boat world topsy-turvy."

Since then it has become a matter of common knowledge that Sea Sleds can go swiftly over water so rough that nothing of the same speed or size can safely follow. Shallow-draft critics have attempted to discount this with the comment, "But who wants to go there anyhow?" completely overlooking the fact that you don't go hunting rough water, it *comes* to you when you are not looking for it.

Year following year a splendid reputation for seaworthy performance has been built up by Sea Sleds, and the records have more than justified Commodore Greening's words.

When the submarine S-51 sank off shore in 130 feet of water and the newspapers demanded a despatch boat to make the run way out past Block Island, the only craft that could meet the speed *and the seas* was a Sea Sled.

When aeroplane rescue work required the ablest fast craft afloat—again it was a job which called for Sea Sleds.

When a big New York newspaper wanted to duck the traffic and get papers to the Polo Grounds at speed, after exhaustively examining all forms of possible transportation, it shot its sporting editions up through Hell Gate at 35 miles an hour in a Sea Sled.

When outboard enthusiasts staged the spectacular long distance ocean sweepstakes of this year, the rough water winners were Sea Sleds.

The very name "Sea Sled" has been built into our dialect. Newspapers no longer even capitalize it. So in the public mind "Sea Sled" has come to mean a specialized type of marine runabout showing an exhilarating and practical turn for speed, coupled with the highest factor of safety and the greatest luxury of comfort ever achieved in the boating world.

TAHITI'S BIG CATCH

The outboard flock of Sea Sleds are rapidly acquiring class as "the dealers' delight". A new owner brags about his able little outfit and along come his friends to visit the dealer. The first Sea Sled speedily becomes the flagship of a fleet. There is hardly anything these mahogany, bronze-bound craft won't do.

Drop around at the boat show. You'll find a whole new set-up that "BEATS ALL YOUR GOIN' FISHIN'."

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water

SEA SLED
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

Exclusive uses

Commuting marine motor
Class racer for youngsters
Fast marine runabout for women
Day Cruiser for family
Tender for racing yachts
Harbor tender for sea-going yachts

Just a suggestion to Santa Claus

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

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Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

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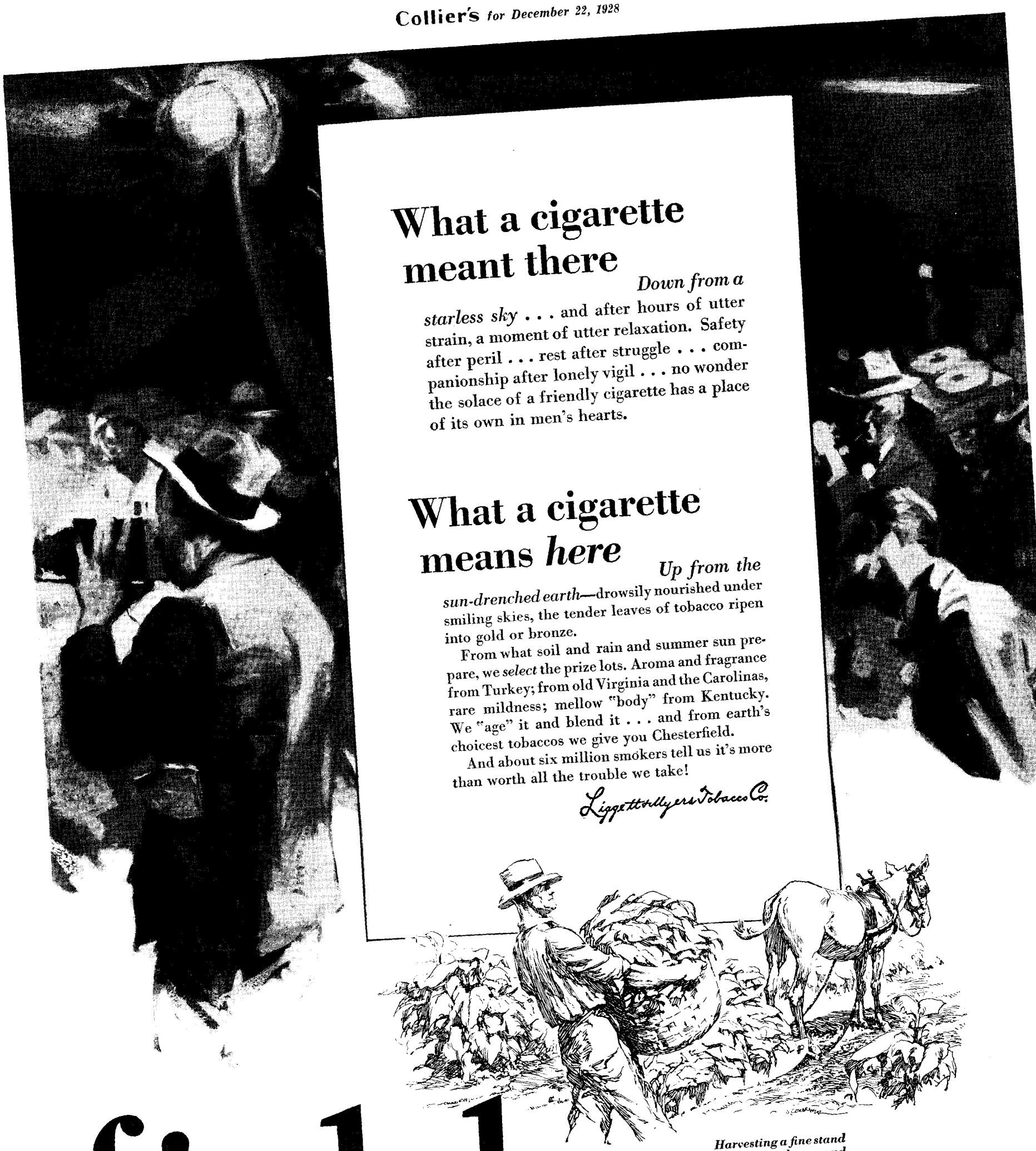

What a cigarette meant there

Down from a starless sky . . . and after hours of utter strain, a moment of utter relaxation. Safety after peril . . . rest after struggle . . . companionship after lonely vigil . . . no wonder the solace of a friendly cigarette has a place of its own in men's hearts.

What a cigarette means *here*

Up from the sun-drenched earth—drowsily nourished under smiling skies, the tender leaves of tobacco ripen into gold or bronze.

From what soil and rain and summer sun prepare, we *select* the prize lots. Aroma and fragrance from Turkey; from old Virginia and the Carolinas, rare mildness; mellow "body" from Kentucky. We "age" it and blend it . . . and from earth's choicest tobaccos we give you Chesterfield.

And about six million smokers tell us it's more than worth all the trouble we take!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Harvesting a fine stand of "bright" tobacco and hauling by sledge to the curing barn.

field

.... *and yet* THEY SATISFY

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The Infant Turrible

Continued from page 9

in his tracks. "Say!" he exclaimed. "That's a great idea. And that car up the street, outside the speakeasy—I know that car's for hire because I've hired it before. Come on."

The car wasn't exactly outside the speakeasy, but twenty feet or so farther down the street. And the speakeasy wasn't labeled as such, but bore the sign "Joe's Elite Billiard Academy." Inside the piano was playing.

"She's a pretty good car," said Slim, examining the tires and the gasoline gauge. "Look—there's even spare gas and oil and water in these tanks on the running board." For some reason, and just a little furtively, Buddy thought, he opened the door, pushed down the starter with his hand, and left the motor idling.

"Get in the back seat and wait for me," he said. "I'll be out in half a jiffy, so don't close the door." Then, pulling down his cap and thrusting his right hand into the breast pocket of his coat, he strolled into the billiard academy. Suddenly the music stopped. The silence was oppressive. Somehow it made the sunlight uncomfortable.

BUDDY looked over his shoulder toward the speakeasy, and as he did so, Slim emerged. Slowly he came—crouching, backing out of the door—and he had a pistol in his hand. The pistol he swayed slowly. In a low, rasping voice he seemed to be warning somebody inside to stay there. Suddenly he fired a shot, turned, and sprang into the car. "Lay down!" he shouted to Buddy as they tore up the street. "Duck!"

But Buddy didn't duck—he was too busy enjoying himself. Through the dust cloud behind them he saw the speakeasy literally belching men—men who waved their arms and shouted and shook their fists. Then a fat man in an apron came running out and fired six shots in their general direction. Buddy laughed aloud.

In almost no time the town was behind them, but Slim didn't slacken speed.

"What happened?" asked Buddy, between bounces.

Slim bristled with righteous indignation. "They tried to hold me up," he said. "The whole gang of 'em started for me, and if I hadn't had a gun they'd have taken me for the works."

"Gee!" said Buddy. "That's a tough town, all right. How much money have you got with you?"

"Oh, I dunno exactly. Reach into my coat pocket here and count it—I'll slow down a little."

Buddy fished out a crumpled wad of green and yellow backs. "That's a funny way to carry money," he remarked. "Let's see, now—" And he counted seventeen hundred and twenty dollars.

"Now reach around to the other side," invited Slim. Buddy did so, and counted twelve hundred dollars more.

"We'll have to wait till we stop before we see how much I got in my pants pockets—and I don't dare to stop yet. Them crooks is likely to follow us."

Once or twice they stuck in the sand, but in the main the going was good. Toward nightfall they reached the foothills, and Slim stopped the car at the base of a jutting rock. "We'll leave this wagon here," he said. "And you and I'll camp a ways up in that canyon. Them hold-ups just might be on our trail, and we don't want to be taken by surprise."

It was dusk now, and cool—yes, cold. Buddy was glad when they reached the canyon, and Slim had built a sagebrush fire in a fissure that was almost a cave.

They had toasted sandwiches for supper, and afterward they rolled up beside the fire in the blankets they had found in the car and Buddy told Slim of the banks he had robbed, the cattle he had rustled and the sheriffs he had slaughtered. Slim lay in spellbound silence as one harrowing tale followed another, but suddenly Buddy noticed that he was sound asleep. This was embarrassing, so he turned to Snifty and was about to continue when he saw that the dog too was deep in slumber.

"Shucks!" said Buddy. "This is a fine crowd of gentlemen adventurers!" and, ruminating on the discourtesy of the company, he went to sleep himself.

He was awakened by Slim's cheery "Good morning, Buddy!" and sat up to find it broad daylight.

"Good morning," he said, crawling out of his blanket and stretching himself. "Say, did you hear the wolves last night?"

"No, Buddy—I didn't hear a thing, Buddy," said Slim. "Not a single thing—*Buddy!*"

"*Buddy!*" Instinctively Buddy La Farge put his hand to his head. The black wig was gone—had come off in his sleep!

Slim, watching his discomfiture, rolled on the ground in laughter. "Buddy La Farge!" he shouted. "Buddy La Farge, Bad Man of the Wild West! Well, well, I'm pleased to meet you, Buddy! And Snifty, the Million-Dollar Movie Pup—all painted up to look like a merry-go-round horse! Well, I'll be darned!"

"Aw, shut up!" snapped Buddy. "You're not so darn smart after all. If my disguise hadn't fell off, you never would 'a' known who I was."

"I KNEW you the minute I seen you, wig and all! What do you s'pose I let you come along for? But what's the use of gettin' sore, Buddy? C'mon, sit down and have some breakfast."

"All right," said Buddy sourly. "I s'pose I might as well. Afterward I guess you'll take me right back to Pop so's you can get your picture in the papers, huh?"

"Nope." Slim shook his head. "I won't take you back—not yet a while! The longer you're lost the worrieder they'll get and the heavier reward they'll pay."

"The heavier reward *I'll* pay, you mean!" Buddy corrected him. "Gee, I hadn't thought of that! Any reward my pop offers will be my own money. He hasn't got a nickel of his own."

"I don't care whose money it is, just so's I get it."

"Well, *I* do!" said Buddy, rising to his feet and advancing in wrath. "One reason I ran away was because I got sick of working for money I never got no fun out of. And now I'm not goin' to let Pop use my own money to spoil my fun with."

"Just how you goin' to stop him?"

"By goin' back by myself and not letting you or anybody get a reward."

Slim shook his head. "Sorry," he said, stretching lazily on his blanket and producing the makings. "But you just can't go back until I take you."

"Hell I can't!" screamed Buddy, doubling up his fists. "*Sick him, Snifty!*"

It all happened too quickly for Slim. The bull terrier was standing on his chest with his ample jaws gripping him gently, but not too gently, by the throat.

"Now, you nasty mean old sneak, the table is turned!" announced Buddy. "Don't you move, or Snifty will just shut his mouth and your foul corkuss will lie in an unmarked grave. Hold him, Snifty!"

The dog's teeth clamped a little tighter as Buddy reached under Slim's coat and extracted the .45 from the shoulder holster. Leveling the gun, he backed away.

"Let him up, Snifty!"

Slim put his hand to his throat, and swallowed experimentally. "Gosh," he said. "You hadn't oughter sicked him onto me, Buddy. And go easy with that gun—say, hey, don't try to cock it!"

He sprang toward Buddy just as the gun went off. The bullet plowed into the sand at his feet. He halted as though he had four-wheel brakes.

"Varmint!" shouted Buddy. "Hands up! Next time I'll plug you plumb between the eyes!"

"Buddy, for the love of Pete—"

"Turn around," said Buddy, keeping him covered. "Lead the way to the car. Make a false move, and you'll bite the dust."

Slim expostulated, argued, pleaded, but he kept on walking. Once, when he stumbled, the gun went off almost in the small of his back, and he saw the bullet flatten against a rock in front of him. His knees grew weak, and he perspired freely.

"Listen," he said over his shoulder. "Don't make me drive you back to Niagara Falls, Buddy—please don't, Buddy. They'll get me sure."

"Get you; what for?"

"On account of the hold-up yesterday. You saw all that money I got."

"Money? Why, you don't mean to say you *stole* that money, do you?"

"Well, kind of."

Buddy was shocked, but the .45 never wavered. "Oh, you dishonest fibber, you!" he said. "In the first place, it's wrong to steal, and it's just as wrong to lie. You bet I'll make you go back to that town, and I'll make you give that man his money and tell him you're *sorry too.*"

"But, Buddy—"

"Shut up! I don't want to talk to no fibbers."

"Yes, but, Buddy—"

Bang!

This time the bullet zipped through the skirt of his coat.

It was a very pale and excessively nervous Slim who swung the car around and headed toward Niagara Falls. The gun muzzle seemed to be freezing a hole in the back of his neck.

The first house was a scant hundred yards off when Buddy made his decision.

"Stop!" he ordered. "Put your hands up while I get out. Watch him, Snifty!"

He stepped down to the road. "Lemme have all that money. Don't make any quick moves either. Now, then, turn the car around. There—whoa, stop."

He stood leveling the gun. "Well," he said, in a deep and savage tone, "I should wreck a hidjeous revenge on a foul betrayer, but this time I'll have mercy. If you cross my trail again, beware!"

The car leaped away. As Buddy stood looking after it, his eyes filled with tears. "So long, Slim," he whispered. Then, pulling himself together, he thrust the .45 into the waistband of his trousers, whistled to Snifty, and started down the street. Entering the speakeasy, he marched up to the bar and said:

"Good afternoon. I am Buddy La Farge, world-famous star of the silver screen. I was kidnaped by nine bandits, but I shot them all with my .45. Here's your money back. Send for the reporters."

NEXT morning there was a gala breakfast in the pale-pink mansion. The dining-room was jammed. Flashlights were exploding at half-minute intervals and news-reel cameras were taking a celluloid record of every royal mouthful.

Pop, Buddy was forced to admit, was a pretty good skate after all. It had been a lesson to him. But, just the same, the occasion demanded ice cream, and Buddy said so.

"Oh, no, not for breakfast, Buddy—you gotta watch your health after such an ordeal."

"But I want ice cream," said Buddy in a cold, level tone, and, glancing toward him, Mr. La Farge saw, peeping from under the napkin, the yawning blue muzzle of a .45.

"Oh, very well," he said. "Kanaya, send out for a brick of vanilla."

"No, a chocolate orange sundae with nuts and cherries and whipped cream on it," said Buddy. "And, say, get a couple of 'em. Are you tryin' to starve poor Snifty too?"

The beautiful . . . and damned

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What 3 Prominent Advertisers Told Their Retailers

TIDE WATER OIL—HAMILTON WATCH—and ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM—are among the leaders in business enterprise who use Collier's for advertising action—for a quick return on their advertising investments.

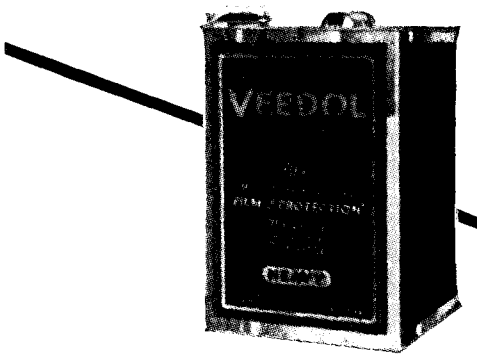
What they say about Collier's as a magazine—*and as a market*—is authoritative business information.

Their statements to salesmen and to dealers about the values they have found in Collier's—are typical of a great many similar endorsements that have come to us from advertisers in all fields.

And they tell the story of Collier's—for ACTION! *in terms of actual experience.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"WE believe that it is comparatively easy to sell the New Veedol to such a reading public as Collier's offers. The high quality of editorial content, and the high type of quality merchandise presented in the advertising pages offer impressive evidence that the readers

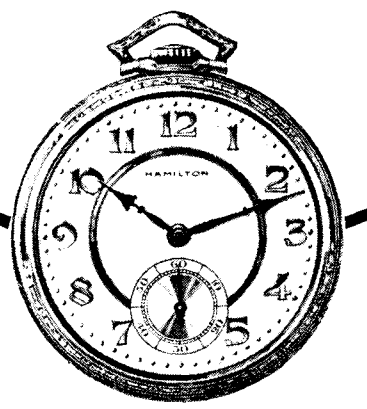


of Collier's *must* be wide-awake and intelligent people.

"We believe that this audience of more than 1,750,000 men and women are not only able to buy quality lubrication, but that they demand it as insistently as they demand the latest, smartest improvements in their home, business and social lives."

—TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION

"WE find in Collier's a magazine exceedingly helpful in reaching the American market for high grade watches. We believe in Collier's readers — in their open-mindedness — in their need for fine timepieces—*and in their ability to buy them.* In short, we regard the Collier's audience of more than 1,750,000 men and women as eager

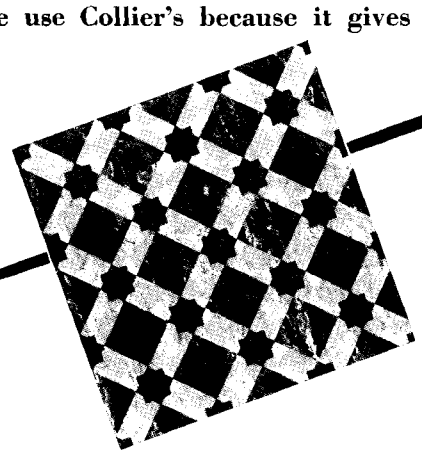


for the new in ideas — eager for those things which are the mark of people who set the pace."

— HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY

"WE have two markets—the residence market and the commercial market. Therefore we stress a two-fold requirement in our linoleum advertising — the need for reaching men in business and women in the home.

"We use Collier's because it gives us



double coverage—both men and women —an audience of well over 1,750,000 families. Furthermore our preferred position, added to Collier's naturally high advertising visibility, guarantees us a hearing from practically every Collier's reader."

— ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Collier's for Action!

now more than 1,750,000

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A Candidate for the Cloister

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR BORAH has got himself into the position of a man who has made a Frankenstein. Bill has made a President and now what is he going to do with him?

I don't recall the story of the scientifically made man who has come to be known popularly by the name of his maker well enough to remember whether he felt any gratitude to his maker or not. But Presidents, except possibly the docile McKinley, never feel gratitude to any one maker.

In the first place, Presidents generally feel that they have made themselves, and President-elect Hoover, with all due respects to Borah, Dr. Work, George Moses, Claudius Huston, Jim Good, Bascom Slemp, Bishop Cannon, Walter Brown and a legion of "Hoover Boys," has especially good reasons for thinking that he made himself.

Then, too, Presidents have to be secondarily grateful to a lot of people, and Bill Borah has nothing in common with any of the other secondary creators of the new President. As Mr. Hoover shows his appreciation to the other contributors to his election Bill Borah will inevitably be unhappy.

When Mr. Hoover was a candidate before the Kansas City convention, Mr. Borah found himself in entire and touching harmony on all questions with the candidate. Nothing like this had ever happened before. But Bill Borah always has a greater liking for Republican candidates for President than he has for Republican Presidents.

Some Notable Precedents

I began by asking what Bill Borah was going to do with his President now that he had made him. But the real question is what is he going to do with himself, for the President is amply able to take care of himself. A precedent was set by Theodore Roosevelt. He made Mr. Taft President and then got out to hunt in darkest Africa where he could hear neither the worst nor the best of his creation.

William Jennings Bryan set another precedent for makers of Presidents. He made Woodrow Wilson President and entered Mr. Wilson's Cabinet as Secretary of State. But his experience was not happier in Mr. Wilson's administration than was Theodore Roosevelt's in hunting lions in Africa. Mr. Roosevelt came back from self-imposed exile and turned his guns upon the man he made President, and Mr. Bryan quickly found it necessary to resign from the Cabinet and devote himself anew to his life work of destroying the party of the man he made President by preaching prohibition.

The belief prevails that the Idaho senator would like to be Secretary of State. But here one sees difficulties. The President-elect is committed to the Coolidge policies and that includes Mr. Coolidge's foreign policies. And if Mr. Borah differed from Mr. Coolidge at all it was precisely on his foreign policies.

Only One Place is Left

Moreover, foreign policies are the most unchanging thing a nation has. Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge did in Mexico and Nicaragua practically the same things that Mr. Wilson did in them. The European policies of Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge did not differ from the after-war policies of Mr. Wilson. So it is very likely that Mr. Hoover's policies will be Mr. Coolidge's policies—the very policies that Mr. Borah has criticized. Mr. Bryan's precedent therefore seems as impracticable as Roosevelt's.

But something must be done about Mr. Borah. In the Senate, after his efforts on the stump to elect Mr. Hoover, he would have to be the chief spokesman for the new administration. This would soon be an irksome task for the critic of all administrations. If he could not agree with the new administration on foreign policies as Secretary of State, he could not agree with it in the Senate on foreign policies as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Mr. Borah thus finds himself confronted with new difficulties as senator, for in making a President he has changed his rôle in public life and he cannot go back to his old one.

Nothing remains but the United States Supreme Court. This is a cloister. And when men had made the world impossible for them they used to retire to a cloister. Here men forswear politics. Here the Idaho senator, having made a President, would find happiness telling over the beads of the Federal Constitution. He loves to interpret the Constitution.

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 12

Tracy. "Her friends? She couldn't have told many of them that she was starving. As for her reputation, if I judge her right, she'd rather lose her reputation than her pride, if you get what I mean."

"I get it," said Blanchard. "But—your own reputation."

"Can take care of itself," said Tracy.

"Can it? Hasn't someone else a right to—er—demand that your reputation is good?"

"You mean Helen?" asked Tracy.

Blanchard laughed aloud.

"I've been wondering, my Bayard, my chivalrous knight-errant, when, anxious to do your devoir for a lady in distress, your quixotic mind would turn to thoughts of Helen Wilson. I hate to say it about my best pal's fiancée, but she'll raise hell when she hears of this, Larry."

"No," Tracy smiled cynically, "I don't think so. You see, Jimmy, she's going to marry Frank Burton. And—and—don't hand me any sympathy. I—I don't care a damn, Jimmy."

Blanchard looked at him. Then he turned into the library.

"Help me carry her upstairs," he said.

Tracy pushed past him.

"I can carry her myself," he said.

He picked up the girl and walked upstairs with her. He placed her in the center of his own huge bed.

"Call up my office and tell my secretary that I want her to get hold of Nurse Evans," said Blanchard.

Tracy picked up the telephone by the bed.

"No, telephone from downstairs," said the doctor.

"Why?" demanded Tracy.

"Because you're not a woman, and this girl must be undressed and put to bed, and a doctor can do what a layman cannot."

"Oh," said Tracy, retreating from the room.

Hogan was lingering in the hall when Tracy came downstairs. He eyed his master curiously.

"I could get my niece's daughter, Norah White, sir," he suggested.

Tracy stared at him.

"To look after the young lady, sir," explained Hogan.

"I'm going to get a nurse," said Tracy shortly.

"But a nurse won't take care of her clothing, sir," persisted the butler.

Tracy laughed. "Clothing? I don't think she needs a maid for that."

HE MOVED toward the closet under the stairs, but Hogan kept step with him.

"Then she'll need to send for some, sir, and maybe the nurse can't leave her."

"While she's in bed," said Tracy, "what will she need?"

"Nightgowns, sir, and powder and rouge and toilet articles—"

Tracy laughed. "Hogan, what do you know of these matters? Have you, all these years, been leading a double life? No, you can't have been. Or else you'd know the girls wear pajamas now."

"I think it would be—nice, sir, if the young lady woke up to find that—well, all the things a lady ought to have she has."

"You're perfectly right, Hogan," said Tracy. "Send for Norah."

"I have, sir," said Hogan.

Tracy grinned as he entered the closet. Why did he ever bother to debate matters with his butler? Hogan always won all arguments, and frequently by the simple expedient—as now—of doing in advance what he later asked permission to do.

He got Blanchard's secretary on the wire and transmitted to her the physician's order. Then he sat down in the library to await Blanchard's descent from the upper floor.

It was not long delayed. In a few minutes he heard the doctor's footsteps on the stairs and advanced to meet him.

"Get my office?" he asked.

Tracy nodded.

"How is she?" he asked.

Blanchard shrugged. "She's asleep this minute, but—a doctor can often tell what physical reactions will be, my lad, but—mental?" He shrugged again. "That's another matter."

"You mean that her mind—"

"Certainly not. Not in the usual sense, that is. But a terrific depression sometimes follows long-sustained suffering, and—I know she can rally from the effects of starvation, but whether or not she can quickly recover from the effects of other matters—bruised pride, humiliation—I am afraid you've a long-staying visitor, Larry-my-lad."

He entered the library and sat down.

"Got a minute to spare before I dash over to my next patient," he said. "Tell me about it."

TRACY told him. Blanchard heard him through without interruption. Then he asked a question:

"Didn't try to pick you up, did she?"

Tracy grimaced with disgust. "Lord no. She's not that kind."

"I wouldn't think so," agreed Blanchard. "Pretty little trick. Might be more than that with a few square meals in her tummy. But say, young feller, what were you doing sitting on a bench by the Park?"

Tracy crimsoned. "Not lying in wait for any defenseless girl, Jimmy."

"Nobody said you were," retorted Blanchard. "But—you say—stop me if I hurt—that you and Helen—"

"It hurts," said Tracy.

"Sorry," said Blanchard. He hesitated a moment. "Well, there's a remedy upstairs for a bruised heart."

"I don't get you," said Tracy stiffly.

"Oh, yes, you do," said the doctor.

"Then I prefer not to understand you," said Tracy.

Blanchard laughed. "Which is a highly commendable attitude, my boy, only—take the tip."

"What do you mean?" demanded Tracy.

"Mean? Nothing original, old top. But many a heart—on the rebound—"

"Don't be an ass," said Tracy.

"I'm asking you not to be one. You've got off to a good start, you know."

"You mean that I should have—let her starve?"

"I mean that you'll be hungry for—affection, and—don't let her feed you in return for what you did for her."

"I'd hardly bring a presumptive mistress to my own home," said Tracy.

"What a long tail our cat has," chuckled Blanchard. "Well, forgive your medical man for usurping the privileges of your spiritual adviser—you have a spiritual adviser, haven't you, old man?"

"Go to hell," said Tracy.

"I just about am," replied Blanchard. "I'm calling on Mrs. Salborn, and she makes each professional call an excuse to talk prohibition and kindred evils—say, look in on the young lady occasionally until Miss Evans arrives, will you?"

"And if she needs anything—"

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"Don't give it to her. Beyond a glass of water. But I think she'll stay asleep, for a few hours. I'll be around first thing in the morning, unless Miss Evans sends for me before then. So long, my rescuer of damsels in distress."

He was out of the house before Tracy could think of any suitably crushing retort. He sat down and smoked a cigarette. It was obvious that Blanchard thought he had done a—well, a foolish thing. Bringing a strange woman into a bachelor home—well, it wasn't done, Tracy conceded to himself.

Then, defending himself, he grew indignant at the social order. Why shouldn't it be done? Damn the foul-minded people who could only put their own filthy constructions on every decently impulsive action.

Then he smiled at himself. He was angry before accusation had even been whispered. Time enough to wax eloquent when offense had been given him. Meanwhile, Dr. Blanchard had told him to look in upon his guest and see that she was all right.

He went quietly upstairs and found Hogan in the upper hall.

"I thought," said the butler, "while I was waiting for Norah, maybe the lady might call."

"Right," said his master. "I'll look in on her."

He opened the door and peered into the room. There, apparently asleep, in the middle of his wide bed, lay his guest.

Upon a chair, where Blanchard had hastily thrown them, were the clothes of the girl. Tracy, advancing into the room, noted the shiny, worn fabric of her suit. Then, glancing down, he saw the cracked shoes with their twisted, run-down heels. Nor could he avoid noting the innumerable darned places in the stockings. A pair of bloomers and a silken garment that he denominated, with masculine clumsiness of expression, a shirt, were also patched.

With an impulsive movement he gathered up all. He would put them away, where no one could see them. . . . He had reached the door when a voice stopped him.

"What," it demanded, "are you doing with my clothing?"

He turned guiltily.

"Go to sleep," he said. "Dr. Blanchard—"

"Is that his name? And yours is Tracy, Larry Tracy?"

"Yes," he said.

"Mine's Carroll," she said. "Joyce Carroll. You—you could have found it by looking in my handbag."

"I'd hardly do that," he said stiffly.

"YOU almost convince me you are a gentleman," she said. "Of course—you can't be—there isn't such a thing, but—what are you doing with my clothes?"

"I—er—thought that—"

"You didn't want anyone to know how low I'd fallen."

"What's low about being poor?" he demanded.

"You don't know," she replied. "No one does—until they've tried it."

"Well," he said clumsily, "you're all right now—"

"I was hungry and ye fed me; I was shelterless and ye housed me; now I'm naked, and—"

"You mustn't talk," he interrupted.

She ignored him.

"I might as well face facts. Too proud to confess to the world that I'm a pauper, it salves my pride to confess it to an individual, to accept from him a charity that I'm not decent enough to accept from some organization."

"Don't talk about charity," he said. "You—you'll get on your feet, repay me—"

"How?" she asked. "There's only one way that girls in my position can repay men in yours—and—"

"You almost make me sorry that I helped you," he interrupted.

He turned his back on her and walked swiftly from the room, closing the door gently. In that guest-room which he decided to occupy himself he placed her pathetic garments, stuffing them into an empty dresser drawer. Tomorrow he'd send Hogan's niece—no, he'd go himself to a department store. . . . Well, there was no hurry. . . . Poor, brave—*lovely* girl.

Hogan knocked on the door.

"The nurse has arrived, sir," he said. "And my niece has come, too. They're both with the young lady now."

"Very good," said Tracy. "I—I'll sleep here tonight, Hogan. Your niece can bring some things here from my room."

"Yes, sir," said Hogan. He hesitated. "You'll be dressing soon, sir?"

Tracy shook his head.

"I won't bother tonight, Hogan."

"But Miss Wilson and her mother, sir," Tracy reminded him. "You were having them here, early, because you were going on to the theater—"

"Oh," said Tracy blankly. In the great catastrophe that the breaking of his engagement had been, minor details of the cataclysm had been forgotten.

"The ladies won't be here, Hogan."

"Very well, sir," said Hogan. "I'll reset the table, sir."

"Er—Miss Wilson and her mother—they won't ever be here again, Hogan," said Tracy.

BETWEEN these two, servant and master, existed something more than the paying and receiving of wages. Before Tracy was born Hogan had been a devoted follower of the Tracy fortunes. A real affection existed between them, the more binding because they rarely stepped out of their respective positions.

But now Hogan did.

"Perhaps, sir," and he jerked a thumb toward the room from which Tracy had been ousted, "it's as well just now."

He permitted himself the luxury of a smile. Tracy, who had not felt like smiling since he had received his congé from Helen, felt his lips quiver slightly. God knows he had adored Helen, but—Blanchard had been right. Helen would have found this affair not too easy to understand. Then his mouth hardened. It was easy to understand *her*, he inwardly sneered.

Hogan, having ventured momentarily over that line into territory wherein he rarely trespassed, sped back to safety.

"Do you wish anything now, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Tracy. Hogan left the room, and Tracy, descending to the library, was deep in the sporting columns of the evening papers when he heard the front door-bell ring.

It rang again, insistently, and Tracy, with an exclamation of irritation, rose to answer it. Hogan was getting old and deaf, and unless he happened to be right in the hall visitors might stand several minutes on the steps outside. Probably, though, he was helping Norah transfer his master's clothing to the guest-room.

He walked into the hall and opened the door. An alert, pleasant-faced youth greeted him.

"Mr. Laurence Tracy?"

"Yes," admitted the owner of the name.

"I'm from the Argus. Mrs. Genevieve Wilson has sent a notice to our paper that the engagement between her daughter and yourself has been mutually dissolved. The Argus would like a statement from you."

"I have nothing to say," said Tracy.

He gently but firmly closed the door.

(*To be continued next week*)

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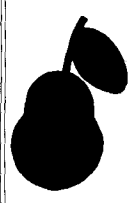
When Shadows Call

HAVE you a moment or two? It takes no longer to acquire a certain skill as a Colliergrapher—although you may well devote evening after evening to the sport once you've caught on to the knack of it. All the details are below, including cheering word of how the little black jiggers may earn you $5.



Leo D. Keller, 17 Maryland St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jos. R. Park, Jr., 1334 Medary Ave., Oak Lane, Pa.

Elizabeth Main, 538 Cedar Lane, Swarthmore, Pa.

Miss Grace Howard, 9114 Eighty-seventh St., Woodhaven, Long Island, N. Y.

LeRoy J. Mahan, 624 Willow St., Port Townsend, Wash.

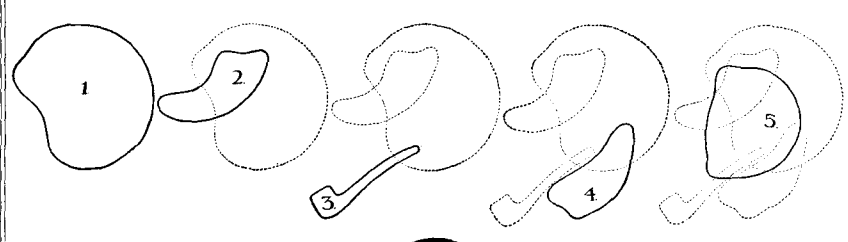
Neal Crumb, 1925 Cumberland St., Rockford, Ill.

W. C. Wheeler, Chappaqua, N. Y.

"Napoleon," by J. A. Mebaugh, 7219 Hilldale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Gordon Carmichael, 9 Kew Beach Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Harry Mikami, Box 148, Anchorage, Alaska.

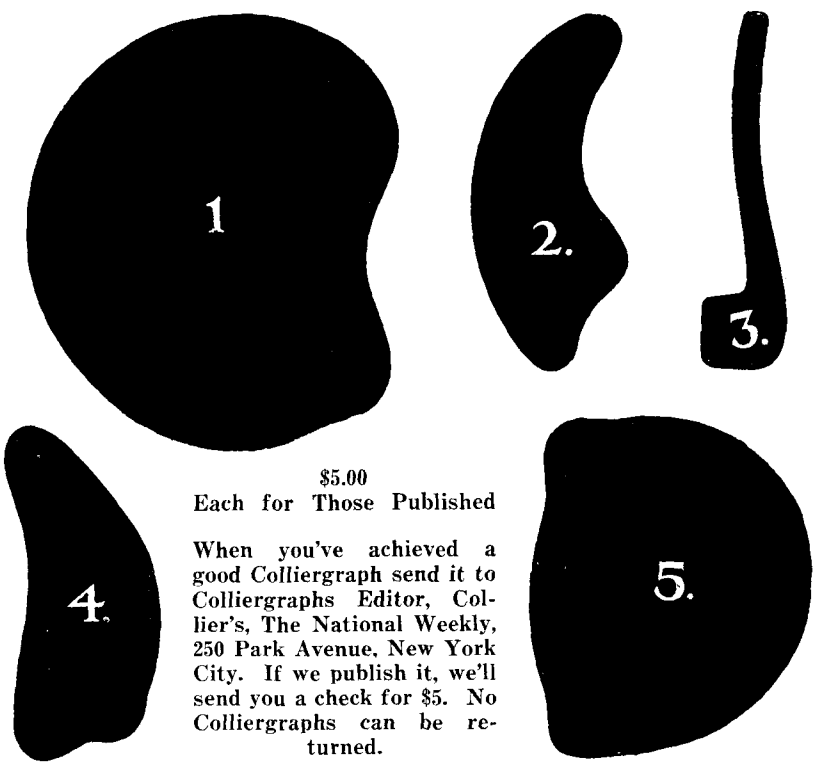


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard, separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



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The Kid's Clever

Continued from page 28

Bryan came back a while later, sad and depressed.

"What happened?" I inquired.

"I showed this to the Cadillac man," explained Vincent. "He laughed over it—thought it awfully funny, but I guess I wrote that lyric a little too late."

"What do you mean?"

"The Cadillac man said that earlier his company might have agreed to giving us each a car for this song. It would have boosted their car in a great way. But—well, the Oldsmobile Company, only a few days ago, purchased the Cadillac Company and so this song is dead before it really began to live."

Will Cobb and I wrote some hits through 1904 and into 1905 and all the while I was urging upon him to join me in partnership in a music publishing business. I pointed out that the publisher got the big money, whereas the writers got only a pittance in the way of royalty. But Cobb opposed the idea.

"It's too dangerous—too much of a gamble," he answered. "Going along as it is now, we can't lose. If a song is a fizzle, we are out just our efforts—the publisher loses the money. If it's a hit, we cut in on the profits. If we publish on our own, we're liable to go bust any time we have a failure. And, anyway, we haven't any capital."

Enters the Publishing Business

But I finally went into the music publishing business due to the generosity of Lillian Russell.

One day in 1905 I received a note from Miss Russell, who just then was preparing to go on a vaudeville tour.

"I would like you to write some songs for me," she said when I arrived.

"Have you any ideas for those songs?"

"No; I shall leave that all to you; I feel that without suggestions you can write songs suited to me and to my voice."

As I was about to leave Miss Russell's apartment I asked her if there was any special publishing house she wanted to favor when I had completed the songs. In those days folks, or theatrical organizations, for whom special music was written, generally specified the publisher.

"I have no preference," she said. And then as an afterthought: "Why don't you publish them yourself?"

"The publishing business is a big gamble," I answered, quoting Cobb, "and, furthermore, I am short of capital."

"I'm a believer in a young man going into business for himself," was the answer. Miss Russell went over to a desk. She wrote a check and handed it to me—a check for $2,500.

"Here is advance payment for the songs I want you to write for me," she said graciously. "I want you to take that, add whatever capital you have and go into the publishing business—now. You can get your publishing start with the songs you write for me. If things go a bit bad for a while you can always count on my help."

Off I went, the happiest kid in New York, and within 24 hours I had rented an office, bought furniture and was printing circulars telling all of a new music publishing house on West 28th Street known as "Cobb & Edwards, Songsmiths." The company had good luck and bad luck, fair weather and foul weather, but just the same it went along merrily on its way for several years and then when Cobb wanted to withdraw I bought him out and the organization endured for more years as the "Gus Edwards Music Publishing Co."

Just as soon as I got the furniture straightened around, Cobb and I got busy on the first of the songs for Lillian Russell. It was the first I ever put out as a publisher and it went over BIG. The song sold up to about 150,000 copies and was called "If a Boy Like You Loved a Girl Like Me."

Having finished that song, Cobb and I also wrote for Miss Russell "Somebody's Sweetheart I Want to Be," which she put over with a bang on her tour.

Having heard that I was publishing for myself, Vincent Bryan looked me up during the first week I was in business and submitted a lyric. I put music to it, turned that over to Lillian Russell, and, like the other two songs, she sang them into hits.

That song was "Napoli."

Three songs—each a hit—so much was my starting record as a publisher. But it wasn't always like that, otherwise I'd be sneering at the Fords, the Rockefellers and the Mellons.

Cobb and I wrote "Good-by, Dinah" after we wrote the school song—and that went over rather well. We tried several others but they weren't so good. Then we stumbled onto another hit when we wrote "Sunbonnet Sue," which I always have felt is a song that Cobb secretly dedicated to the constable's little daughter who was his inspiration for "School Days."

One day a chap named Smith brought in a lyric. He handed it over in a manner that really was apologetic—almost to the point of bashfulness. I scanned it, found it had a beautiful swing, spent an hour one day, an hour the next, fitting music to it and the result was another hit: "All That I Want in This Wide, Wide World is You."

Late in 1908 Eddie Madden walked into my office and laid a few sheets of paper on my desk.

"When you've got time, try out this one."

I didn't find time for a week. Then I remembered the lyric. Looking for it, I couldn't find it. I searched all over, but found no trace of it. In despair I got hold of Eddie and explained the situation. I asked him if he had a copy he could send to me. He had none. I asked Eddie if he could remember what he wrote and send the new copy to me.

The Lost Lyric

"Let's forget about it; probably wasn't much good anyway," consoled Eddie. "Anyway I'm busy on something else. This one ought to be a real hit."

Eddie came along with the "something else" a while later. I composed music for it, published it—and the song was a "flop."

Weeks elapsed, and then one day I found the lost lyric. It had been placed between the pages of a book. I telephoned the news to Eddie. But he wasn't cheered.

"It's no good," he said. "The one I wrote that flopped was much better. If that one flopped the one you've got in your hands is sure to flop. Forget it."

But I didn't. I sat down at the piano and began picking out notes to fit Eddie Madden's lyric. The result was a song, the chorus of which went this way:

By the light of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon.
To my honey I'll croon love's tune.
Honeymoon, keep a-shining in June,
Your silvery beams

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Will bring love dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon,
By the silvery moon.

It was a hit—and what a hit! Folks still hum it, still sing it, and copies of it are still selling although 20 years have passed since it was published.

Eddie Madden dropped around again—with another lyric. I put it to music and played and sang it to a crowd that came to my publishing house to practice on my pianos, as I had practiced on publishing house pianos in my kid years.

"It's great," was the verdict.

Caruso Draws Front Cover

I was about to turn it over for publishing when a thought came to me:

"Maybe Caruso would object to this song because it burlesques him."

I felt the song was a sure-fire hit, yet I didn't want to risk hurting Caruso's feelings. There was only one way out of the dilemma. I went to see Caruso at his hotel. I explained about the song.

"Play it, and sing it," he requested.

I sat at his piano, played the song, and sang it, and when I had finished, I turned around to Caruso and looked at him inquiringly.

"Is the song printed yet?" he asked.

"No."

"Then I cannot let you publish it," he said, with seeming severity. Caruso paused at my look of disappointment—paused—and added, "Unless—"

I looked at him quizzically. I knew he had a great sense of humor, a love for practical jokes, but he didn't look "jokey."

"Unless," continued Caruso, "you permit me to draw for you my picture to go on the front cover."

And that's exactly what he did!

Within 15 minutes he had drawn a cartoon of himself, for Caruso was more than an amateur in his drawings. It was a cartoon that showed him as a rather grotesque figure wearing his Pagliacci costume. That drawing, of course, went on the front cover and its presence there helped immensely in making a real success of "My Cousin Caruso." It was sung for the first time by Charlie Bigelow in "Miss Innocence," which starred Anna Held. And no one got a greater "kick" out of that song than Caruso.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Bathing Beauty

Continued from page 33

mysteriously as Grace, Yellis stepped forward, his tall figure filling the doorway.

"I can swear to that," said Yellis. There was on his broad face a strange expression—was he amused? He gazed about the close-pressed circle; he looked at Allen and his sister and the young officers. He looked everywhere but at the body on the floor. "I saw it would certainly rain, and I came down from the tower at three o'clock. I stood and listened to her."

"What did I tell you?" shouted Milt.

"I was glad," said Yellis slowly, "that Allen was far away."

"Far away!" mocked Milt.

"Far away," repeated Yellis. "Before noon he came up over the hill in his car."

"In his car!" sneered Milt.

"In his car," said Yellis. "He got out and lay down by the track as if he were sick or tired; then he went on, down to Shippensburg. I watched him through my glass. Just before three o'clock I saw him on the Walnut Bottom road. No power on earth could 'a' got him here by four. You say, Milt, you found her dead at four?"

"You watched him on the Walnut Bottom road!" roared Milt with a mighty laugh. "That's a good one. With a thousand cars on the Walnut Bottom road you could pick him out!"

Others laughed also, and Yellis waited till all the laughter had died away. In it was blood thirst such as is felt not by individuals but by a pack, each lending the other courage. In the silence courage departed; eyes looked into the dark shadow behind the stove.

"You go look at the top of Allen's car," said Yellis quietly. "Think how I could see that through my glass!"

Again there was silence, then a murmur of speech. The huge red-clad girl, so conspicuous and so brilliant, was the envy of all who owned cars.

"You think they'll take your word?" shouted Milton Hough.

"My word and other people's," answered Yellis pleasantly. "I'll bet fifty can be found to swear they saw that bathing beauty beaching like a whale on the Walnut Bottom road." He ceased to look at Milton Hough and turned to the young officers. "One of you had better go and look at her," said he. "I heard a car. I notified the coroner."

One of the officers stepped from Allen's side and out into the brightly lighted space before the door where stood Allen's little car. Allen could see him mount the running board and look down upon the roof. He took a flashlight from his pocket, but it seemed to require a long time for him to adjust it. The sound of the approaching car grew louder. The persons in the house and round the doorway went out as though to help the officer to see. The approaching car arrived, drew up, and came to a stop. There was motion among the onlookers as though its passengers were creatures to be feared. With one accord they fled, vanishing into the darkness like rabbits into their burrows.

"Hold on, Milt!" called Yellis. "You're a witness." The officer stepped down from the running board.

"Come back, Hough!" he roared furiously.

The officer stepped into the room. He looked at Allen kindly, his face flushed.

"It's the coroner and a doctor," he said. "You'd better sit down." He spoke to Grace without looking at her, and pushed up two chairs. He turned them a little toward each other so that the occupants should not look toward the back of the room. "You'd better sit down too, miss."

ALLEN stood staring, holding to his sister's hand.

"The rain," he said hoarsely.

Grace put her arm around him. Her composure had broken at last; tears rolled down her cheeks. "The rain won't hurt you, Allen."

"I guess he means is the lady washed off?" said Yellis grimly.

"She's there," answered the young officer loudly. He advised Allen once more to sit down. "You're all right." A hysterical note sounded in his voice. "You'll be free in a minute. You've got a good alibi. You varnished her, didn't you?"

Allen sat down, smiling faintly. Then he ceased to smile; he lifted his hand and pressed it to his lips. Men were entering the room, strangers, tall, alert, with an important air.

"Yes," said he, pressing his lips with all his strength. "I varnished her good."

Take your first bite. Isn't the crust short and tender? And the rich, luscious mince meat—Heinz Mince Meat—tasting of juicy apples and plump raisins and currants. . . of tender little morsels of meat—of candied citron and lemon peel. What a pie—every delicious, fruity bite of it!

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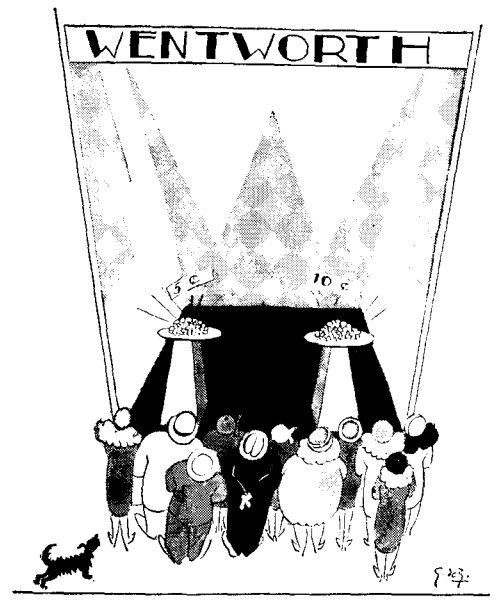
Synthetic Diamonds

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service



THOSE who have been buying diamonds as an investment for the future must get nervous whenever they catch sight of the word "synthetic" in the newspaper, for they may well fear that any day some chemist will find a way to crystalize carbon and then their gems will fall to the price of coal plus the cost of the process.

But so far they are safe. Thirty-five years ago Professor Henri Moissan of Paris thought he had succeeded in making diamonds by the quick cooling of cast iron heated to the melting point. After dissolving the iron away with acids, he had left a few minute crystals, one of them even as large as one of the periods on this page, and these he took to be diamonds. But Sir Charles Parsons, the inventor of the turbine engine, repeated these experiments in 1918 and came to the conclusion that Moissan was mistaken.

This did not settle the matter, for Moissan was a famous experimenter, a pioneer in electrical furnace work, and other chemists reported the production of microscopic diamonds by similar methods. So now Sir Charles Parsons has repeated these experiments with the aid of H. M. Duncan, and again announces that diamonds cannot be made in this way. He thinks that the crystals which Moissan found were spinel, a mineral of magnesia and alumina coming from impurities in the iron.

This throws open the question, with fame or fortune as the reward to the first chemist who can make synthetic diamonds. I say "fame *or* fortune," not both, for he will get the fame if he publishes his process but he can only get the fortune if he keeps it secret and markets homemade diamonds of small size and in small amounts.

Diamonds would at once go out of fashion if they could be made cheaply. As it is so many of them are being dug up that the price can only be kept up by strict restriction of output by the owners of diamond mines.

We know now that diamonds can be made from common black carbon. Since nature has done it, the chemist some day will. It seems simple enough, for anybody can carry the reaction in the other direction. Heat a diamond in the absence of air and it will be converted into charcoal. Heat it under high pressure and it will be converted into crystals of graphite, such as is used for lubricating and "lead" pencils. But the other crystalline form of carbon, the clear, transparent and almost colorless diamond, cannot be made; anyhow it has not been made. To get a substance into crystalline shape it has to be dissolved or melted to get it into a liquid form. But carbon can neither be dissolved nor melted.

The structure of the diamond is now known. It has recently been revealed by the X-ray. It owes its incomparable hardness to the arrangements of its atoms. Every carbon atom is bound to four others at equal distances from one another and standing at the same angle to one another. Each may be regarded as the center of a regular four-cornered pyramid with like atoms at each of the corners, a perfectly balanced and most stable combination. In changing over to the graphite form the carbon atoms come closer in a six-sided ring, but with more space between hexagonal layers.

This layer arrangement is what makes graphite so slippery. If the chemist could only discover how to rearrange the carbon atoms he might make diamonds of any desired size. Then anybody could afford to wear a Kohinoor or Cullinan—and then nobody would want to.

Union is Strength

"It is not good for man to be alone." The Biblical maxim applies as well to starfishes, flatworms and microscopic animalcules. All manner of little creatures have been experimented with by Bohn of Paris and Allee of Chicago, and they have found that it is true generally, if not universally, that a group of the animals resists injurious influences better than the same number of isolated individuals. The marine animals stand starvation, heat or drying longer if kept together. Transferring them from sea water to tap water in mass they live longer than if isolated.

For instance in one experiment Professor Bohn set two watch glasses on the table, both filled with the same water, a mixture of three-fourths fresh and one-fourth salt. In one of the glasses he put a few small sea worms. In the other he put ten times as many. In the former, where the animals were fewer, they all died in a few hours. In the second, where there were more, they survived several days.

All such aquatic animals are poisoned by silver in a finely divided state suspended in water. But the more there are of them in the dish the larger dose they can stand. The cause of this mutual protection is still in dispute. Perhaps the poison is absorbed by the mass of the many present. Perhaps the creatures secrete some substance that serves to neutralize or annul the injurious influence.

A curious thing recently discovered by Professor Allee is that the same protection may be afforded by the presence of other kinds of small animals or even by pond mosses.

So the beginnings of a social life are discernible even in such primitive beings.

Foresters have found that pine trees planted as close as five feet apart grow up into tall, straight-grained and useful timber. But isolated trees grow crooked, cross-grained, gnarled and knotted. Same with humans.

Hole in One!

Continued from page 18

"I will be glad to," answered Willy.

Thus at dinner he met and sat beside that truly lovely creature, Amelia Cravath, one of the town's real pippins, creamy in her complexion and rich in her own right, besides being the only daughter of a fond parent.

"And this," she cried, spearing an olive with perfect Vassar elegance and gazing upon Willy, "is the famous Wilberforce Gander! Why is it that I have never met you before?"

Willy cleared his throat and tried to think of a good answer. He failed. He was about to remark that Amelia could easily have met him any time by simply walking into the fruit-packing plant, but he forbore, remembering that you could hardly expect a lovely girl, just home from finishing, to stroll into a tin shed where rough fellows were chewing tobacco and looking at the Police Gazette.

"It must be simply wonderful," cooed Amelia, glancing at Willy with her eager blue eyes, "to have everyone talking about one!"

"Yeh," agreed Willy.

"Think what you have done for Cinzano, Mr. Gander—or may I be so bold as to call you Wilberforce?"

"You do that," Willy advised the lady, and she did so immediately. The courtship was brief, and they were married on the day before Christmas, the ceremony being, as announced in the Cinzano Evening Express, one of the largest and most exclusive functions in the entire history of Western America, including Mexico.

One week later, or about the first of the new year, a committee composed of leading citizens gathered in Elks Hall, and the chairman made an impassioned speech which he had written out the night before. Willy Gander left his banking duties long enough to drop in on the committee while it was seething, and he sat upon the platform looking silly, which was never difficult for him.

"Mr. Gander," concluded the chairman after a torrential outburst of pure Western oratory, "your native town is calling you. The voice of your people is speaking to you. More than any man alive, you have brought fame and prosperity to this city of Cinzano, as the records will show, and as a slight token of our regard, to indicate our feelings of gratitude, we want you to be the next mayor of Cinzano."

There ensued prolonged hand-clapping, and Willy arose and tried to think of a few words, but could recall none at the moment. He therefore sat down again. The committee swarmed about and shook his hand. Prominent men slapped him upon the back, and at the next municipal election, which was a mere formality, Mr. Willy Gander became the mayor of Cinzano. He bought his first suit from a tailor and walked into City Hall.

"I HAVE always avoided dissolute companions," pursued Senator Gander, "and so must every ambitious young man. I have used my native talents, worked hard and always done unto others as I would have them do unto me."

"Me," echoed the indefatigable Archibald Smythe.

Once mayor, the rise of Willy Gander was truly meteoric. He became associated with large mercantile concerns in Cinzano and elsewhere, and sharp business men vied with one another and pulled strings to have Willy lend them the famous and profitable use of his name. As mayor of the town, which was now growing like a weed, Willy came into familiar contact with the larger political figures of the day and through his banking connection he gave himself over to board after board, shared in all the juicy melons and was admired by all.

For the first year, following his famous exploit out on the sun-kissed links of the Cinzano Golf Course, the young man knew and saw quite clearly that the accidental falling of a rubber ball worth a dime into a tin can worth a nickel had brought about a miraculous change and lifted him and his mother out of the lowly cottage in Railroad Lane.

IN THE second year of triumph the golfing episode started to grow faint and dim. In the third year it had faded utterly from Willy's consciousness as a contributing cause, and he realized at last that what everyone told him was the truth; and what everyone told him was that Fate had marked him out to be one of the nation's great men, one of the nation's brilliant men, one whose natural capacity in finance and politics would surely carry him to the uttermost heights.

Succeeding facts sustained this belief. He was chosen as state senator to represent his people in the legislature of his native commonwealth, which he did right nobly, never opening his mouth during his entire career at the capital; never thinking a thought or voicing a suggestion or offering a bill in the storied halls where the laws are made.

He became rich, which was inevitable. He was already famous. Naturally, the senatorial toga fell upon his shoulders, and when he went to Washington hundreds and hundreds clamored at the steps of his train and women held aloft their babies for Willy to kiss. . . . He thickened physically. . . . He remained mentally Willy, the fruit packer, worth every cent of $10 a week, with a good hammer and some nails.

"And now," concluded Senator Gander, in the serene loveliness of his Washington office, "I trust I have given you a fair set of rules to govern the conduct of young men who would seek the same triumphs that have come to me. There is nothing mysterious about success. It is within the reach of any man who will steadfastly guide his progress, be true to himself and look ever upward and forward. My rules of conduct, as I said, are few and simple. Homely virtues are the best, and these are, naturally, industry, honesty, integrity, singleness of purpose and clean living."

"Thank you, Senator," murmured Archibald Smythe, putting away his lead pencil. "You have given me indeed an inspired and wonderful interview, which will benefit thousands of our young men."

"Don't mention it," said the senator graciously.

Mr. Smythe took his hat, looked longingly but fruitlessly at the senatorial cigar box with its pretty array of $1 cheroots, and withdrew. . . .

The telephone rang insistently, for it seemed that three energetic senators from the South were anxious to step forth into the Washington sunshine and play a game of golf.

"Do come along, Wilberforce," urged a voice over the instrument, "and play golf with us."

"No," returned the senator from Cinzano firmly, but with quiet dignity. "I never play golf."

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 31

"You care genuine for him?"

"Yes, Dad."

"You love him like—like your mother did me?"

"I hope it's that well. Mother has loved you wondrously, Dad. Infinitely more than you ever deserved."

"I reckon it makes a difference," he rejoined, ponderingly. "You see, I never had any idea you really loved Forrest. Not till yesterday. Somethin' you said on the phone. It got me. An' it struck me that I hated young Forrest only because of his father. . . . So I've come down to surrender. If you'll make up with me I'll take back my demand aboot the divorce."

"Oh, Dad—you surprise me!" she exclaimed, gladly. "That's good of you. It's big. It makes me think better of you."

"Waal, it's not easy to come to. But that's my stand. Will you forgive me an' come home? This means for him, too."

SHE touched his hand, almost overcome. "I do forgive you, Dad. And I will come home on one condition: that you break with Malpass."

He jumped as if he had been struck by a stinging whip.

"Reckon I feared just aboot that," he returned, his voice breaking a little. "Virginia, I can't do it."

"Why not? Even if you had to sacrifice money it would be better for you in the end."

"It's not money, lass, though I'd hate to let Malpass get any more of mine. But I'd sacrifice it, if that was enough. . . . Virginia, he hasn't ever given up expectin' to get you."

"The conceited jackass!" ejaculated Virginia, in angry amaze.

"So he'd hang on to me like grim death."

"But, Father, he's crooked."

"Shore. An' there's the rub. He has made me crooked, too. I was easy to lead, though, an' can't brag. But if I'd break with him it'd be my ruin."

"Father, has it ever occurred to you that Malpass might have been crooked with you?"

"What you mean, girl?" he demanded, gruffly.

"Might he not have cheated *you?*"

"No. That never occurred to me. I'd swear by him."

"But suppose he had. Would that make any difference? Would you break with him then?"

"Ha! I'd not only break with him, but—" he growled, and rumbled the rest in his cavernous breast.

Virginia shivered, but she had committed herself to this supposition, and would not heed a warning. He rose to glare sadly down at her.

"Waal, then we split on Malpass again, an' for good?"

"Dad, we don't split at all," she replied, rising to face him, and to speak eloquently and low. "I can't come back to you yet, but I'll live in hopes. You've given me back something of respect for you—perhaps more. That means a great deal to me. I thank you for it. . . . Let's not split. Don't be angry with me any more. I'm sure I can help you. Oh, Dad, I know it. . . . Let's be friends—until—"

"Waal, I'll think aboot it," he returned, and strode away.

Next day at an early hour Virginia telegraphed Jarvis, the mining expert, to come on at once.

That done, she anticipated calm, but she was in a fever of impatience, hope and dread. What a step to take! But the plan had been conceived in cold stern reasoning. She would abide by it, come what might. Her return home, all the news about Clifton Forrest, and her father's incredible capitulation had stormed her emotions.

It helped somewhat to write to Ethel—a letter she dared not read over for fear she would never sanction such raving. This act, however, was keeping faith with her staunch friend; and the mere expression of the facts, fancies and fears occasioned by her return mitigated in some degree their dismaying power.

In the afternoon she went to see a motion picture. It happened to be a Western melodrama of ancient vintage, and in spite of a cherub-faced hero and a doll of a heroine, a plot that had no semblance to any possible life on the range, a villain who was a perfect counterfeit of Malpass, miraculous hairbreadth escapes from flood, fire, avalanche and the glass-eyed pursuer, it diverted her mind, amused, disgusted and thrilled her.

Dinner was an ordeal, and to woo sleep seemed futile. Yet at length she dropped away and dreamed Clifton returned well and strong and handsome, but would have none of her. Helen Andrews, after the manner of dreams, appeared from nowhere, ravishingly lovely and mad about Clifton. Dispensing with the formality of marriage they were building a marble palace above Cottonwoods when Virginia awakened to the blast of a factory whistle. "Whew!" she breathed, grateful for rationality.

Her face was damp and her body cold. What fiendish power some dreams had! Weird, grotesque, impossible life seen through an opaque distorting veil, it was yet appallingly real.

Virginia was out before breakfast to meet the train from the East, and to her great satisfaction Mr. Jarvis alighted from it.

She was not insensitive to the fact that every move of hers in Las Vegas was sure to be seen by somebody. She had become public property, and though she believed the populace championed her it did not seem politic to invite speculation about this delicate venture.

THE quiet-eyed Jarvis might have been a detective who saw all yet gave no sign. Virginia was spared the necessity of speaking to him obtrusively. He carried a grip which he set down before the news stand. And presently Virginia found opportunity to address him.

"I've had breakfast," he said. "Can I change clothes out at the mine?"

"Yes. Meet me in ten minutes back of the station. I'll be in a car."

Those were all the words exchanged and these swiftly in passing. Virginia walked uptown to a garage and engaged a car, in which she rode back to the station. When she opened the door Jarvis appeared as if by magic and stepped in. With that, Virginia's tension relaxed. She was practically certain no possible observer would have reason to telephone out to Cottonwoods, and that contingency was all she feared. At her order the chauffeur speedily drove away. Jarvis gave her a knowing look accompanied by a slight motion toward the driver.

"No fear now," she replied, in relief that was pleasant. "I was afraid someone might phone out home."

"How far is the place?" he asked.

"About twelve miles. The old road

(*Continued on page 46*)

When pearls lose lustre
··beware of
Acid Perspiration

*and what it may mean...

ACIDOSIS, in its more common form, not only makes the body susceptible to various common ailments but often causes conditions that are personally disagreeable. One of the most annoying is *acid perspiration.*

This form of Acidosis produces "sweat-burn" under arms and on the feet and usually carries with it an objectionable odor. Silk hose and undergarment manufacturers state that "sour sweat" causes the rapid deterioration of good silk. It is also scientifically known that pearls lose their lustre when worn by people suffering with acid perspiration. Any one of these danger signals should be instantly heeded.

Acidosis may be arrested by correcting faulty diet. *Eat less* acid-forming foods such as meat, fish, eggs, bread, and cereals and *eat more* alkaline-reaction oranges and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. If you follow this advice from a high medical authority you will preserve the body's necessary balance. Otherwise an Acidosis condition is certain.

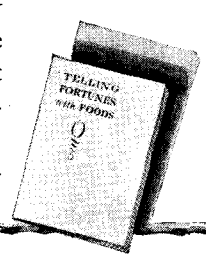
Fresh California Orange Juice or Lemon Juice with water (sweetened or unsweetened)—and plenty of it—will not only correct the average Acidosis condition but is a safeguard against the malady. Oranges, like lemons, while acid to the taste, are alkaline in their reaction and serve to balance foods eaten unwisely. Three glasses each day of either fresh Orange or fresh Lemon Juice will not only give you protection against Acidosis but protect your entire system in other ways because of valuable vitamins and mineral salts.

Any family can readily use simple but effective anti-acidosis measures. Drink delicious, refreshing California Orange Juice or Lemonade in liberal quantities daily; use orange salads (with other fresh fruits if desired); fruit cups and orange desserts frequently.

If you are half well most of the time, "loggy," tired long before the day is done, take the advice of Medical Science. Drink fresh Orange Juice or Lemon Juice. If your case is of long standing consult a physician.

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and entirely dependable. Look for the trade-mark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper.

You should know what Acidosis means. It is interestingly and clearly discussed in "Telling Fortunes with Foods" a booklet approved by an eminent diet authority. We will send it free if you mark and mail the coupon. This booklet contains a chapter on Safe Reducing diets and normal and anti-acidosis diets and gives a list of alkaline reaction and acid-forming foods. Send the coupon for your copy immediately.



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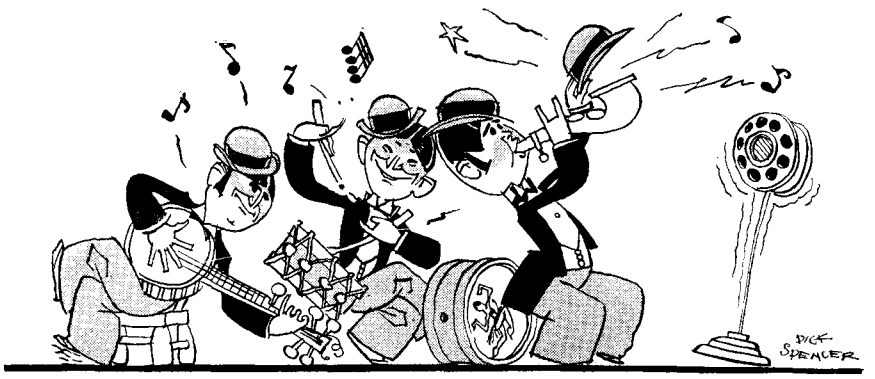


The Minority Rules

By Jack Binns

A MILWAUKEE paper, after conducting a survey in surrounding territory, comes to the conclusion that radio fans prefer classic music and old folk songs in the ratio of about six to one.

Probably most of the radio sets I hear won't bring in the stations featuring classics—or else the studio managers of the majority of stations have read those ratios backward.

Gilding Two Lilies

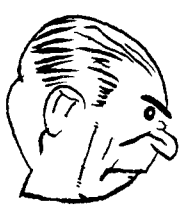
The announcer of a popular Ohio station said: "The orchestra will now play two classics set to music."

If only Liszt and Tschaikowsky could have heard the finish put to the work they started!

The Hardest Way

A short time ago I waxed a little sarcastic over the "You Can't Stump Us Night" put on by KOA at Denver. Now comes to me a very enlightening letter from Freeman H. Talbot, studio manager of that station. Aside from the fairness of doing so, it is quite a pleasure to present his case because of the very splendid and consistent work he has done in program preparation for the Rocky Mountain area. Says he:

"I could find no complaint with your article if our program had been the usual request program. Our presentation that particular night was the most unusual and, so far as I know, the only one of its kind ever attempted in America. In other words, it not only wasn't the 'easiest way' but probably about the hardest way. In the first place, we had to secure over 100 persons to organize the program. We employed one concert orchestra, a jazz orchestra, grand opera singers, church singers, old-time fiddlers, foreign groups of various kinds, singers of popular songs; and in addition we assembled a very large number of unusual or rare musical instruments.



"Moreover, we assembled over 125,000 musical compositions. In addition to these, we had access to almost unlimited libraries of various musical stores, clubs and private sources. We employed 25 persons to receive requests by telephone and telegraph, with auditors to compile records of the requests we received, as to kinds, sources and so on. It was also found necessary to place several automobiles in service to transport musicians from sections of Denver and near-by towns, as occasion demanded.

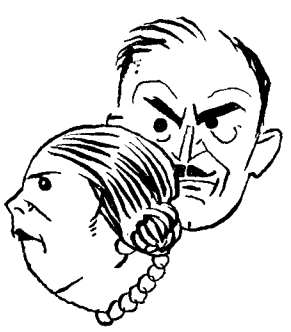
"Rehearsals of the organization staff, days in advance, enabled us to render selections or portions of selections at the rate of one every 90 seconds. As the program lasted over four hours, with innumerable requests coming in from almost every section of this country and Canada, and with several days of organized work previous to the event, one would scarcely call it the 'easiest way of preparing a radio show.'

"The unique thing about the program was that we sincerely made an effort to fulfill every request. We didn't just produce the things which we might happen to have on hand. In that sense, I think, this 'You Can't Stump Us Night' was the most original program of its kind ever produced in the country. We are planning to give another similar program some time this winter for which we plan to make even more elaborate preparations, and expect to assemble at least a half-million musical compositions.

"I believe this will give you quite a different viewpoint on this particular program."

Let's Dam This Talk

So far no radio broadcasting "mike" has invaded the sacrosanct Senate chamber, and it will be necessary to pass a special act of Congress before any installation can be made there. Such is the inference to be gained from a special report from the National Broadcasting Company, whose microphones are almost everywhere else in the Capital City.



Seems to me it is about time to submit to the states an amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting microphones in Congress.

There should be prompt ratification of this amendment by the states before our national legislators wake up to the possibilities.

(Continued from page 45)

up the last hill has washed away in spots. We shall leave the car and walk up."

Outside of town the chauffeur slowed up where the road forked. "Which one?" he asked.

"Left hand. Then about five miles out take the road to the right. It's up hill and rough. Go slow."

As the climb grew steeper it did not appear possible to Virginia that trucks and cars had ascended this road. It would have been a hard haul for horses. At length they came out on the west bank of a great ravine, at the head of which and on the opposite side lay the Padre Mine. Jarvis remarked that a good deal of earth had been dug out and dumped on the ugly slope.

A long gradual ascent led to a short steep one which when surmounted landed them on the bench before the unsightly, weathered structures.

"Now let's step out a little way on that trestle," said Jarvis.

FROM this vantage point, which did not appear wholly safe, the slash in the mountain side could be seen in its entirety.

"I don't know how many tunnels and shafts had been dug," said Virginia, when she had caught her breath. "But the big hole there, with the track coming out, is where my cowboy Jake went in and found the gold."

"That's our objective then," replied Jarvis, his keen eyes snapping. "Most interesting place. There's been a tremendous lot of labor here. . . . I wonder what that big shaft was sunk for." He pointed to a black brush-lined hole. "Queer sort of mining. But there probably was silver here."

He surveyed the several apertures that led into the hillside, particularly the one Virginia designated, and the endless dump-heaps of clay and gravel and shale, the rotting trestles and the rusty pipes, the dilapidated smelter below, half buried in deposits that had washed down from above, the shacks with their brown galvanized iron roofs.

"Mistakes are easy to make in anything that pertains to mines," he said, seriously. "But all this does not have a legitimate look."

"You raise my hopes," rejoined Virginia, with an anxious smile. "Please hurry. I must know."

"You won't have to wait long. I suppose I can get in one of these shacks to put on my overalls."

"We'll try the office. It's up here a little way—the last house. When I was last here the door was open. . . . Seems to me not a soul has been here since."

"Desolated and decaying—the story of so many mines!" he returned. "Money is not the only thing sunk in mines."

They found the office building as Virginia had expected, the door half broken from rusted hinges, and her little boot-tracks still visible in the dust on the floor. After a curious peep inside Virginia withdrew to stroll up and down the hard gravel bench between the rude structures. What a desolate place! She peeped through cracks in boarded windows and doors. Usually it was all too easy for her to weave romance, but here she could not. Even the indefatigable Ethel would have failed. All concerning this ghastly place in the past and now, was grim, nude realism. Greed had fostered it. No wonder it had brought misfortune to her father. What would it bring to Malpass? Retribution and justice had prompted Virginia to this course, but now there looked the possibility of somber tragedy which she could not dispel. Padre Mine seemed under its spell.

Jarvis came out to interrupt her meditations. He had on blue jeans much the worse for wear. He carried a small pick, a lantern, and other instruments which gave him a formidable look.

"Better go inside and wait for me," he advised. "There's a chair. You can't be seen by a chance rider above. I don't believe I'll be long."

"Take all the time you need. Don't hurry. It means so much to me."

"If I were a gambler, I'd say you'd win this deal," he returned, a bright gleam in his eye. "But I'm a professional mining engineer and jealous of my reputation. So I can't make rash promises. Nevertheless, be patient and hopeful."

"Thank you, I will," responded Virginia, calmed by his kindly words. He was sure, but he wanted physical proofs. She watched him disappear down the bank and then she crossed to the office building and went in.

It was a single, large, bare room, well lighted by the open door and a broken window. The floor was thick with dust and dirt, and in one place where rain had entered there was caked mud. An old iron stove leaned crazily on its legs. Sections of stove pipe were missing, but one piece projected down from the ceiling. There was an old chair, which obviously Jarvis had cleaned off for her, and some rocks in a corner, pieces of wood scattered here and there, a closet, empty except for Jarvis' coat, a rude board table in the farthest corner, and lying on it a rusty iron poker, considerably bent.

Virginia walked round and round the room, trying to still her nervousness and find occupation for her mind. But she was not very successful. Here in this interior stalked the same skeleton which haunted the rest of the Padre Mine. She sank into the old chair and waited.

Suddenly Virginia heard something in the direction of the slope. Jarvis had not gone that way. She listened—heard the thumping of her heart. Then the thud of hoofs!

Violently she started up, to sink back in the chair, cold as ice, quivering in every muscle. She heard a low exclamation, then the solid footfalls of a man dismounting hurriedly.

Quick sharp footsteps on the porch! A shadow entered. Following it a man crossed the threshold. Malpass!

"For God's sake! . . . Virginia!"

SHE kept her seat because she did not have the strength to rise. But with certainty upon her, the icy inward clamp was released and she burned.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted, almost incoherent in a staggering amaze.

"That's no—concern of yours," she found voice to reply. Her mind grasped at straws.

"You're on my land. What do you mean? . . . You're up to something."

"Your land! That's another of your lies," she returned, with scorn. With rising battle she strengthened. He must be deceived and, if not that, held off as long as possible. Jarvis would return, perhaps was on his way now.

"Have you made up with your father?" he demanded, as if suddenly accounting for her presence and her apparent assurance.

"Yes. And this property is as good as mine."

It was a falsehood, but served its purpose. Malpass turned from red to white and cursed Lundeen in impotent fury. Virginia gathered that all had not been so well between her father and this usurper. It gave her more nerve and cunning. Anything to blind him!

"So that's the trick? I've been double-crossed, eh?" he burst out, at the conclusion of his profane tirade.

"We are the ones who have been double-crossed, Señor Malpass."

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"We?" he snarled.

"Yes. My father and I—and others interested in Cottonwoods."

"Your sheepherder husband included. To hell with him! . . . I want to know what you're doing here?"

"I told you—none of your business," retorted Virginia.

"I'll make it mine."

"You can't do it, Señor Malpass."

"Cut that Señor stuff," he flashed, his black eyes hellish. "I told you once before. If you call me that again, I'll slap your impudent face."

"Evidently it fits you well—Señor," she returned, contemptuously.

He fairly bounded at her, and cuffed her sharply across the lips. Virginia realized her blunder. She had overdone her part. She realized also that the blow roused the Lundeen in her.

"That will cost you something," she said, rising with her handkerchief to her lips, which were stained with blood.

"This deal is liable to cost *you* something," he rejoined, with a menacing glance at her, that no woman could mistake. "Are you alone?"

"Certainly not. Do you imagine I'd come here without protection?"

HIS glance was one of doubt and suspicion. "Who's with you?"

"I advise you not to wait and see."

"You came in that car I saw below?"

"Did you see only one?" she countered.

He was no match for her in finesse and he gave that up in disgust. He peered out of the window, surveying all the ground possible. Then he went to the door to do likewise. Following this he began to scrutinize the dust on the floor of the porch, and like a hound he trailed Jarvis' footprints into the room. When he raised his eyes Virginia recoiled.

"Liar! You've got only one man with you."

"I have two men. But one would be enough," retorted Virginia.

"Some Las Vegas masher. He'd better steer clear of me. Are you going to tell me what you're up to?"

"Padre Mine has always had romance for me. Don't you think it natural I'd like to see it again?"

"Anything would be natural to you," he growled, his gimlet eyes boring into her. Manifestly he could not satisfy himself either with her speech or her look.

Suddenly his roving gaze caught sight of the coat hanging in the closet. Leaping forward he pounced upon it, shook it, and searched the pockets. Presently he pulled out letters and a notebook. Avidly he scrutinized them.

"George Jarvis, Mining Engineer, Denver, Colorado," he read aloud. "*Mining engineer!*"

When he wheeled to Virginia he was livid green. "You—you . . . is that the man you fetched here?"

"I didn't say so," returned Virginia, coolly. His reaction to this name seemed damning evidence of his guilt.

"You meddling hussy! Talk, or I'll choke it out of you."

"Stand back!" cried Virginia. "If you dare to lay your vile hands on me—"

"You proud white trash!" he hissed, and the half-breed in him showed as he backed her across the room until the table stopped her. "I'll do more than lay my hands on you. Tell me your business here."

"If I had any I wouldn't tell it."

She saw that he could hardly restrain himself from seizing her. And primitive fear mounted in her, equaling her anger. All of a sudden he snatched at her, over her raised arms, and catching her with iron clutch he let out a savage cry. Virginia screamed for help. Wrestling with him she saw Jarvis run into the room. He halted stock-still to stare in utter consternation. Then he seemed to comprehend.

"Let go that woman," he shouted, and ran at them.

Malpass whirled like a wolf at bay, releasing Virginia, and reaching a hand for his hip pocket. Virginia in a flash caught his arm. Then Jarvis was upon him, punched him in the face, tore him free and swung him against the wall. Malpass' body, but not his head, struck so solidly that the jar floored him. Not enough to stun him, however, for he scrambled erect, facing Jarvis, his eyes deadly with the evil of a snake.

"Oh, Mr. Jarvis—look out," panted Virginia, noting that Malpass sidled round between them and the door. "It's Malpass."

"Malpass, eh? I thought as much," replied Jarvis, wrathfully. "Explain your attack on this girl."

"So you're Jarvis?" rejoined Malpass, low and harsh.

"Yes, I am," flashed Jarvis, slowly edging toward him. Then as Malpass stood like a sullen statue he half turned to Virginia. "If he meant ill by you I'll beat him to a pulp. Tell me."

"He wanted—to know—why I came here," returned Virginia. "Swore he'd choke it out of me."

"That's that," snapped Malpass, curtly. He had made up his mind. "You tell it, Mr. Mining Engineer."

"You know damn' well why she fetched me here," retorted Jarvis, not in the least influenced by Malpass' subtle change. "It was to have a look at your crooked work in this mine. And you can bet I found it. Of all the clumsy fool jobs of planting a mine this is the worst."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Malpass, with the insolence of one who knew he commanded the situation.

"Malpass," continued Jarvis, "I've got the goods on you. You or your tools planted this mine with every grain of gold that has been taken out. The silver mining was a bluff. There was silver ore here once, but it played out long ago. . . . You're a cheat, a thief—if you're not worse, and I can prove it."

"You could, but you won't," replied Malpass, bitingly cold, and pulling an automatic gun he deliberately leveled it at Jarvis.

HE SHOT three times in quick succession. Virginia heard the bullets strike something, the last with a soft sickening spat.

"My God—he's shot me," huskily whispered Jarvis, in immense surprise. His hand fell away from his breast dripping with blood. His face changed, and then he crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Terror-stricken and mute Virginia wrenched her startled gaze from Jarvis to Malpass. He was in the act of pocketing the smoking gun. Striding to the door he guardedly looked out, to left and right. He stood there a moment, and nodded, as if to convince himself that Jarvis was the only man about the mine; then, like a cat in his movements, he made again at Virginia.

"Murderer!" What her voice lacked in strength it made up in horror. She extended shaking hands at full length to ward him off.

"Do you want me to kill you too?" he demanded, halting before her, his face pasty white, his eyes inhuman.

"Merciful God! . . . Would you—murder me too?"

"I'll do worse unless you swear you'll hide what's happened here."

"Worse!" she echoed, and live fire seemed to touch her every raw nerve.

"You know what I mean," he rejoined, thick with passion, as he tore his tight collar loose from a black bulging neck.

(To be continued next week)

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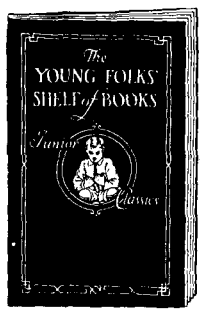

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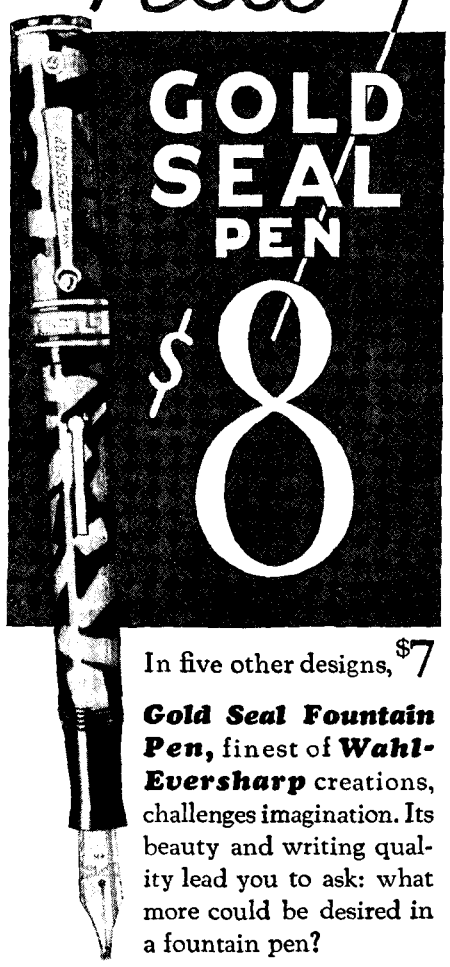

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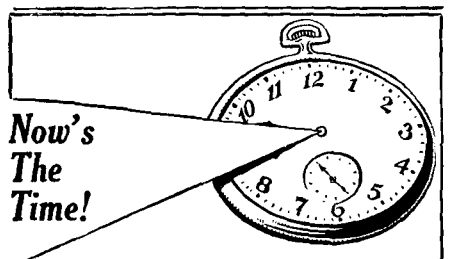

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Just what She Wanted

Continued from page 24

round moon hung above the trees on the shore, and near it glittered a brilliant red-gold star.

"Once when I was a child I wanted that star," said Fern.

"Did you get it?" asked Clifford.

"Yes, I think I did."

"You're a charming little liar," said Clifford.

"Thanks awfully," said Fern.

She took off her hat, and the moon found her hair.

"It was nice, wasn't it?"

"Very pleasant," said Clifford.

"We danced very well together, didn't we?"

"I stepped on you once."

"Oh, but that was *my* fault. I got out of step. I was thinking of—of something."

"*You were wishing* I was George," said Clifford calmly.

"I was thinking," continued Fern, "that I'd like to see you in a fight."

Clifford sat woodenly beside her. Her shoulder was touching his. He was afraid to move lest he should increase that oddly embarrassing pressure.

"Suppose I got knocked out," he said.

"But you *wouldn't!* And anyway, if you did, it wouldn't matter."

"What wouldn't matter?"

"Nothing," said Fern.

The boat stopped humming and drifted quietly into the dock. Fern and Clifford got out. When they reached the house, there was no sign of Papa and George.

"I suppose," Fern said, "we'll just have to sit up and wait some more for them."

They were sitting on a wicker couch placed in the shadow of the house wall. Clifford didn't know quite how it happened, but after a brief interval—during which his mind seemed to have wandered—he realized that Fern was asleep on his shoulder. It was a delicate predicament for him to be in. If he got up, he would wake her. If he sat still, she would continue to sleep on his shoulder.

It seemed hardly fair to wake her. Poor kid, she probably was tired. So Clifford sat still, and tried not to be aware of the sweet young body pressing trustfully against him. He closed his eyes, and a pleasant blankness descended upon him. Without changing his position he seemed to float, at ease, upon a starry sea of space. . . . The moon came up and put her head on his shoulder.

SUDDENLY the moon burst in his face. Startled, he opened his eyes and saw the porch light glaring down at him from its niche over the doorway. Then through that doorway came two figures. One was George. The other was an elderly gentleman who looked happy, and who wabbled.

"George!" said Clifford, springing to his feet.

"Well, well!" said George. "Well, well, well, well, well, well, *well!*"

"Who isht?" said the elderly gentleman, pointing his finger at Clifford.

"'Smy brother Clifford," said George.

"Oh! Zat your brother Clifford, George?"

"'Smy brother Clifford."

"'S big, isinee?"

"Yes, isinee big? 'Lo, Clifford!"

"George," said Clifford, "you're tight."

"I'm tighter'n George," said the elderly gentleman gravely.

"Papa!" cried Fern, jumping up from the couch behind Clifford. "Papa, what have you been doing?"

Mr. Peabody blinked his eyes.

"M'dear," he said, "I've been defyin' the laws of nature and the eighteensh Amendment. George 'n' I had dinner at the club. Then we went to see a show, then we went to see 'nother show, then we went to see Yew Nork. Haven't seen it for years. George's never seen it, have you, George?"

"Have now," said George. "'S wonderful!"

"'S marvelous!" sang Mr. Peabody, and burst into immoderate laughter.

"Papa!" pleaded Fern. "Do go in and take some milk of magnesia. This is going to be terrible for your gout."

"Gout's all gone, Kitten," said Mr. Peabody solemnly. "Issen it, George?"

"All gone," said George.

"Wha's your big brother doin' here, George?"

Clifford answered that question himself, and sharply.

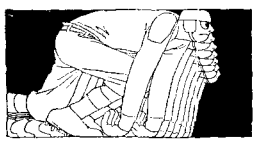
"I'm here, Mr. Peabody, to take George home with me. Get your hat and come along, George."

"Can't," said George. "Lost my hat. Blew off my head and a horse stepped on it."

CLIFFORD HALEY stepped forward and grasped his younger brother by the arm. "You're going home with me, George!" he said. "Right now!"

"No," said George.

"I say yes!" growled Clifford.



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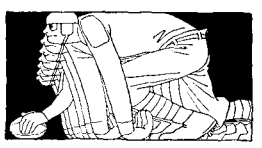

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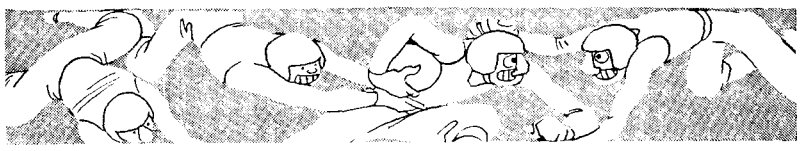

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George looked past Clifford and saw Fern watching him with round, interested eyes. The sight of her sobered him. He said quite simply: "Fern, I 'pologize. Matter of fact, I'm not 's tight 's Cliff thinks I am." He turned defiantly to his brother. "You lay off me, Cliff! You been bossin' me long enough. I'm not goin' with you, and—reason is, I'm engaged to Fern."

"Oh, no, you're not! You're not engaged to anyone!"

"Is too," said Mr. Peabody; and added, blinking his eyes at Clifford: "Whazza argument about? George is a good boy!"

"It isn't anything, Papa," said Fern. "It's just life. Now you go find Huffman and tell him to put you to bed. And don't forget the milk of magnesia."

"Milk 'f magnesia," repeated Mr. Peabody. "I won't forget, Kitten. I'm goin' to bed. G'night, and gobbless you!"

HE TOOK careful aim at the door, walked stiffly across the terrace and disappeared into the house. There was a moment of silence after he had gone, then George blurted out: "Oh, Fern, I *am* sorry! You're not disgusted with me, are you?"

"Silly boy!" said Fern. "Of course I'm not disgusted with you."

"Then please tell Cliff we're engaged," implored George.

"I've already told him," Fern said.

"There," George flung at Clifford. "You hear that?"

"Listen, George," said his brother. "We'll discuss this whole matter in the morning. But you're going home with me now, if I have to take you by force. Do you get me?"

"You big bully," said George. "I'm not afraid of you."

"George!" pleaded Clifford. "Don't talk to me like that."

"You big bully!"

"You're all I've got in the world, George."

The younger Haley ran his hand nervously through his hair.

"Yes, I know, but gosh, Cliff! Don't you understand I'm tired of havin' you boss me? I can't stand any more of it. Gosh! When I think of bein' a poet all my life, without havin' any fun—"

Fern said quickly: "But you *are* a poet, George!"

"I'm not, I'm not!" cried George. "'S all a crazy mix-up, 's all a lie! Cliff, here, *he's* the poet, not me!"

"What!" exclaimed Clifford, in astonishment.

"Do you mean," asked Fern, her eyes very bright, "that it was Clifford who wrote your book—?"

"No, I wrote the damn' book, all right," said George. "But Cliff *made* me do it. He stood over me all the time. He gave me most of my ideas. He criticized every line. He invented half my rhymes. And the big stiff doesn't even know he did it!"

"Is this true, Clifford?" demanded Fern.

"Rot!" said Clifford. "Of course I helped George with his book. But—good Lord! It's nonsense to say I'm a poet—"

"You are too, you big stiff!" shouted George.

"You're just tight, George," said Clifford.

"I'm not tight! Not any more! I'm 's sober 's a judge. And I'm tellin' the plain, gospel truth when I say that Cliff ought to be me and I ought to be Cliff. And from now on," proclaimed George, with joyous recklessness, "that's just how it's goin' to be! Listen, Cliff! I got a job—in a bank!"

"A job? In a—?"

"Sure! In Wall Street. Mr. Peabody got it for me. I'm startin' to work in the mornin'! Now what d' you think of that? What d' you think of it, Fern?"

"I think," said Fern, looking at George and smiling faintly, "that life in general is a crazy mix-up. . . ."

"I'll tell you what *I* think," said Clifford, putting both hands on George's shoulders. "I think you're going home with me, and drink a couple of seltzers, and go to bed. In the morning you'll get up and start work at your new book. That's what you'll start to work at, George, old son!"

"Take your hands off me, Cliff," said George.

"Kid," said Clifford. "I've got to save you somehow. I've got to save you from yourself." He glanced around apologetically at Fern. "I'm awfully sorry to be making this scene. But I've got to save George's immortal soul—"

"Go right ahead," said Fern. "I think it's thrilling! Only look out he doesn't save yours!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, look out, Clifford!"

But her warning cry came too late. She had seen the desperate light in George's eyes. She had seen his right fist start on a long upward arc toward Clifford's unprotected jaw. The blow landed squarely on what is known, in boxing circles, as the button. Clifford Haley went down like a stricken ox. His head hit the brick paving on the terrace. He groaned and rolled over on his face, and lay still.

"My God!" gasped George. "I've killed him."

"You've killed him," said Fern.

"I've killed Cliff," whimpered George. "I've knocked him out. But I couldn't! I don't know how!"

"Oh, don't stand there talking about it. Go call Huffman! Go call a doctor!"

"The best brother a fellow ever had," grieved George, and gulped and dashed into the house.

Fern dropped to her knees beside the fallen man. She took his head into her lap and felt it fearfully. There was a decided lump on the back of Clifford's head. An appalling lump!

"Clifford!" said Fern, breathlessly. "Speak to me! Oh, please, please speak to me!"

There was a dreadful instant of suspense. Then Clifford's eyelids fluttered. Slowly he lifted one arm, put it around Fern's neck, drew down her head and kissed her.

"Mother," he said vaguely, "I've done the best I could for George."

Fern began to cry. She sat hugging his head against her breast and crying. She couldn't help it. Somehow her heart had broken, and dimly she realized in that aching moment that she was a woman grown. With that realization came the knowledge of what she really wanted.

FIVE minutes later, when George returned to the porch, he saw Fern still sitting with Clifford's head in her lap. She was stroking his hair and smiling vaguely down at him.

"Is he dead?" asked George, in an awed, choked whisper.

"No," said Fern. "He's all right. He's wonderful! I mean—"

"Then why doesn't he get up?"

Clifford's own voice replied dreamily: "Because I like it here, that's why, you big stiff!"

"He's raving," said George. "He never called me a big stiff before. He's still unconscious—!"

"Not exactly," replied Fern. "He's just a little dazed, that's all." Then she raised her eyes and looked at George.

"You go to bed, George," she said. "Your future's all settled, so run along. I want to talk to Clifford about *his* future, and since he's rather a stubborn person, I'd like to do it before he regains full consciousness."

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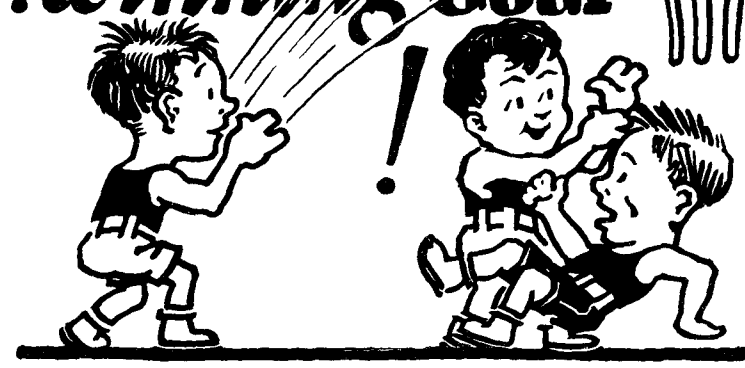

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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That Sacred 51 Per Cent

THE voice of the people is not always godlike. On the contrary, a majority vote is often foolish. Look at the absurdity of the anti-evolution law recently passed by a thumping majority of the voters of Arkansas.

Under the measure even so useful a book as Webster's Dictionary cannot be legally used in the public schools.

The dictionary defines evolution while the law bars any book which teaches that man "descended or ascended from a lower class of animals."

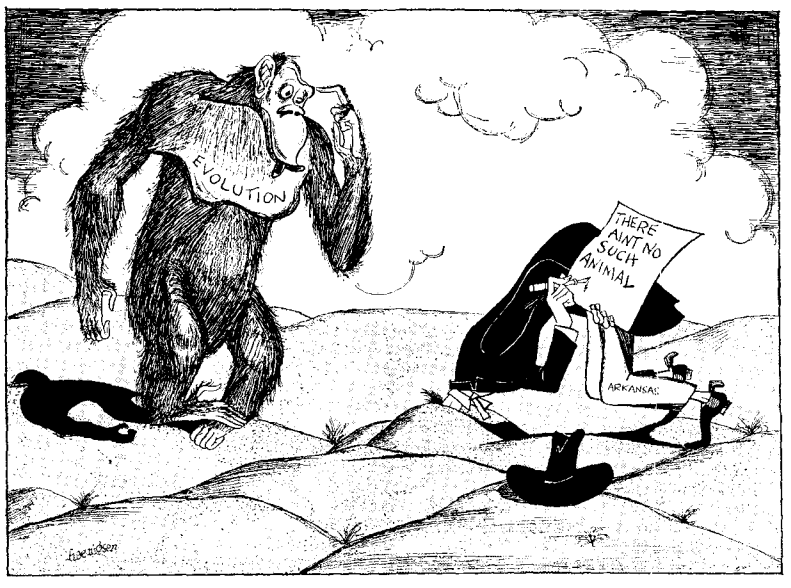
Other harmless reference books are also made equally taboo in the Arkansas schools.

The very absurdity of the anti-evolution law may, however, be its salvation.

The people of any state undoubtedly have the legal right to say what shall be taught and what shall not be taught in the public schools. But nowhere, in any state or any country, have the voters sense enough to make any such decisions.

You don't have to think meanly of your fellow citizens and join Mr. Mencken in calling them names to recognize the foolishness of any effort on the part of voters to regulate scientific teaching by popular referendum.

We have been deceiving ourselves a long time in talking about the sacredness of majority rule. There is nothing necessarily divine or even intelligent about the opinion registered by 51 per cent or even more of those voting on a particular measure. Often the minority is right. Often both are wrong.



Galileo was forbidden to say that the world was round. The church had the power and the legal right to shut Galileo's mouth but that had nothing to do with the shape of the earth.

The people of Arkansas or of any other state have equally the power and the legal right to silence the teaching of evolution but what has that to do with the soundness of scientific teachings concerning the history of man?

Galileo was perhaps the only man of his time who was fit to have an opinion on the shape of the earth. Scientists today are about the only group fit to have opinions on evolution.

Grant that the purpose of voting against evolution was to protect religion and was therefore good; it is still muddle-headedness to vote at all on such an issue.

Of course such a law won't keep talk about evolution out of schools. Ideas can be bootlegged in tried American fashion.

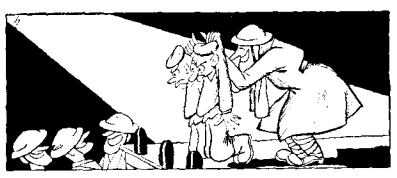
Prohibition may make the surreptitious teaching of science as popular as the Eighteenth Amendment has made drinking. So long as evolution is a forbidden subject it may have an added attraction.

But even an ironical nullification of a silly law does not lessen the folly of its enactment.

We live in a complicated world, and in government as elsewhere we have got to learn to trust those who understand its complexities.

No man outside of Bedlam would think of inviting a town meeting to vote on the question of taking out somebody's appendix or of prescribing the strength of materials to be used in a bridge. Yet evolution is far more complicated than surgery or bridge-building.

We can use all the minds we have in building up a government competent to manage our public affairs. We will never succeed in doing this, however, if we try to pass laws dealing with subjects of which we know nothing.



More Hate: Less Heed

ERNEST LISSAUER is a German poet. You probably heard of him during the war. He wrote the most terrible of all the terrible poems inspired by the war. It was a lyric roar for vengeance and slaughter. He called it "The Hymn of Hate."

This rollicking nursery rhyme was taught to millions of children and sung by noncombatants and by robust choruses of fighting men. It whipped otherwise amiable Germans into furious detestation of their enemies.

The other day Lissauer, bard of hatred, recanted. He had learned his lesson—that sensible men and nations have no time for hatred. It consumes nervous energy and invariably breeds reprisals. Hate never profits anybody.

Even at the crest of the success of his odious hymn, when Lissauer saw his people engage in daily "strafing" exercises as faithfully as sternly ambitious young men do their daily dozen, even in those high moments of hate, the objects of that hatred paid little heed. For one of the choice stories of the war was told by a British officer who intruded on a Tommie's entertainment back of the lines to observe two miserable Prussian prisoners hauled to the stage by a blustering cockney sergeant who announced, amid uproar:

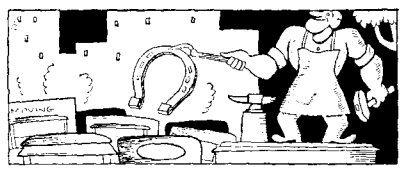
"Our friends 'Ans and Fritz will now oblige with the 'ymn of 'ate."

There are only two reasonable outcomes for all hatreds—ridicule and repentance.

"A Mighty Man is He"

A LITTLE hat-doffing to Mr. George Stephenson of West Jefferson, Ohio, would not be out of place right here. Mr. Stephenson is a horseshoer who has pitted his sinewy hands against the gasoline era and seems to be doing very well, thank you. At any rate, he has just for the third time been awarded, at the state fair, the title of champion horseshoer of Ohio.

He does a brisk business among the folk of his own countryside and he



also ships all over the United States. Horses on the Charles M. Schwab farm are shod with Stephenson shoes. The Connecticut Agricultural College is his regular customer and he is official horseshoer to the Ohio State University. His trade is an old and honorable one but his methods are up-to-date. The bellows that fans the fire in his forge is electrically operated.

Just another case of a man off the highroad making a better mousetrap; another husky monument to integrity and skill.

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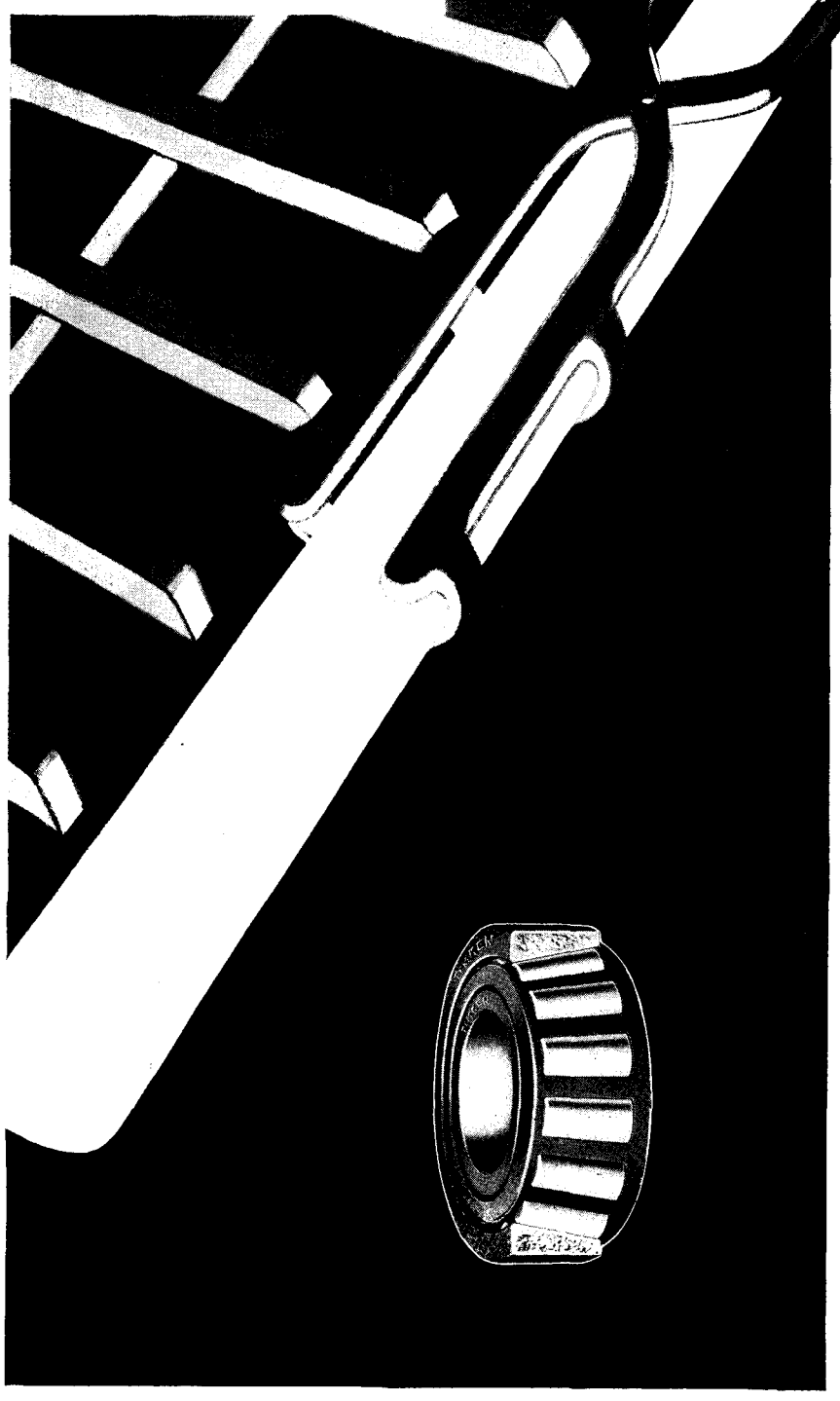
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	6-65 & Royal 75	x	x	x		x
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M2 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	6-70	x				x
Elcar	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			x
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x



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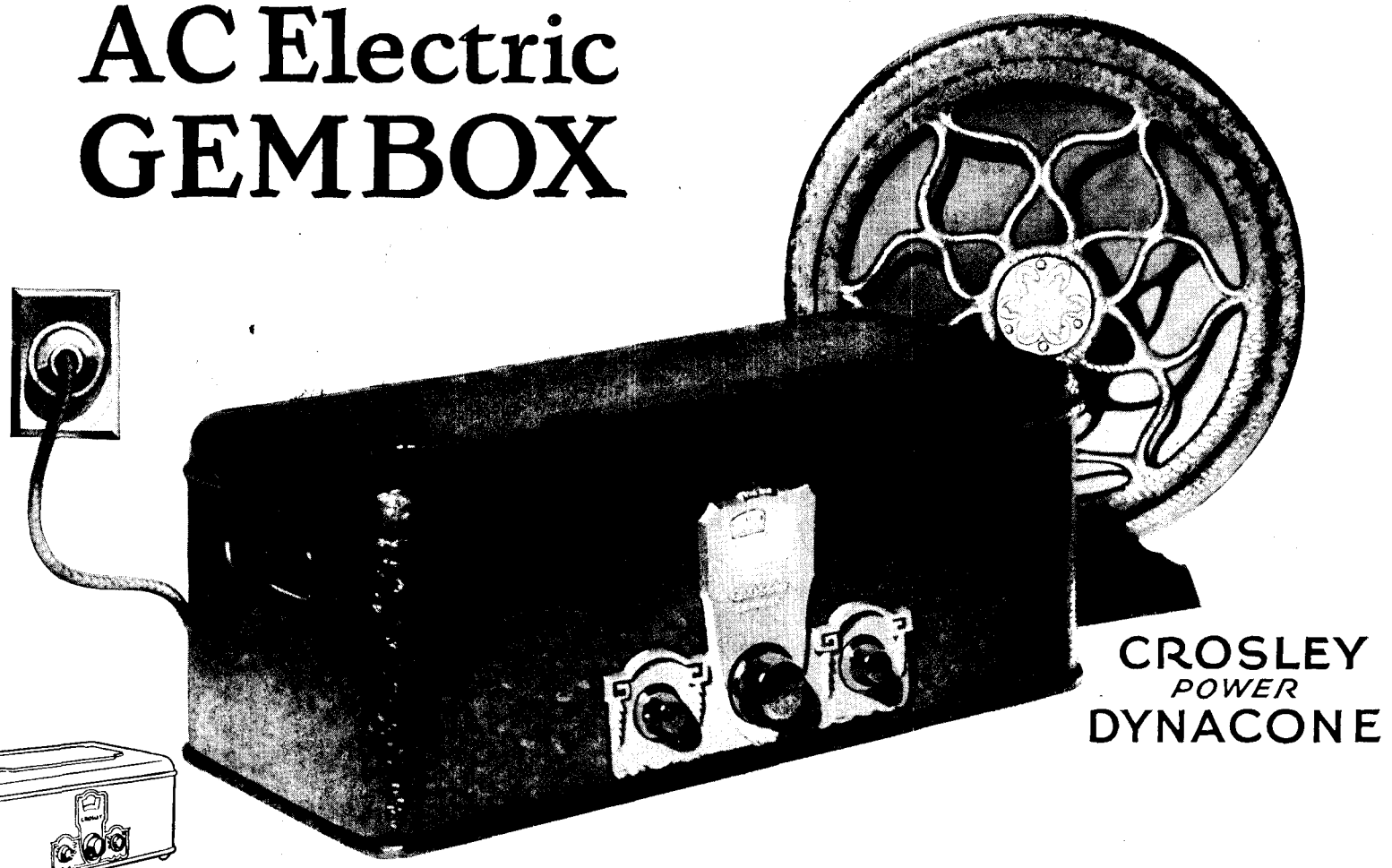
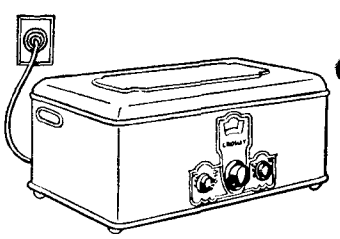


CROSLEY *POWER* DYNACONE



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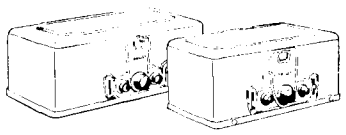

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